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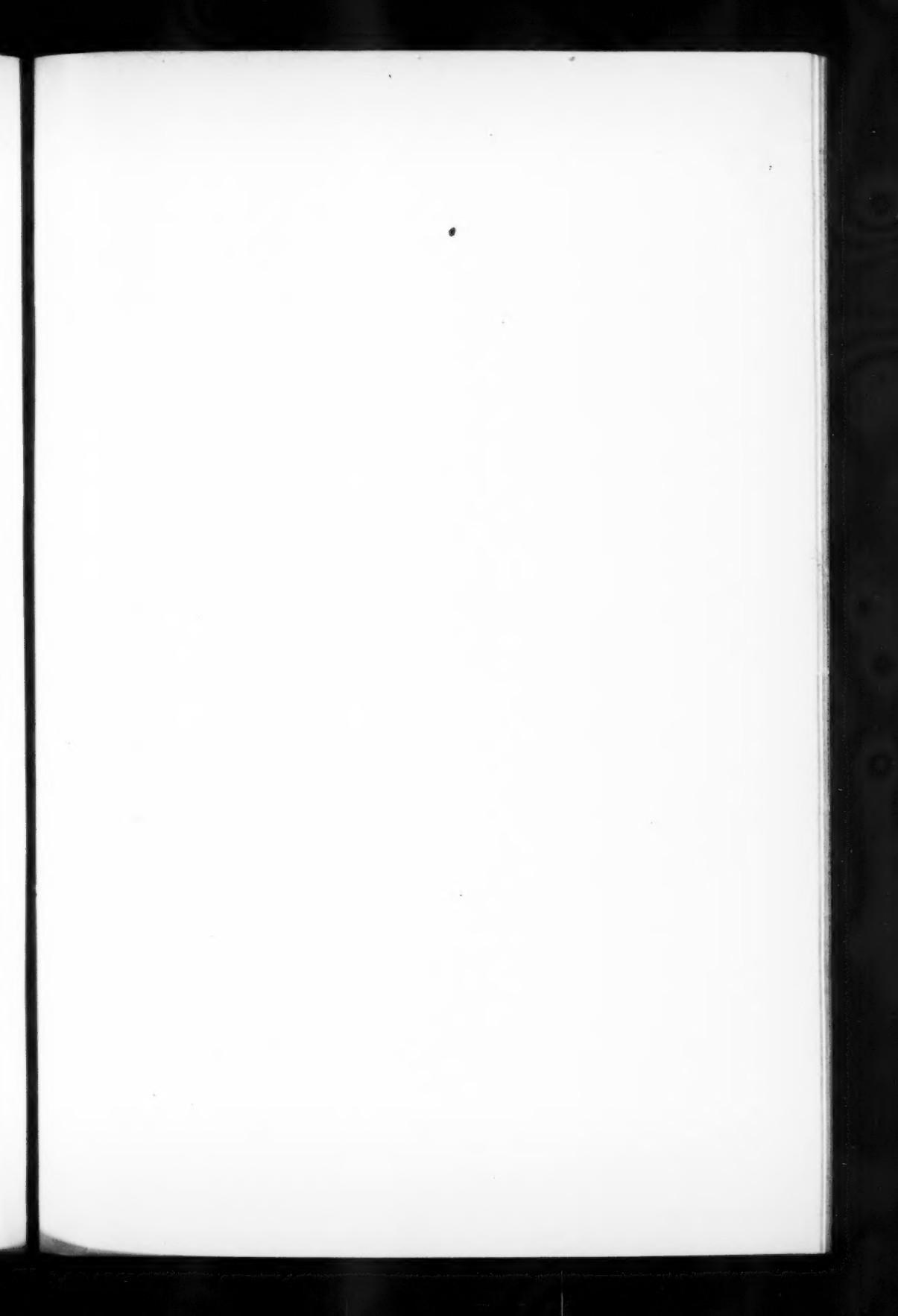
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PIUS X

Drawn by George T. Tobin from a photograph of the Pope when Patriarch of Venice,
taken during the procession of Corpus Domini

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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THE PARIS BOURSE

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT

WITH PICTURES BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

IF you walk through the narrow Rue St. Marc, just off the boulevards, say about luncheon-time, and turn into the Rue Vivienne, you will be startled by a sudden murmur of voices, a distant shouting, that swells into a steady roar as you go down this old street and come out into the square beyond. Here, in a fitting open space, stands the Paris Bourse, a somber grayish temple spread in long colonnades (it imitates Vespasian's temple in the Roman Forum), the stone blackened and worn with stress of time, a temple at this moment swarming with men, hundreds packed along the vast front porch, waving their hands, and scores pressing up the wide steps or waiting there in restless groups. These are the voices that you hear, these the shouts that echo away in pulsing monotone—a strange song of barter and gain, the song of the Paris Bourse.

Hark! The roar lifts half a tone, and strengthens into quicker throbs. The papers are gesticulated more fiercely in clenched hands. The clock over the porch strikes twelve. And now the day's business has

begun; the Bourse is open, and will be as you see it, frantic and resounding (perhaps they call it a quiet session), until three o'clock. So there is no hurry if you plan a visit yonder, and you may find it helpful to sit down quietly with some understanding friend—say at the neighboring restaurant—and prepare yourself somewhat before crossing this formidable threshold. Otherwise I fear you will find the Bourse only a place of maddening bewilderment.

Then you begin to ask questions. How much business is done on the Bourse in an active day? How much in an average year? Your friend shakes his head. They don't know. What? There is no record kept of sales. Why not? It is n't in their system; they don't believe in it; they say that panics have been caused by people knowing about large sales. Nonsense! Well, that is what they say. Still, you can get at it approximately by the tax returns—you know they tax all Bourse operations here. They do? Certainly; ten centimes on every thousand francs bought or sold, half paid by the purchaser, half by the

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seller. And worked out thus, it appears that the Paris Bourse does an annual business of over a hundred thousand million francs. Not bad, you think. Your friend lifts his eyebrows. It is the largest bourse business on the Continent, but is not to be compared with London or New York.

Presently you inquire about listed securities, and your friend raps on his glass for the official "Cote de la Bourse," wherein he shows you pages and pages of stock quotations, some eight hundred in all, including every imaginable enterprise, financial and industrial: obligations of the French government and of other governments, city and departmental loans, home and foreign railways, trust companies, insurance companies, electric companies, mining companies, traction companies, gas companies, canal companies, so many that one ingenious statistician declares the pieces of paper issued by them in stocks and bonds would make a ribbon long enough to girdle the earth, and would be worth some three hundred thousand million francs.

As showing the enormous development of Bourse affairs since the railway era, your friend adds that in 1869 only three hundred and eighty securities were listed instead of eight hundred, and in 1852 only one hundred and twenty-six were listed, and in 1814 only five were listed, these being five per cent. government bonds (consolidated), new five per cents., bank stock, bridge stock, and treasury bonds.

"How many brokers have they?" you inquire.

"Seventy," says your friend.

"What! Only seventy brokers on the Paris Bourse when the New York Stock Exchange has eleven hundred?"

"Seventy is all."

"When the London Stock Exchange has about three thousand?"

To which your friend replies—but we may now drop the friend and the café, and come more seriously ourselves to a point that must be considered in detail, since it involves an essential difference between the Paris Bourse and the Stock Exchanges of London and New York. The latter are private associations, with laws that are binding upon members only because of their voluntary acceptance; but this exchange of Paris is a government institution, existing and operating under

direct government control. In France it has come about (as in Germany, Italy, and Spain) that the buying and selling of securities is not a free business ruled by free competition, as in England and America, but a closely guarded monopoly in the hands of a few men, the Seventy, called *agents de change*, who are appointed by the President of the republic and the Minister of Finances, and are supposed to act not only as brokers, but as public officials, their powers and privileges being set forth in various decrees that run back for centuries, one of them (1781) threatening with fines, branding, or the pillory any persons found interfering with the agents de change or assuming their prerogatives. In point of fact, however, this monopoly exists and has existed much more in theory than in practice, and the history of the Paris Bourse shows one long struggle, with periods of violence and periods of compromise, between the authorized *parquet*, or association of agents de change, and the unauthorized but very active *coulisse*, or outside (curbstone) brokers. It is obvious, one would say, that seventy brokers *must* be inadequate to the Stock Exchange requirements of a city like Paris, but we shall presently learn of special conditions here that give seventy agents de change a far greater business efficiency than seventy New York brokers could have.

Before coming to that, however, it is interesting to note that the origin of this Bourse monopoly lies apparently in the conviction of legislators that the French people are prone to excess in speculation and must be checked in such tendency by law. Whether or not the French are really more faulty here than other nations is not the question now: they may be more tempted, since Paris, with a singular inconsistency, has long tolerated various forms of gambling that are repressed in other countries and that may well foster a taste for speculation. Thus Paris spends millions a year in baccara, played openly at all the clubs, and millions in lottery tickets issued by the government itself, and millions at Sunday races (when the working population is free), and millions in café betting, where a hundred thousand francs a day, I am assured, change hands over billiard games alone, with experts imported from America and Spain. All this has had its influence, and



Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

CORNER OF THE BOURSE, SHOWING THE NEW WING FACING THE
RUE DU QUATRE SEPTEMBRE

it certainly is true that while Parisians love to save, often to the point of parsimony, yet they love to risk their savings, and, once possessed by the spirit of hazard and the longing for easy gain, they are capable of great speculative follies.

So it is to-day, and so, no doubt, it has been through all the tortuous history of the Paris Bourse, which, by the way, has occupied its present quarters only since 1827, and was before that in various parts of Paris—in the Louvre, in the Palais de Justice, at the Place Vendôme, and in its very earliest days on the old bridge, the Pont au Change, where the goldsmiths and money-lenders set up their usurer booths six hundred years ago. Nor must we forget the notorious Rue Quincampoix, which was the Bourse in those two memorable years (1719 and 1720) when Paris went gambling-mad over Law's Mississippi scheme (*that shows the tendency!*), with shares going up, up from five hundred francs to twenty thousand (and worth nothing); with valets becoming millionaires in a week; with bourgeois shopkeepers, accustomed to save their candle-ends, parading in cloth of gold; with houses on this wretched street brought into such sudden demand that their rentals increased a hundred and eighty fold, while money-lenders, charging two per cent. an hour, were glad to do business on the roofs or in the cellars; and finally with such a crush of speculators in the street itself that a cobbler earned two hundred francs a day by hiring out his bench for grand ladies to stand on.

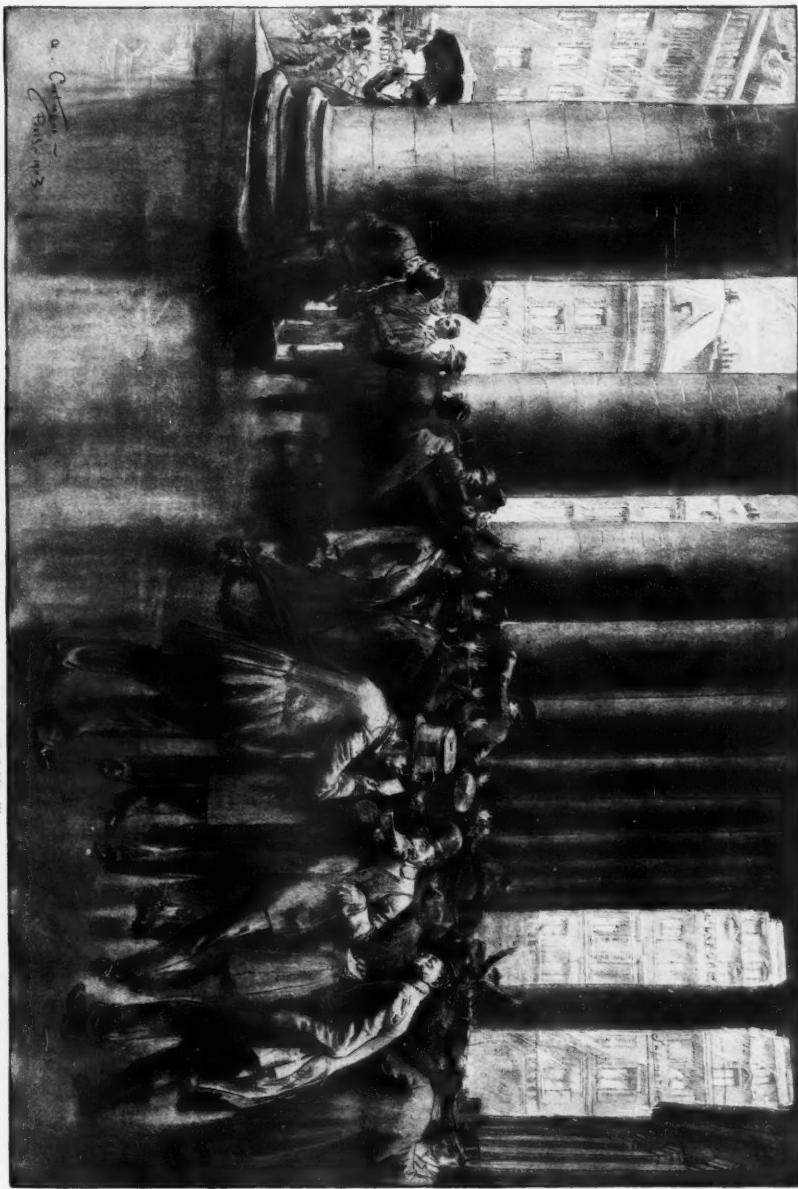
Then quickly on the madness followed despair, and every morning Paris awakened to some fresh violence and horror. Highway robbery became the order of the day and night, murders increased, suicides increased, and the tale of bodies caught in the river nets at St. Cloud showed how many a dream of sudden wealth had ended. Finally the crash came when the twelve-thousand-million-franc market crumbled away to nothing, and speculative France had learned a bitter lesson, or rather had not learned it, since many another was to follow.

After this various restrictive laws were passed in the hope of preventing similar excesses; but laws are of small avail against a popular trend, and the eighteenth century witnessed one Bourse disaster after

another, as when a certain Bernard, a daring operator under Louis XV, garnered in a single panic some thirty-three millions shorn from trusting lambs. And there were others like him. What wonder, then, that the Revolution was bitter against speculation, or that we find Napoleon going to impossible lengths in his efforts to repress it! No man in this land of France, said the Emperor, should buy what he could not pay for or sell what he could not deliver. And with a kind of naïve impatience he denounced the citizen who would "go short" on government bonds as an enemy and discreditor of the country.

So, by imperial enactment, all the usual forms of speculation came under the ban on the Paris Bourse, especially the customary "carrying over" of an operation à terme, that is, to a settlement day at the middle or end of a month. If a man bought securities, he must pay for them *at once*; if he sold securities, he must deliver them at once; in other words, he was limited (at least, that was the law) to what were considered the legitimate operations of actual purchase and sale, in contradistinction to operations à terme (virtually "on a margin"), which were to be punished by imprisonment for one month or one year or by fines varying from five hundred to ten thousand francs. And the sixty agents de change, then constituted or reconstituted as a parquet in control of Bourse affairs, were given this privilege on the understanding that, as government officials, they must see to the enforcement of these laws against speculation. Needless to say, they did nothing of the sort, since the great bulk of Bourse transactions were and are of a speculative character, and to do away with these would have been to do away with the Bourse itself and their own means of livelihood, while as for the guilty speculators, there would not have been prisons enough in France to hold them.

With so much in mind, let us now take a closer view of the Bourse and its varied activities, beginning with the long front porch, which, in business hours, seems perpetually under storm by a mob, as it really was under storm once in the Commune time. No one interferes as we mount the steps, for the Bourse is free to all except women, and presently we gain the stone floor behind the fourteen Corinthian



Drawn by Anatole Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

LA COULISSE (THE OPEN MARKET) IN ACTIVE SESSION ON THE FRONT PORCH OF THE BOURSE

columns, and are fairly caught in the crush and din of the coulisse, the free and aggressive Bourse, enemy of the monopoly within, and stationed at the portals, one would say, to lure away its clients. Three groups are working here in the open, this one at the left concerned with gold-mines and diamond-mines, and showing tense faces pressed about a blackboard where from time to time a dyspeptic-looking marker indicates how it is faring with New Rip, Horse-Shoe, Robinson, Kleinfontein, and others,—you should hear them pronounce these names,—while the company copy his figures with anxious ohs and ahs. Next to this is a denser group, with men on battered benches brandishing fierce order-books and barking out their bids, while last of all, at the right, is the clamorous *comptant* group, for cash transactions only.

This, then, by sanction of long usage, is the home of the tireless coulisse, a troubled, drafty home where for generations, in storm or sunshine, in favor or out of favor, the outside brokers have fought the parquet tooth and nail, perched on rickety chairs, as you see them now, screaming, jostling, and not only here, but all over Paris, with *remisiers* (outside intermediaries) scouring the city day and night for clients, cutting commissions, extending credits, taking risks without end, and, by sheer force of enterprise and daring, winning business from the conservative monopoly by thousands of millions of francs. The coulisse may be called a barometer of Bourse prosperity, languishing in bad times and thriving amazingly in good ones, as in the wonderful decade following the advent of railways (1855), when Bourse affairs leaped up suddenly from two or three billions a year to forty or fifty billions, to eighty or ninety billions, almost overwhelming the little body of agents de change (only sixty then), who gladly welcomed outside dealers as efficient fellow-harvesters. Or again in the period of revived affairs after the Franco-Prussian War, and notably in the more recent boom of South African mines (1896), when these curbstone brokers achieved such preponderance on the Bourse that the year's totals showed transactions of eighty billions for the coulisse against thirty billions for the parquet.

This last victory led to the serious un-

doing of the coulisse, for it roused the parquet to new and desperate efforts against these outsiders, an unscrupulous pirate crew, said they, who, having paid nothing and accepted no responsibility, would now destroy an honorable and costly privilege. And it came about, after much manoeuvring, that the present law was passed (1898) taxing operations on the Bourse, and—here was the ingenious part of it—requiring that these operations pass through the hands of the authorized agents de change, thereby crippling the coulisse and saving the monopoly; for the agents, profiting by their advantage, now forced their own terms upon the outside brokers, and claimed so large a share of their commissions that many *coulissiers* were driven from the field. A goodly number, however, still remain, biding their time, as they have before, and concentrating upon unlisted securities, theirs by right, including South African mines; also upon the three per cent. *rentes*, or government bonds, the handling of which, with their enormous dealings, is, strangely enough, intrusted to the coulisse by a special provision of the new law. The reason for this exceptional favor we shall presently consider when we come to the scene of these transactions inside the Bourse.

Inside the Bourse! What a picture that brings to the mind! Not a pretty picture, either! Something between a crush of angry politicians and a college foot-ball game. One presses through a gloomy vestibule solid with men, who shoulder along in or out, and presently reaches the swinging doors, which open, and—now one gets the real roar of the Bourse. The other was preliminary. This may fairly be called noise. If you have ever tried to talk on a locomotive running ninety miles an hour you will understand the delights of conversation here.

And such a dreary place! A great stone hall, bare and gray under an immense ceiling-window that filters down yellowish light, as if disapprovingly, upon this tumult of a thousand men. Around the four sides run square stone pillars that support galleries ranged with arches. The pillars are covered with advertisements of patent medicines, perfumery (which is needed), railway excursions, various things to drink, shoe-blacking, and schools of languages, all in annoying colors. The floor is a litter

of papers, and the air is heavy with smoke from numberless cigars and cigarettes, smoking being strictly forbidden. Altogether a railway-station is a thing of beauty and repose by comparison.

However, this is the Paris Bourse, stronghold of the Seventy, the great financial machine of France, and we must show it proper respect and try to understand its workings. One thing favors us that would certainly be denied at the New York Stock Exchange—we may actually come upon the floor and follow the business at close range, passing from group to group, listening to the criers, and standing beside the brokers as they execute their orders. Just why the general public are allowed within these serious precincts is a mystery, say rather an ancient custom: they are certainly of no use here, and are obviously of great inconvenience. Yet here they are, investors, speculators, idlers, tourists; any man who pleases may bustle in, and not one of the blue-and-gold soldiers on solemn guard will dream of an objection. As a matter of fact, clients and bankers use the floor of the Bourse as a vast broker's office.

And now, before following them through the intricacies of their day's work, it may be well to consider the Seventy themselves. Who are they? How came they to their envied eminence? Are they rich men, or very able men, or what? How much do they earn with their monopoly? What happens to a man who would be one of them? What does he do? How much does it cost him?

Answering the last question first, it may be said that a seat among the Seventy (they call it a *charge*) costs about three million francs (\$600,000) or sometimes two million and a half, and a charge earns from five to fifteen per cent. (net) a year, so that the annual profits are from thirty to ninety thousand dollars, or more in exceptional years. But these are usually divided among several associates, for it rarely happens that an agent is the sole owner of his seat. More often he has paid for only half of it, or a third of it, and has three or four silent partners who own the rest and who may again have subpartners, so that you will hear of a person owning an eighth or a sixteenth of a seat or even a thirty-second, these being simple investments that carry no rights or privileges on the Bourse.

As to procuring a charge, the thing has none of the Stock Exchange simplicity, where the main requirement for getting a seat is to be able to pay for it. Here a candidate must be a Frenchman and at least twenty-five years old. He must have served four years in certain forms of business. He must be personally acceptable to the agent from whom he would purchase the seat, and often to his family, including the ladies. He must be passed upon by the Seventy with formal voting, as if he were joining some select club, which he is. There must be no stain on his business record, and no slur on his personal character. A candidate was rejected recently for bad habits, and another for no fault of his own, but because his brother had been concerned in questionable transactions. With all this favorably settled, there is still needed the approval of the Minister of Finances and the sanction of the President. This makes it clear enough why many of the ablest dealers on the Bourse have not been members of the parquet, but of the coulisse. They could not get into the parquet. We shall presently see why some of them did not wish to get in.

This brings us again to the business victories that have been won by the coulisse over the monopoly, these being easier to understand when we consider certain essential differences between the two bodies—differences that also distinguish the Paris Bourse from the New York Stock Exchange. A coulissier is like a Wall-street broker in this, that he may, within very wide limits, do business as he pleases: he may speculate, he may take daring risks, he may come to grief or come to fortune; at any rate, he has a fair chance to "play his own game" in his own way. Not so the agent de change, who, from the very fact of being an official, must bow to the official system. Never may he, under pain of severe penalties, engage in Bourse speculation for his own account, or associate himself with any commercial enterprise whatsoever. He is not even free to manage his commission business as he likes, but is ever under the eye of the *syndic*, or head of the monopoly, who exercises all but autocratic sway over the Seventy, telling them what they may and may not do, examining their books at frequent and unexpected intervals down to



Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

MAIN FLOOR OF THE BOURSE, SHOWING THE GROUPS IN ACTIVE TRADING

the smallest details of transactions, and vigorously checking any sign of departure from the old conservative lines. Indeed, one of the chief duties of the syndic is to discipline members, either by fines or by suspension of privilege, wherever he finds them straying into methods promising greater gain, with perhaps a greater risk—the tempting though hazardous methods of the unrestrained coulisse.

No wonder, then, you exclaim, that able dealers have rebelled against such limitations, and have more than once preferred the freedom of the coulisse to the restricted field of the monopoly! And no wonder the outside brokers have won victories over the parquet, as courage and resourcefulness always win over jog-trot prudence and satisfied routine. The point seems well taken, and accords with our American view; yet there is something to be said on the other side. There is a serious and interesting reason for the extreme caution of the parquet and for the rigid, often harassing checks against risk that are thrown about the Seventy. This reason has to do with the public security, and marks another essential difference between the Paris Bourse and the free exchanges of London and New York—a difference that constitutes in the eyes of the Seventy a distinct superiority for their system. We know that if a member of the New York Stock Exchange fails in business, his clients may lose whatever moneys they have intrusted to him. They have no recourse but to appear with the other creditors in bankruptcy proceedings, and take what is given them. The Stock Exchange as a whole would never think of reimbursing their claims, and in point of fact millions of dollars have been lost to the Wall-street public through just such failures of brokers, notably in periods of panic like 1893.

Quite different, however, is the state of things at the Paris Bourse, where there exists a kind of financial brotherhood (*solidarité*) among the agents de change, by which the Seventy as a body are jointly responsible for the Bourse obligations of individual members. Thus, if an agent de change fails, the association must make good whatever he owes his clients or his bankers—in fact, whatever debts may fairly be said to have grown out of his business as a broker. This solidarity was only formally decreed in 1898, but it had existed

for years as a tradition, and as such was tested in the crash of 1882, when the great Union Générale went to ruin, and many strong houses with it. On every hand was disaster; the Bourse itself was sorely stricken; and some half-dozen agents de change went under, with liabilities amounting to eighty millions. Eighty millions for the parquet to pay if they wished this solidarity tradition to endure! There was no legal obligation, only a vague moral obligation, but the monopoly stood together as one man for their joint honor; they assumed their comrades' debts, they pledged their personal fortunes to raise the necessary sum, and they paid back that eighty million francs to the last centime.

So now we understand why the Seventy are careful, perhaps over-careful, in their dealings, and why the syndic keeps them under constant surveillance. It is because of this solidarity, this never-ceasing responsibility that hangs over all of them for the business errors of each one. And while the system has its defects, and undoubtedly hampers free initiative, yet we must admit that it assures to the French public a measure of security in Bourse transactions that is quite unknown in America, where clients may be ruined without redress if their brokers happen to fail. And it is well known that such failures in America are often due to reckless speculation by the brokers themselves, whereas in France, as has been said, the agents de change may not, under pain of severe penalties, engage in any form of speculation whatever.

In this restriction lies one reason why the parquet of the Bourse numbers fewer members than the New York Stock Exchange. It needs fewer members, since the agents de change may engage only in commission business, whereas many Stock Exchange brokers do no commission business at all, but operate solely as "traders" on their own account. It is also customary in New York for important banking houses to have one or two seats on the Stock Exchange, sometimes four or five, which they hold simply for the reduction in commissions (one thirty-second instead of one eighth per cent.) on their own large transactions; but this would be against the law in Paris, where bankers are required to deal through regular agents de change on a basis of half-commissions. Consequently there are

neither bankers nor "traders" among the Seventy, but all of them are active commission brokers for the general public, with not even the right to refuse an order. Furthermore, there are fewer groups on the floor of the Bourse than at the Stock Exchange,—only six instead of twenty or thirty,—so that fewer voices are needed. Finally, each agent de change may have under him six chief clerks, authorized to do business in his name at the various groups, which allows the Seventy, for all ordinary purposes, to multiply themselves into several hundred. Such an arrangement would of course be impossible at the New York Stock Exchange, where only members are allowed upon the floor.

Now you may wish to study more closely the babel about you, and see if you can make something out of it. Six groups. From the gallery it might be easy to distinguish them, but pushing about in this seething swarm—ah, here the crush gets denser, a frenzied circle of hats and arms and red faces, one of the six undoubtedly.

"What is it?" you shout to the man at your elbow.

He puts his mouth to your ear and says quietly, "Rio Tinto."

This, then, is one of the three great speculative groups that you have heard about. They occupy the western end of the hall, three circular inclosures (*corbeilles*), each about the size of a large dining-room table, and each having its own specialties, at this one Rio Tintos and Portuguese, at the next Turks and Servians, at the farther one Spanish Exteriors. These five form the basis of speculation at the Bourse, the center of what may be called its gambling activity, and between them they draw as much business as all the rest of the list put together, or more. Indeed, the rest of the list, for its combined transactions, has only one corbeille—yonder it is in the middle of the hall, larger than these, and served by the Seventy in person, yet on the whole less important in transactions, and much less animated, if one may use so mild a word.

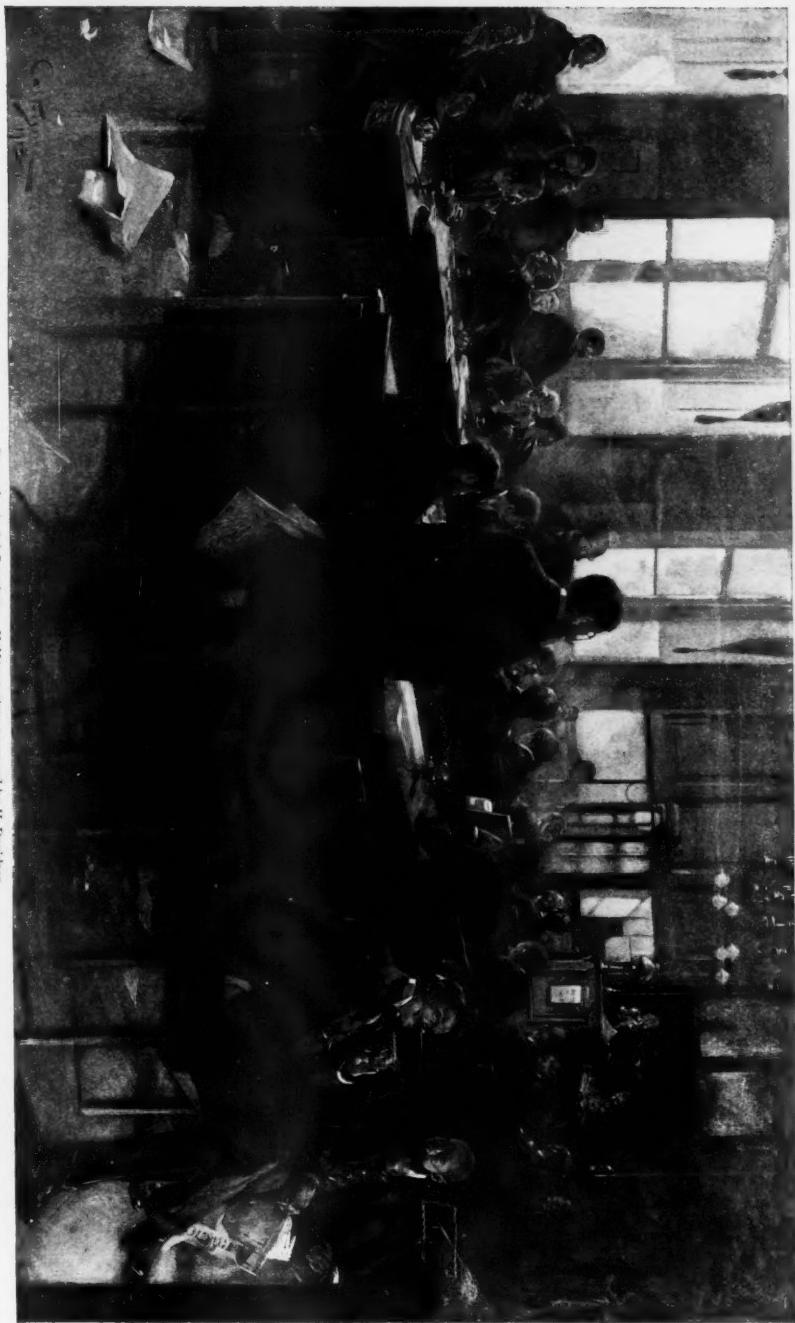
Animated, indeed! Three deep, these men surge against the wooden railings, mouths open, eyes bulging, hands gesticulating. They pant, they steam, they shout until the veins swell in their necks; yet they are neither angry nor particularly

excited. This is their every-day routine, and you will see them come out of their madness quite easily, and then go back to it. Notice that stout maniac as he pauses to light his cigarette. The change is startling. He really has a nice face and—there, he is mad again! Here are several others who suddenly cease their frenzy and become placid citizens, commonplace brokers' clerks making notes of purchase and sale. Now they turn on the frenzy, like touching a button, and rage amazingly.

At all these groups business marches along quickly and easily by a system of signs and signals, the usual broker's pantomime, where fortunes hang on a nod, and millions change hands with the lift of an eyebrow. And constantly over each group swings the long-handled rake that carries order-slips from man to man around the railing. A sad-faced attendant wields this rake, and you wonder what he thinks about from day to day, from year to year.

Working your way along to the eastern end of the hall, you find the same scenes repeated. Here swarms the main corbeille, flanked by the comptant group for cash sales and the rentes group for government bonds, three new roars in your ears. If you listen attentively, you can distinguish the separate voices of the groups—the steady tone of the Seventy, the quick shouting of the cash dealers, the fierce cries of the *coulisse de la rente*, while now and then a shout from the Turks yonder, or a sudden clamor from the Rios or the Exteriors, tells how the battle is raging down the line.

A broad railed-in passage leads from a private room at the back, where the agents de change seek rest and creature comforts, to the central inclosure, with its solemn guards and red velvet railings, rather a circus-ring effect. Here only the Seventy may tread. You see their heads over the crush—most of them bald heads—as they move about with dignity or lean against the barriers to take orders from the crowd, which presses up outside the circle. Everything on the list is handled here except the specialties of other groups: French railways, Spanish railways, the great French trust companies and insurance companies, British consols, Italian bonds, Brazilian bonds, Suez stock, electric stock, mining stock, and endless industrials. The par value of shares is usually five hundred



Drawn by André Castaigne. Halftone plate engraved by H. Davidson

PRIVATE ROOM OF THE SEVENTY AGENTS DE CHANGE (OFFICIAL BROKERS) IN THE BOURSE BUILDING



Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

THE TELEPHONE OR "ARBITRAGE" ROOM, BELOW THE MAIN FLOOR OF THE BOURSE

francs, sometimes two hundred and fifty francs, and the law forbids the listing of enterprises with shares issued at less than one hundred francs. A few values show an enormous advance above par; thus Suez shares stand at 4000 francs, National Life Insurance shares at 23,000 francs, and Compagnie Générale shares at 33,000 francs. On the other hand, many securities have fallen off seriously in the last few years. Witness the Boleo copper-mines, which have dropped from 3200 to 1350 since 1900, and Rio Tintos from 1450 to 1000, Kertsch from 950 to 50, the Ural-Volga Metallurgical Company from 900 to 25, the Paris Traction Company from 340 to 20, and the Thomson-Houston Electric Company from 1600 to 600. The great success of the Paris underground railways is said to have caused the fall in the two last named.

Coming now to details of operations, it may be said that five of the six groups on the floor of the Bourse do a purely speculative business. There is only one, the comptant group, where you may sell to-day securities that you actually possess, or buy to-day securities that you really want. At all the other groups you buy or sell with the understanding that you do not settle for two weeks or four weeks or six weeks, and that you will probably never see the securities dealt in, but will simply take your profits on "differences" or make good your losses. It is interesting to note that nine tenths of the Bourse's total business, in amount of capital, is done at these five speculative groups, whereas nine tenths of its total business, in number of transactions, is done at the cash group, which means that the latter has very numerous dealings involving small amounts. Indeed,

you may buy or sell comptant three shares or two shares or even one share, whereas the speculative groups will accept no order for less than twenty-five shares. And so numerous are these petty operations at the comptant group that each agent de change is obliged to keep two clerks constantly employed there, whereas one clerk is sufficient at the other groups.

These, then, are the two chief operations at the Bourse: comptant, for cash; and à terme, until settlement day. As an investor you choose the former, as a speculator the latter. If you deal at the cash group, you must produce your money or securities at once, and your orders will be filled either at a fixed price within certain limits or at the medium quotation, *au cours moyen*, this being determined by adding together the highest and lowest sales on a given day and dividing by two. Deliveries are made within five business days after the sale, and the expenses will be your broker's commission of one franc per thousand, plus half the government tax of ten centimes (two cents) per thousand, plus two and a half francs per thousand when a transfer of securities is necessary.

If you deal à terme and have good credit, you pay nothing until settlement day, which comes once a month (the last business day) for government bonds, shares of the Bank of France, Crédit Foncier, and the six principal railways, and twice a month (at the middle and end) for all other securities. Your profit or loss is the difference between prices on the day of purchase or sale and on settlement day, less, of course, commissions, etc. If you prefer, you may take the second or third settlement day after your order, instead of the first, as the one when you will liquidate. It is against the rules of the parquet to extend an operation beyond the third settlement day; but in practice clients who do not wish to settle when the fatal day arrives may always instruct their brokers to "carry over" the business in a new operation with a more remote settlement day, and this can be continued as long as the client is able to pay the interest (*report*) on the amount required thus to carry over his purchase or sale. If the market goes against him he must, of course, keep satisfactory margins in his broker's hands. If the market favors him he gets his profit. Altogether it is very much like speculat-

ing in Wall street, although the forms are different.

It is worthy of note that bankers who lend money to agents de change for current business charge a uniform interest rate, usually from two and a half to five per cent. for all alike, regardless of a man's financial soundness or weakness, since they know, thanks to the solidarity of the Seventy, that, however he may fare, their claims will be honored. For the same reason they advance the full market value on securities offered for loans instead of only eighty per cent. of the value, as is customary in New York; whatever happens, they will be protected by the association.

An interesting modification of the operation à terme is one by which the seller is held to his bargain on settlement day, while the buyer is left free to break it if he pleases. For this "privilege" the buyer agrees to pay a price somewhat above current quotations, and sacrifices this premium (*prime*) if he subsequently withdraws from the transaction. These operations à prime are very popular on the Bourse, the idea being, to quote a well-known coulissier, that "the prime makes it possible for small capitalists to undertake gigantic operations and realize very handsome profits without exposing themselves to more than a slight loss." As a matter of fact, the loss—that is, the premium sacrificed—may vary between fifty and five hundred francs in a transaction involving, say, fifty thousand francs, whereas the gain at certain times has been enormous. Thus people who bought Italian rentes à prime on the 4th of July, 1866, after Sadowa, are said to have made a profit of one hundred and fifty thousand francs for every thousand risked.

Just a word now about the group of rentes—really two groups, for both the parquet and the coulisse deal here, the latter, however, having an unquestioned preponderance in affairs. If you ask why the persecuted and rejected coulisse is given this practical control of dealings in government bonds, and very large dealings, you will be told that it is to assure a greater volume of affairs and a surer support for government securities. And if you do not quite understand why that should be so, your informant will shrug his shoulders and assure you that it is so. Indeed,



Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"ABOUT THE WALLS AND PILLARS RUN FRINGES OF SMALL SEATS PACKED CLOSELY WITH PORTLY FINANCIERS"

despite adverse legislation, there is no doubt that the government has a real respect for the energy and abilities of the free brokers. Thus, in 1893, M. Félix

Faure, afterward President of the republic, declared in the tribune of the Chamber that without the help of the free market France would never have been able, in

1871 and 1872, to lift the burden of her great war debt. And not only are there the broader methods of the coulisse to attract speculation to this group, but there are lower commissions and a lower tax to pay, these being about one fourth what they are at the other groups. Looking back thirty years, one sees how finely the French rentes have advanced since the Franco-Prussian War. In 1871 the three per cent. bonds were at 52; in 1885, when the Ferry cabinet fell, they were at 74; and in 1896 they had reached 105. Since then they have fallen somewhat, but they are still above par and in enormous demand all over France. It is in rentes that the people love to put their savings; the rentes are sure investments of *père de famille*, and it should be remembered that France is the richest nation on the Continent. In all Europe only England is richer than France.

To complete our survey, let us stroll about the sides of the hall—fancy strolling here!—and observe what goes on under the gloomy arches. Up and down move two dense streams, with orders to give and orders to get, and every second counting—see that fellow shoot through the crush! And about the walls and pillars run fringes of small seats packed closely with portly financiers, who pay good rentals for them. What a picture they make ranged along on their high perches, with their feet tucked away on little shelves, these bankers, coulliéiers, arbitrage dealers, and private speculators, as they frown and fret! Look down the line and see how absorbed they are! Scarcely do they heed the roar about them or heed the crush. Their eyes are fixed on slips of paper, their hands are busy with sums in arithmetic—how much will they make, how much will they lose.

Here comes one who looks prosperous, a remisier in a fur-lined coat, a well-fed remisier. He fights his way through, shaking hands right and left, and reaches his *strapontin* against a pillar. He stows away his umbrella, and snatches a bunch of telegrams squeezed behind the wood. As he reads them, two associates lean over his shoulders.

"Quelque chose?"

"Rien."

The three chew their cigars and look mysterious.

A boy arrives with another telegram.

This one is important. The remisier steadies himself against the *strapontin* and writes an order while the boy waits and the crowd surges past his elbow. *Voilà!* The boy darts off, and the remisier moves across the floor. He stops and shouts something into the ear of a broker, who shouts something back. Then he tips the silk hat over the eyes of a bald-headed man, and hurries on, very serious. The bald-headed man scarcely looks up. He is a banker worth millions. These Bourse people are never too busy for a joke. They say that once in panic-time a woman ventured upon the porch of the coulisse, —an Englishwoman in tourist dress,—and straightway the whole frenzied company put aside everything for the pleasure of impressing long and resounding kisses on the backs of their hands. The lady fled.

In our circuit of the arches we come to a narrow passage at the northeast corner into which the crowd pours as into a funnel, and out of which another crowd emerges. If we follow in with the rest, we shall come by a crooked descending way to what is perhaps the maddest part of all this general madness—the telephone room, where a heavy arbitrage business is talked over the wires between Paris and London, Paris and Brussels, and a little between Paris and Berlin.

This arbitrage business dates from the time of the telegraph and depends on the fact that speculative stocks and values handled in different cities inevitably fluctuate to different levels under the varying conditions of this or that market, making it possible to buy on a given day in a city where certain stocks rule low and to sell the same stocks the same day in another city where they are higher. Thus, before there was cable communication between France and England, they say that splendid coups of arbitrage were made by telegraphing Bourse quotations to Calais, racing them across the Channel on fleet sailing-vessels, and then telegraphing them on to the London Stock Exchange in time to profit there by this sure and exclusive information. But the cable spoiled that, and brought the markets of London and Paris to closer levels, and now the telephone has made these levels closer still. So that important differences seldom occur to-day between stock quotations in London and Paris, for the reason that the first arbi-



Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

THE "PIEDS HUMIDES" (WET-FOOTS), OR CURBSTONE BROKERS,
ON THE PAVEMENT IN FRONT OF THE BOURSE

trage dealers at the telephone after such differences had arisen would give heavy orders to buy on the low side and sell on the high, and the differences would speedily disappear. Still, some twenty banking houses of Paris devote much attention to this form of business, and are said to make out of it from two hundred thousand to a million francs a year each.

What stories the arbitrage clerks can tell of lucky strokes at the telephone! Here is one who was at the wire last year when the London Stock Exchange heard that the King's coronation had been postponed. Down came British consols on the word three quarters of a point, and two minutes later, with the Bourse all unsuspecting, the clerk had sold in Paris and bought in London and pocketed a comfortable twenty thousand. Another recalls a day when the telephone broke down, as happens in storms, and he got news of a drop in Rios by roundabout cabling, from London to Paris via Cairo and Madrid, and that tip was worth thirty thousand. Another assures you he was in one of the cabins when word came that the *Maine* had been blown up. There was a situation, and Spanish rentes dropped twelve points in the next half-hour; yes, sir—and he knew it before they did in Spain.

These tales suggest that we have scarcely touched upon the spectacular side of the Bourse, its famous coups, its daring operators. Of course there are such, and we may hear of a Levantine worth fifty millions ten years ago, then nearly ruined in 1895, and now worth fifty millions again. In the main, however, the Paris market lacks its "Napoleons of speculation," those commanding figures that loom up fascinating and mysterious in the doings of Wall street. The mass of business on the Bourse—probably nine tenths of it—comes from clients in moderate circumstances. This is partly due to the fact that enormous personal fortunes are by no means as common in France as in America. Still there are the Rothschilds, and the great houses that formerly operated on the Bourse to the tune of hundreds of millions, but now confine themselves almost entirely to their banking interests. The reason for this change lies in the fact that the new law

taxing Bourse affairs authorizes an examination of the books of bankers and brokers whenever necessary, for the purposes of verification, and to this these houses decidedly object, on the ground that they have clients so highly placed—kings, emperors, and princes—that the revelation of their names and dealings might cause serious, perhaps international, complications.

We have seen enough; but we may pause on the steps and observe the wretched group of *pieds humides*, the "wet-foots," gathered at the southern end of the porch and on the pavement below. One glance tells what they are, the scum of the wreckage of speculation, some dozens of men and women,—such women!—making the last struggle here with the last fragments of defeated hopes and ruined enterprises. If you stop to speak to them they will gather about you with greedy eyes and cunning smiles, and produce from under frayed coats and greasy black shawls bundles of securities, stocks, bonds, anything you like, of companies that were once floated with a great trumpeting of promise, but have long since gone to their graves. A cadaverous gentleman presses his rumpled wares upon you and declares there is money to be made by purchasing. Did not he himself the other day sell a lot of shares for sixty francs each that cost him ten francs a hundred? *Oui, monsieur.* You ask how much the same shares are worth now, and he smiles; they are worth six cents now. You see, the thing is to sell when stocks are high.

But as we turn away we recall words spoken by M. Tirard, Minister of Finances, in February, 1893, when, addressing the Chamber of Deputies, he said, amid thunders of applause: "And furthermore, gentlemen, when I hear it argued that the envied wealth of France is due to fortunate speculations in the market, or to the support given to government loans by various intermediaries, or to the success of this or that financial operation, I answer: 'No; we owe our prosperity to something quite different from that: to the power of labor that exists in France, to the fact that the French people are honest, industrious, and sober, and that their silent virtues are bearing fruit over all this land in vast savings ever increasing and ever at the disposal of the country for the country's needs.'"

A HEROINE

BY MARSHALL ILSLEY



HE the heroine of 'Behind the Sunset'? My dear Mrs. Belter, don't tell me that she is Miriam Strange."

"She was," Mrs. Belter affirmed significantly.

"Dear me, dear me! 'Behind the Sunset' of all books! I have not opened it for a dozen years; I have n't wanted to: it is too precious, too beautiful; it is youth. Why, my dear lady, Miriam Strange was one of my elect, my chosen, my adored; more to me than Di Vernon, as she was nearer in time and space and kin. Never again did De Wendt touch it. You don't mean to say—please don't say—"

"It is true," Mrs. Belter laughed; "it is all true."

"Of course it is true; but this quiet, placid, pink, portly lady who sits at your right—no, I won't hear to it."

"But you can't help yourself: Pauline Branch was in fact Miriam Strange."

"Well, well," I exclaimed dizzily, "I must know her. I must—Must I re-read the book?"

"Of course you must. I told you so. Every one does." Mrs. Belter was too triumphant.

"But 'Behind the Sunset'; De Wendt: is it possible? I thought he was a gentleman of good family and all that sort of thing. He discovered this girl, made love to her in reality, dropped her, and broke her heart, and then, like Goethe, ran off to confide in the whole world? And she did n't die? And this substantial lady, this too, too solid Miss Branch—tell me, tell me all about it."

Mrs. Belter leaned back comfortably, her delicate, white, fat, humorous face full of good nature. "It was ages ago. Dear Pauline! She has been with me nearly from the first, quite sixteen years, and the affair,

you remember, in the story was just after the war—deary me! over thirty years ago. How time does skip! Cameron, you recall, had been wounded in the war; all the novels in those days would have none but wounded heroes. He went West to recruit his health,—the unbroken prairie was considered wonderfully healthful in those days,—and there he met her, and there it happened. The first thing told me about her was that she was the heroine of 'Behind the Sunset,' and would I take her to board? And could I give good terms, for her means were very slender? Of course, before she came I re-read the novel and wept copious tears, for it is a lovely book, you can say what you like."

"But that is just what I do say," cried I.

"And I was all of a quiver to take her to my heart and to make a real home for her."

"And that is what you did; and you have mothered her ever since," I tossed in.

"Now be still. I remember perfectly the day she came. It was fearfully hot. Of course I had forgotten the date of the story, and I was n't at all prepared."

"No more than I," I moaned.

"Even then she was n't slight—dear Pauline; and she was very warm, and very red, and perhaps a little cross; her baggage had gone wrong; and I was brimming with pity and tenderness."

"Oh, how dear!" I laughed. "Of course you were; and after fifteen years you still expected that spirit of youth, swift, undaunted, the very incarnation of the prairie wind."

"Why not? Did I not tell you I had just re-read the book and cried my eyes out over the ending? I had sweet-peas on her dressing-table, and a glass of iced tea; and she, poor dear, must ask my terms before she would look at the room or even

sit down; and she is the only person who has ever asked if she might have a clean towel every day. 'Twice a day,' I answered in wounded pride. You can judge where she had lived. I was making a tremendous reduction in my terms, too—my poor terms: if you could all come as guests I would like it." Mrs. Belter paused. "I had strawberry sponge for supper, because—do you remember?—that was what she made for Cameron with her own hands after picking the wild berries at dawn."

"Remember? Can I ever forget? Did n't she do everything with her own hands? The first dawn over the prairies I ever saw was through De Wendt's eyes, with the morning star hanging on the broad silver sheen of the eastern sky, like a jewel on the forehead of the new day. And I looked for his black horse picketed in the coulée."

"That called to her in the berry patch, and roused him after his night under the stars," put in Mrs. Belter.

"To find her with her pail, or was it basket, of wild berries?" I threw in.

"Basket, of course. Who ever heard of a heroine with a tin pail? And she was standing there against the dawn, as if his dream had returned through the ivory gate. Will you ever forget?"

"Forget!" I repeated. And then dear Mrs. Belter leaned back, and we both laughed in full and joyous comradeship.

"Poor Miss Branch! Does n't this publicity annoy her? Do they all know? Do they all read the book?" I queried anxiously.

"Every one," said Mrs. Belter. "I never knew but one man who would n't, and he was from Boston. I don't tell them; the ladies tell one another. The young girls are as much impressed as if she had been on the stage. There, now,—my good landlady pulled herself together,—"I must fly. I have a hundred things to see to. You will find a rather cleanish copy on the middle shelf. I have had four. This is the fifth. So you can imagine it has been read."

II

I FOUND the rather cleanish copy much more thumbed and soiled than is acceptable to my taste in books, and if it were the fifth copy, it was reaching a period when decency demanded a number six.

Perhaps the soiled margins, the indiscreet pencil-marks, the loose back, affected my nerves, but somehow the book had gone off dreadfully. I had been wise; I knew it was fatal to revisit the romantic scenes of one's childhood. Perhaps on the daintiest of fresh paper, in the spick-and-spanniest of pale-green covers, its dewy dawns and quivering noondays, its boundless sunsets and large solemn nights, its rush of unbridled winds, and all its youthful exuberance, its free Western hearts, its guileless manners, and its pure American passion, might still make their joyous appeal. Ah, yes, it was I that had gone off. They would still be fresh to eighteen, when every book is an undiscovered island in enchanted seas. How lucky for the race that it is not born old! Yet before I had finished my perusal I saw why this book had lived even beyond the circle of Miriam Strange. With all its weakness, and it was weak,—weak most of all in the strong parts,—still it was pretty, and it rang true. The man had loved her and had won her love; there was genuine feeling in the tale; but that he had dropped her as he did only proved him the kind of man capable of using his love later on to make gain out of it. The whole of the sentimentalist was in that—to enjoy his emotions without scruple or conscience. To expiate his fault in confession, he pretends to deal harshly with himself; and to atone for his desertion he offers a flawless idealization of the girl's character. In the book she is conveniently killed off, and Cameron may weep tears of unbounded remorse. In reality I do not doubt the impressionable author would have been more comfortable in mind if her broken heart had made an end to her gentle life; but nature does not round up her romances so neatly, and the play continues after the fall of the curtain; and so Miriam Strange had persisted in living on with her broken heart long after her faithless lover closed his own career.

All the older novel-readers must remember what acclaim greeted "Behind the Sunset." It fell upon a time when people were tired of English fiction and old-fashioned New England tales. Americanism was in the air, the war had awakened national feeling, and the West was still the West, a more or less undiscovered country. The book was not very good literature, but that did not militate against a good run,

as runs ran in those days. As far as I have looked it up, its success did not wait upon the critics' praise. The notices in the serious reviews were perfunctory. One of them called it "Cooper up to date." However, it got a hearing, and, best of all, its passion was censured and defended; young people adored it, and it was a book to cry over. When my father passed it on to me, he called it a typical American tale, fresh, spirited, Western, and I think it was he who said pure and strong. Of course I was fascinated by the heroic but faithless Cameron, and was head over heels in love with Miriam Strange. For what else are novels to youth but to make one feel like the hero and desperately adore the heroine? On the tide of his first success De Wendt floated his annual novel during the remainder of his short career. He sold well, I believe, and socially he was ever successful. He even married well.

"And Miss Branch," I demanded, when I could again corner Mrs. Belter, "what has been her life, what does she do?"

Mrs. Belter's face wrinkled up into a very sibyl of amused Mystery. "Don't be hard on her, she is such a good soul. Of course she suffered, but she has forgiven him; and she has come to feel honored."

"That he wrote about her?"

"That he loved her."

"And how came she here?"

"Well, after her father's death,—and he, by the way, never got over his indignation, and would have liked to kick De Wendt all the way to the Atlantic Ocean. Pauline says her father is beautifully done in the book, that he really lives for her in those pages, that she could forgive anything for the sake of that beautiful living portrait. Her father, though, never saw the book. What he would have said we can imagine."

"He is well done," I consented—"a lovable, noble fellow. De Wendt appreciated him, though he has idealized the type."

"It is all idealized," echoed Mrs. Belter, "and Pauline Branch has never put foot on earth since. But, as I was saying, after her father's death, which occurred two years after De Wendt left her—"

"I shall want to know about that," I threw in.

"Yes, but first I will give you the prose, and come back to the poetry afterward,

though most of that is mere surmisal pieced out from things Pauline has dropped: she never has told me everything."

"She has her reserves and her sacred memories?"

"H'm, if the book is true," Mrs. Belter smiled significantly; "and it has become gospel to her. However, after her father's death she had but an infinitesimal income, and lived along in Red Wing, keeping house like one of Miss Wilkins's spinsters, proud and pretty and terribly lonely. She hints at beaus enough, but they were all clumsy and coarse after her lover, and would not stand much cold-shouldering; anyway, eight or ten forlorn years slipped away, life growing barer and narrower each year. But the year before the Centennial she became inspired with the idea of visiting the exposition, and so she plucked up and went to Chicago to earn the money to take her East. She was always fond of flowers, and could use her hands deftly,—that you remember,—and so she learned the milliner's business."

"Oh!" I mocked. "Miriam Strange, after Arrowhead, and her carbine, and the boundless prairie, and her beautiful dream of love, to twine artificial wreaths to earn money to go to the Centennial! Better had she died!"

"Nonsense! One love-affair does not exhaust the possibilities of life, and to die for that feeble creature? Never! It was hard for her to learn a trade, for she never forgets what her father's cousins are in England, for they are, I understand, quite people of refinement: one is a clergyman. However, she succeeded, and she saved her money, and went to Philadelphia, and managed also a day or so in New York, where, I have no doubt, she dreamed of perhaps catching sight of *him*. Of course she did n't."

"And now does she follow her trade?" I asked. "Why did n't she break horses, or teach a riding-school, or go into a circus—do something spirited and reckless? No one in his senses would ever write such a sequel to 'Behind the Sunset.' Is there one word of truth in the tale?"

"You are more romantic than De Wendt. It was all true enough, but that side of her was all youth; the abiding part is her tenderness, her gentleness, her real woman's heart. As for her trade, she is really an artist; she only designs. She could make

more if she undertook the business; but she prefers to be independent in her hours, and so Mrs. Murphy runs the business. And really Pauline does well; with her little income besides, she has managed to lay by. She has very nice friends."

III

THAT evening after dinner I approached Miss Branch in the long, faded drawing-room. I had modestly taken care not to let her see me with "Behind the Sunset" in hand, though I fancied the middle shelf, like a child in the period of dentition, grinned to betray its absence; and as soon as I finished it I had returned it to its nook, to await the next new boarder. Before this I had barely spoken ten words to the lady; but she looked up at me from one of the stately sofas, or I might almost say "down," for she seemed to be seated on an exhibition platform with her bland, approachable manner, quite as if now that I had read the book I must want to know her. That, I fancied, was the acceptable formula for all new boarders; for, as Mrs. Belter said, Miss Branch was one of the features of the house.

What could there be left of Miriam Strange, I wondered—sweet, swift, unswerving; a daring rider, a matchless shot, fearless of Indians, for Indians still abounded near Red Wing, the scene of the novel; and of course young, slight, beautiful, and passionate, as she was a heroine. That was about the sum and substance of her characterization. Miss Pauline Branch at fifty-three—dear Mrs. Belter had let out the fact—was none of these. There was no trace of passion in her large, kind, gentle, public face—a face resigned to exhibition from long usage, which people perused with the same candor with which they would study an old master in a gilt frame. Apparently she did not court notice, for the mild lady was far from bold; but neither did she resent it. She accepted meekly the rôle thrust upon her, which was not unlike *Hamlet's* father,—a part not disdained by worthy actors,—the essential effect of which springs from its mere appearance. The marvel lay in her appearing at all after the event. Nobody was interested in her personality to-day; the interest was in De Wendt's heroine. She was not only a ghost, but curiously in this case the substance was the ghost, and the ghost was the substance.

In her healthy pink face, framed by the high pompadour of fine gray hair, I discovered the remains of youthful beauty; but her features unhappily were too small for the magnified setting time had too generously provided. Her eyes, her nose, her mouth were not of a splendor to be offered upon a velvet cushion. Her dress was too undeniably stylish to be quite fashionable. There was a soft swell from every articulation; it was all so wonderfully fitted, so surprisingly smooth. Her presence was somewhat baroque, in a heavy-handed Saxon manner, though it would be unfair to say that she was vulgar; there was an inoffensive sweetness that preserved her from that, an innocence in her display, a kindness in her gray eyes, that implied a mind without shrewdness and without depth. Of course I did not mention "Behind the Sunset"; in fact, in a fit of self-consciousness, perhaps of perversity, I managed to keep the encounter quite impersonal, with no apparent interest in the lady whatever. And after I had repeated several times this incurious and indifferent sociability, though more genially, more expansively, Miss Branch asked Mrs. Belter if she supposed I knew who she was, or had ever heard of the book. Mrs. Belter very cautiously replied that she supposed I had read the novel. "Every one has, Pauline."

"He does n't act as if he knew," Miss Branch declared.

"Do you want me to tell him?" the elder lady queried.

Whereat Miss Branch flushed, and looked quite unhappy.

"No; only I was curious. His manner is so odd."

"How do they usually act?" Mrs. Belter pursued.

"Of course they don't ask questions, unless they are vulgar—I mean during a first talk; but they have a way of looking at me, of being interested, of showing sympathy, of seeming to know me from the first. This young gentleman does not seem to care at all."

"When you came here, Pauline, it was you to be complained of: you were an icicle, though I fear a moist one. I could have cried over you. I was all tenderness, all sympathy."

"It was different then," the lady said in retrospective self-pity, almost tearfully.

"Dear Mrs. Belter, hardly any one knew, no one cared, no one was considerate. But you have been so lovely, every one has been so lovely, since I lived here. And since he died, why, that changes things: I have n't to be ashamed; all is forgiven, all is accepted."

When Mrs. Belter repeated this I exclaimed: "She is reaping the fruit of all autobiographers: she is being understood and loved before she dies. Have you never thought how we love any one who reveals his sorrows, his joys and desires? I have sometimes fancied every one over fifty ought to publish his autobiography, if for no one but his friends. We should have much more charity for our neighbors if we knew them from their own point of view. I never read a volume of posthumous letters that I don't long to write a friendly greeting to the dead author. 'Poor' savage old Carlyle, and his 'poor' witty exasperating wife; cold, superior Matthew Arnold; sad, earnest George Eliot; industrious Trollope; fastidious FitzGerald; too little known Manxman Brown—what treasures of personal love the world has ready for each when he is gone, the too general love and appreciation that would have been an impossible bore to endure in the limitations of time and flesh. Self-expression is the great power to win love, and, after all, instead of spoiling Miss Branch's life, De Wendt's indiscreet revelations have been the making of it."

"I thought you declared it horrid, being written about?"

"Oh, I do, on principle; but good springs from evil. In this case a commonplace person has become interesting to herself and to other people. She is

reaping the pleasure of an innocent fame. She is a personage, with no responsibilities or cares of state. She is like a poet whom the world loves for his 'In Memoriam,' or for 'Sonnets from the Portuguese.' I don't know, really, whether it is any more shameful to have a delicate and beautiful thing written about one than it is to write and publish a delicate and beautiful thing about one's own soul."

"Ah," Mrs. Belter interrupted my philosophizing, "but you only puzzle her. Do be kind, if you feel this way."

"Be kind?" I exclaimed.

"Take an interest, draw her out. She is so sensitive, she thinks you don't approve."

"Approve?"

"Of what she does. She thinks it is a come-down. But, you know, she only designs."

"Dear lady, that is the best thing about her: she is useful, she is to be respected. Do you wear her hats?"

"And you are never going to let her know you have read the book?" demanded Mrs. Belter, pathetically.

"And you never have told her?" I cried, seizing her hand. "You have never even hinted satisfaction? You are truly my friend!"

The good lady leaned back her farthest and gave me one of her unutterable looks, her lips at their highest. Then she inundated me with her wonderful laugh, and said in sudden gravity:

"I can stand it if you can. Only that man from Boston beat you: he never *had* read the book, and he never *would* read it, and he was here ten months. Oh, but he was a brute!"





THE UNITED WORKMAN

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

CNE morning our mason dropped in, really intending to work. At least, such was his statement. He had visited us a number of times before, merely to look over the ground and comment on our plans. This time he meant business. He was dressed for labor, and anxious to get at it.

I wondered why he did not do so. I could not see why he should merely look down into the opening in the floor where the fireplace was to go, whistling softly, meanwhile, as if he expected the chimney to grow to that accompaniment. Presently I ventured to ask if there were any special reasons why active operations should not begin. He gave me a brief glance.

"Can't work without material," he said.

"Oh, but the brick and stuff are just outside. I thought you knew that."

"I do know it. I'm waiting for my helper to bring 'em in."

"Oh, yes, of course," I assented weakly; "I forgot the helper"—which was true, though I did not see why our mason should not bring in a few things himself—enough to do until his belated helper arrived.

I summoned up more courage—a good deal this time.

"But—that is—could n't *you* bring in a few things, as a starter?" I asked.

He smiled at my ignorance.

"Can't do that," he said; "union won't allow it."

"Oh, the union—I see."

He nodded. More precious moments flitted. I went to the door to gaze up and down for the delinquent.

"Look here," I said. "I'm anxious to get this work along. I'll bring in some stuff for you."

"Sorry, but that won't go, either. You don't belong to the union."

Without doubt I had a good deal to learn. I could see, too, that I had made a mistake in not joining the hod-carriers' union. Perhaps it was not too late to remedy this.

"Is that fellow likely to turn up at all?" I asked.

Our mason became dubious.

"Don't look so," he said. "Mebbe this is one of his off days. He has 'em."

I then inquired upon the matter of unions, and the proper method of joining one. It was explained to me that the applicant received a card at headquarters that entitled him to recognition. It seemed to me that a card like that would be a useful thing to have, not necessarily as a means of livelihood, but for use in an emergency like the present.

"I suppose I could get one," I said.

The mason thought it possible. I am inclined to be impulsive and to act quickly. Five minutes later I was on the way down-town, and within half an hour had been directed to a union headquarters.

The clerk in charge regarded me doubtfully. My explanation did not altogether satisfy him.

"Have you ever done any carrying?" he asked.

"Carrying! Well, I should think I have. I am a suburban resident. I have been carrying bundles and ashes and a heavy mortgage for the last five years."

Eventually he gave me the card. I tried not to feel or to show my new importance as I journeyed homeward.

I hurried in to where the mason was still waiting. The helper had not come.

"Now we'll get at it," I rejoiced, and displayed my credentials.

There was real pity in the mason's face.

"Why, now, that's too bad," he said. "You must have gone to the wrong place. That ain't our union at all."

"There are two, then. I did n't know."

He nodded assent.

"But if I have this I'm union-label and can work, can't I?"

"Nope, not with me. Not on this job, either," he added. "The other men would strike."

I did not put into words my reflections upon this development. I simply got explicit directions, and within an hour I was back, this time with qualifications that entitled me to carry in my own brick and mortar, with a view to having it used in my own house for the construction of my own chimney. It was luncheon-hour by this time, and both my boss and myself ate heartily in the prospect of a heavy afternoon's work.

I was on hand when the whistle blew, dressed for the part. My boss gave me an order or two, also a few simple instructions as to methods, though I could see he did this rather uneasily, regarding the carpenters and tinners furtively meanwhile.

"There you are," he said, when the mortar had attained a consistency that agreed with his ideas. "Get next, now, and let's push this job along. There's been enough time wasted on it."

I "got next," and for four hours knew the happiness of honest toil and of seeing my chimney grow. My boss said he had never had a more active helper. He even hinted that he would engage me permanently if I thought of going into the construction line as a regular thing. However, I resigned next morning in favor of his regular assistant, who appeared at a reasonable hour, though somewhat depressed, perhaps from remorse. I could see at

once that he was not so energetic a workman as myself, and why the mason had been willing to exchange.

Meantime my man for nailing on laths, who was to have come that morning, did not appear. The plasterers were engaged for the next morning, and, unless the lathing was done, they would be delayed. I besought one of my carpenters.

"Suppose you let that outside work go," I said, "and put these lath on."

"Can't do it," he said; "union won't let me."

"Why, you're a carpenter."

"Yep, but that's different."

"Um—yes, I see. Well, I'll just put those lath on myself. I learned carpentering as a boy, and I can handle a hammer yet."

My boss of the day before interfered at this point.

"Sorry," he said, "but you can't do it, either. There'll be a strike ordered if you do."

"But I belong to the union now," I argued.

"Not the lathers' union."

"Then I'll join."

There were difficulties about this. It is not customary for one man to belong to an aggregation of unions, though there appeared to be no well-defined rule to the contrary. Besides, my capabilities as well as my necessities seemed exceptional. An hour later I had another card in my pocket, and was nailing on laths and pounding my fingers at union rates.

I should have had the job finished by quitting-time, but, not being an adept, the whistle blew too soon for me. I went right on nailing, seeing it was my own job. It was the boss carpenter who interfered.

"Here," he called, "knock off."

"I've got to finish this to-night," I answered, whacking a finger that had become almost immune to pain.

"Can't work overhours. The union won't allow it."

"Oh, blow the—"

"That is, except at double wages, of course. If you can't get double wages for overtime, you have to quit when the whistle blows."

I considered this a minute. I was a rather poor lather, and could not have got my present wages if I had not belonged to the union. Certainly I was not worth

double rates. Still, there were those plasterers coming in the morning.

"All right," I said; "the owner has agreed to the terms."

It was far in the night when those laths were all on. The Little Woman helped me after the baby was asleep. She held the lamp and handed me laths and nails. All at once I remembered that she did n't belong to the union.

"Look here," I said, "I've got to strike. If you work on this job without a card, *I can't*."

She set down the lamp quite willingly, and started for the door. She had already threatened to go every time I pounded my finger and commented on the occurrence.

"Wait!" I said. "I have just recalled the fact that we are one. I don't know what the rules are in such cases, but for to-night, at least, my card will serve. You may resume the lamp and pass up a few nails."

I was rather glad, I think, when my plasterer came next morning without his helper. The man was sick, and had sent a substitute, who did not appear. It seemed a bad season for helpers. I said it did not matter—that I had given up business, anyway, until my house should be done, and that I would mix and carry the necessary mud. I had an idea, of course, that my diploma as general hod-carrier would warrant my undertaking these similar duties. But this was a mistake. It required another trip to headquarters and new credentials. This was becoming interesting. I was acquiring a collection of labor cards, which, it seemed to me, might be worth while to complete. Besides, I could feel that somewhere down deep there was the growing ambition to become an entire union within myself.

I extended my sphere of usefulness. When my painter hinted that it was a good morning for tomcods to bite, I told him to go fishing, by all means, and to continue the job allied myself to the brush-swingers' union, for which I was fitted by the conditions of my active early life. Then I joined the itinerant tinkers' union in order to patch a small but persistent leak in the dish-pan, the lamp-fitters' union to enable me to screw a new burner on the kitchen candelabra, and the hose-nozlers' union when I wanted to fit a washer on the garden-sprinkler.

When I had joined the fire-makers', the coal-heavers', and the ash-cleaners' unions, in order to care for my furnace properly, I proceeded to project a few unions on my own account. The lawn-mowers' union was one of these, also the shoe-polishers' union, and the ancient and honorable order of dish-wipers, the last-named during the absence of our household attaché.

My enthusiasm was contagious. Into my new personality of the United Workman my fellow-employees were quite ready to merge the identity of the owner, whom we abused roundly, and declared that shorter hours and more pay, with a complete recognition of our union and destruction to all others, was what was needed.

We discussed other matters. My fellow-workmen promulgated the idea that an owner could not consistently bring other than union articles on his premises. When it was discovered that my lawn-mower was not of this brand, it was evicted. There was a man with a good union mower who had expressed a willingness to join any union or anything else for the privilege of mowing my lawn. His doing this work was somewhat contrary to the Little Woman's ideas of economy, but I felt justified now in engaging him, in order to avoid the strike which seemed imminent, and which I should have been obliged to join. From time to time my associates examined our household articles, but when they objected to certain plates and pieces of furniture, all of which they felt at liberty to overhaul at will, I averted disaster by explaining that these were known as antiques and had been manufactured perhaps several generations before the country had experienced the blessings of perfect union as understood from the industrial point of view.

Nevertheless, it was not in the nature of things that our job should be completed without upheaval. The Little Woman went out shopping one morning, and during the noon-hour there was a new go-cart for the baby delivered at the rear door. The workmen saw it as they returned from dinner, and stopped to examine it. I saw them view it at various angles, and finally turn it bottom upward. They halted me as I came out. McManus the carpenter was spokesman.

"This ain't union-label," he said, pointing an accusing finger at the small vehicle.

I joined them in the examination. If there was any label, I failed to find it. My fellow-workmen shook their heads.

I made a feeble effort to modify the offense and avert disaster.

"But don't you think this is really outside of our agreement?" I said. "You see, the owner did n't buy this, and the owner's wife and baby are another matter."

But this would not do at all.

I was delegated as a committee of one to wait on the lady; but it was unnecessary, for she came to the door just then, the baby in her arms.

"I am sorry there is going to be a strike," she said, quite cheerfully. (She had evidently overheard the discussion.) "I did look at union carts, but they did not please me, and the baby howled when I put him into one, so we bought this. Mr. McManus," she asked suddenly, "is that new straw hat of yours union-made?"

McManus did not seem to get hold of his words properly. He had to make several rather poor efforts before he managed to say that he thought it was—that the dealer had told him so.

"Oh, I see. You took the dealer's word for it. The union label had dropped off, I suppose."

A great relief was in McManus's face as he swore fervently that this was the precise truth. Giles, the mason, was the next victim.

"Those new shoes of yours, Mr. Giles, they are union-made, of course. You need not remove them to show the label. I will take your word for it."

I fear Mr. Giles did not perjure himself with very good grace. The Little Woman then directed her battery upon Mullins, the second carpenter.

"You are smoking a union cigar, of course, Mr. Mullins. A good union man like you would never be seen smoking a scab cigar."

Mullins's reply was a real effort.

"Well, mum," he managed to say at last—"that is, mum, no—not if he could help it, mum."

I felt called upon to interfere.

"This," I said, "is becoming very personal. The matter under discussion was

the owner's rights, not those of the workmen. I don't think our constitution covers the particular items you mention."

"Constitution?" The Little Woman smiled. "Oh, your constitution! Well, there is another constitution you may have heard of, and there is something in it about equal rights and liberties, and the pursuit of happiness. I don't remember just the wording. I learned it a good while ago at school." She swung the go-cart around and turned down the path, the baby looking at us and waving his fists. "We'll be back when the strike is over!" she called, as she turned the corner. Then she disappeared, and left us regarding nothing in particular, and saying nothing at all. McManus, it is true, did make an apparent effort for speech, and perhaps Giles had a similar inclination. Neither reached the point of utterance.

"See here," I said, suddenly addressing the others; "perhaps, after all, we'd better arbitrate this."

There seemed to be no dissent. I caught the Little Woman just as she got to the pavement.

"Hold on," I called. "Let's discuss this matter."

She halted without any apparent reluctance. We were around the corner now, where my associates could not see us.

"Our friends," I said, "are in favor of arbitration, and, of course, a willingness to arbitrate is always a good sign in a case of this sort."

She held up her finger.

"Listen; they're already at it," she whispered.

And it was true. There was a sound of hammer and saw and trowel as we turned back up the path.

AFTER-WORD

EVENTUALLY our job came to an end. It is true, it required ten weeks instead of the ten days' contract time; also, that almost at the close we were obliged to remove some carefully set tiling when we discovered that it had been made in a non-union factory, and to replace it with something rather less satisfying. But these things are mere detail. I could quite see the reason for changing the tile by the time we came to it, even at the cost of good taste and several dollars in money.

Indeed, I consider myself a passed master now in the code and diplomacy of general union construction, and I contemplate so-licit-ing employment in that direction. I am also qualified to do any sort of work that comes along. That is to say, I belong to all the unions. I can do any odd job of building or painting or patching or mending that comes my way. If any job comes along that my credentials don't cover, I'll join another union. I don't profess to be a skilful workman. It is not necessary that I should be. What I lack in skill I make up in union. Union is the necessary requirement, and union wages, with double pay for overtime. Anybody having a house, or a part of a house, to build, or even a roof to patch, or a door to hang, or a glass to put in, or a porch to paint, or a furnace to clean, or a lawn to mow, or a baby to nurse, or clothes to

hang out, or anything else under the shining sun, may call or communicate with me at the old address. I will not promise to do any of these jobs as well as the owners themselves could do them, or to get through at any specified time, or not to be called out on a strike when the job is half done: but I will promise not to allow any of my various capacities to conflict and so produce a strike within myself; also, that whatever labor I perform shall be union labor, and that no other man of my union—or of any of my unions—can refuse to remain under the roof because I am there. And this is a great thing. You will not realize how great a thing it really is until you have been brought suddenly face to face with the union problem in your own home. When this occurs, do not hesitate. Send at once for the union of unions, the original United Workman.



THE MAN BEHIND THE DRUMS

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

Author of "A Russian Climax"

What, without asking, hither hurried
Whence?
And, without asking, *Whither* hurried
hence!
Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine
Must drown the memory of that insolence!
Omar Khayyám.

 ARISH with gaslight and stri-dent with the gilt and carmine eloquence of German mottos, the private dining-hall of the Bismarck would have fascinated any lover of the C—— Orchestra—one, that is, whose human interest had never wholly evaporated into the absorbent clouds of Tone. For its members, on this Friday evening, having doffed the more or less military and impersonal guise of their profession, were clinking together, as man to man, casteless and convivial steins: meek second violinist with proud first; fourth trumpeter with the great conductor Wolfgang himself.

There was the hornist, known in the words of old Mrs. Tartle as "the pore soul that sets there as ef each moment was a-goen to be his next." And it was refreshing to see the flush on his anemic face and the dashing independence of his demeanor.

Nollbach, the conceited cellist, had broken through his dense atmosphere of aloofness to hobnob with the young performer on cymbal and castanet; and even Hans Loewen, the graybeard kettle-drummer, reputed to be the oldest and best musician in the orchestra, had for once put off as a garment the staid patriarchal. For this was his birthday-party, and he occupied one end of the long central table, opposite Wolfgang, wreathed in jollity and an unstable creation of tinsel laurel. The German practice of drinking with each of his table-mates had in no wise glazed the eye which beheld Wolfgang rise for speech.

"Not alone for your loveworthy nature,"

began the veteran, only to break off to say, "Waider, be so goot to fill de steins."

There was a gurgling pause.

The old gentleman, holding securely to the back of his chair, was evidently phrase-hunting. His famous bald spot, which had glared with so much of pallid severity at countless audiences, was now of a healthy and genial pink.

"Not alone for your lovable nature," reiterated he, fixing his drummer with a somewhat malty gaze—"a nature which I have already, when a boy in Königsberg, known." He paused for several breaths.

"Not alone for your convivial powers; not alone for your musicianship; not alone for your glorious record of fifty years without blaying in public one false note; but for all these dings we find for ourselves joy to offer you some tokens of—of our—our attitude." And finishing somewhat lamely, Wolfgang sought to cover his confusion by producing from his coat-tails two elaborately gilded drumsticks, which he brandished to a mighty and guttural chorus of

"Hoch soll er leben!
Hoch soll er leben!
Dreimal hoch!"

II

THE Saturday evening concert had reached the intermission, and the foyer of the Auditorium swarmed with the élite of the city. With remarkable facility they were walking off and gabbling off the influence of the Beethoven symphony. "Let it not have dominion over me," was their motto. They talked insistently, without zest, of the Charity Ball, of the upstart Van Horn's marriage, of the soprano's queer gown, of the recent foot-ball season.

Here and there among the rows of red plush seats the symphony still flowed on, where, very still and with head a little bent, remained some solitary listener attending to the voice of his spiritual echo.

In the wilderness of the first balcony, a small group, compactly crowded, was discussing excitedly, with flushed cheek, as though the music had contained something alcoholic, a point of rendition.

"Unheard-of tempo!" An occasional phrase was audible. "Precedent torn to tatters!" "What's wrong with Wolfgang?"

The concert platform was deserted save for the old kettledrummer, who, perched on the highest part of the sloping stage, was delicately touching a brass key here and there, and bowing himself down, as if in response to thunderous applause, the better to hear the pitch of his parchment above the clamor in the wings. Double basses sprawled their ungainly carcasses among the chairs and music-stands. The polished and gleaming bell of a French horn seemed almost to resound with the brazen glare of gaslight. Behind the scenes strolled the players, tooting or scraping casually, or talking with one another in alien tongues—men with strange hair and nervous hands; men with delicate mouths and the frank and simple smile of children.

"Herr Concertmeister," called a small second violinist to Wolfgang's assistant, "you may have a chance dis night yet to conduct de orchester."

"It may be," was the reply, "for the old man appears very badly, ha?"

"Ja, ja," put in a clarinetist; "he is getting pretty old. It was too careless of Loewen to have his birthday occur the day before a concert. Na! we shall see."

III

AN up-to-date symphonic poem was well under way, and it was time for the kettledrummer, with two hundred and twenty-one measures' rest before him, to meditate refreshment. Loewen was no toper, but a rest that ran into three figures generally led him off the back of the stage, through the little iron door, and down the alley to where, beyond a green swinging lattice, Irish hospitality dispensed German beer. The habitués of Mike's could always tell the rhythm of the current musical number, for the feet of the approaching Loewen followed consistently the baton of the unseen Wolfgang. Mike had become so expert that he could tell the "Brahms" gait from the "Wagner" one, and would sometimes call the attention of his delighted guests to a change of movement, when the stately adagio progression of the "old un" suddenly became a mad presto prance.

But something was on the mind of Loewen to-day, and the neighboring performers on double bass and trombone noted with surprise that he purposed to wait out his two hundred and twenty-one

measures. In response to their questioning glances, however, the drummer only looked more patriarchal than ever.

Wolfgang clung more and more heavily to the iron railing of his platform, his bald spot gleamed with an amazing pallor, but still his beat was firm and commanding.

There was a capricious change of tempo, and for the first recorded time the veteran's fingers played him false in turning together two pages of the score. The old man was visibly overcome, his breathing grew labored, his beat faltered. So did the orchestra. It was a tricky rhythm, and violin warred with clarinet.

"All we like sheep!" muttered the little second violinist to his neighbor.

Wolfgang grew rapidly worse. Catastrophe was imminent, when

*Boom, boom, boom;
Boom, boom, boom,*

thundered the voice of the kettledrum in firm annunciation of the true and only rhythm, while the futile hands of the great conductor fluttered in space, they knew not whither nor whence.

Boom, boom, boom,

extemporized Loewen to the universal salvation; for the good orchestral ship was righted by the first firm touch on her tiller. In another minute Wolfgang, recovered from his sudden attack of faintness, was again in sure control, and the double bar of the harbor was gained amid the acclamations of the populace.

"Meine Herren, kindly to waid a momend," announced Wolfgang as the audience was dispersing. "I hafe to reprimand you," said he, turning furiously on Loewen, "for blaying nine notes which stood not in

your part. *Verdammte Schweinerei!* You are worthy of dismissal! You hafe your goot regord of fifty years sboilt. One more offense will be de last!" And Wolfgang marched out, the soul of grieved indignation.

Every one except Loewen was visibly impressed by this tragedy of old age. The little second violinist gasped, and wondered if his turn would ever come.

Loewen, however, remained stolidly patriarchal. He would listen to no commiseration, but walked out alone, a peculiar light in his eye. With unmusical gait he crossed the street to Mike's and set himself down at an empty table without ordering a drink.

The door flew open, and Wolfgang burst in.

"Hans, mein Freund!" he cried, falling upon him in the true fashion of the Fatherland, "I hafe without end to thank you! You hafe me from a shameful grafe safed!"

"Ach wass, Heinrich!" exclaimed the other in depreciation.

Their grizzled beards were mingled.

"Of gourse you understood dat discipline must be maintained before all de young fools in de orchester?"

"Of gourse," echoed Loewen, beaming heartily upon him. "Between frients such dings hafe not to be spoken."

Wolfgang waved at Mike as if summoning the trombones into action.

"Vat did old Omar say, mein Hans?

"Oh, many a gup—"

Nein, nein, I hafe it:

"Ach, many a beer from dis forbitten stein
Must drown dat memory of dis insolence!"

The eyes of Loewen twinkled as he ordered a stein.

"Vat insolence?" he queried.





The portrait after a sketch by C. W. Allers

ALTHOUGH I had spent the years 1884-86 in Berlin and had met many persons prominent in the political life of the German Empire, I had never become personally acquainted with Prince Bismarck. Quite as willing as any German to render grateful homage to him as the creator of national unity, and to recognize the power of his giant mind, I still held to the unfavorable opinion of Bismarck's personal character, and his political methods before the Franco-German War, to which I had given expression in an article in the "North American Review" in 1869, then under the editorship of James Russell Lowell and Charles Eliot Norton. My prejudices against the Chancellor had been strengthened, too, by the latter's return in 1879 to a reactionary policy in the internal affairs of Germany, and especially by his openly proclaimed purpose of abandoning the revenue tariff for a protective one.

Early in the summer of 1890, a few months after the acceptance of Bismarck's resignation, while discussing that great event one day with the late Ludwig Bamberger, the well-known liberal leader in the Reichstag and the principal advocate of the gold standard in Germany, I mentioned incidentally that I had never met the Prince.

"What!" exclaimed Bamberger. "How has that happened?"

On being told that it was not from want of opportunity, but of inclination, Bamberger rejoined that I had made a great mistake in avoiding an introduction, and went on to say:

"You know, I fully share your views of Bismarck's character and as to the vacil-

lations of his policy, which I am opposing strongly in the Reichstag. Moreover, I have not only public but private reasons for finding fault with him, because he has treated me badly, although I have never shrunk from any sacrifice of time and labor when he called upon me for service in the interest of the public. You may not be aware that I went to Versailles at his summons, and remained there a long time as one of his advisers in the peace negotiations with the Thiers provisional government. Nevertheless, although he is both selfish and unprincipled, he is at the same time, in my deliberate judgment, the greatest man of our age, and one of the most interesting. Why, I believe that as a conversationalist he is unequalled, and to listen to him for an hour would alone be worth a voyage from America. Be sure not to leave Europe again without having made his acquaintance. That is my urgent advice."

I decided to follow it. It so happened that the very next day I was introduced by General von Xylander, my brother-in-law, who was also in Berlin, to Professor Schwenninger, the Prince's medical adviser, who, after numerous medical authorities had failed, had successfully treated him for rheumatism and neuralgia by simply opposing and conquering the patient's will-power and making him restrain his inordinate appetite for food and drink. It occurred to me to ask the professor what the chances were of being received at Friedrichsruh.

"Why," he answered, "the Prince will bid you welcome at once. He knows all about you, and likes nothing better than to meet men who have accomplished something in the world. Just ask leave by letter to pay your respects to him, and you will

get a prompt reply. I expect to be with him myself in a few days, and I hope you will come while I am there."

I wrote to the Prince on the same day, and, receiving a cordial invitation to come at any time that suited me and spend a few days, set out within forty-eight hours.

Professor Schweninger and a servant in livery received me at the station, which was only a few hundred yards from the mansion. The latter proved to be a very plain building, being really only an enlarged country inn, and neither the exterior nor the interior revealed the splendor which the fame and wealth of the owner led one, not unnaturally, to expect.

I was shown into a commodious chamber on the second floor, and was just making my ablutions when I heard heavy steps approaching the door, and immediately there appeared in it the erect form of the Prince, dressed in black, with a slouch-hat of the same color,—the same costume in which Lenbach painted his best portrait of him,—with a heavy stick in his right hand, and followed by two large Danish dogs. The Prince welcomed me heartily, and when I apologized for being in my shirt-sleeves and for not offering my wet hands, the Prince said :

"Just go on with your toilet. I will sit down, and we can talk while you wash and dress."

One of the dogs, encouraged, no doubt, by his master's friendly words, now approached me, standing up before me and putting his paws on my shoulders and trying to lick my face.

"There is another hearty greeting for you," the Prince remarked, calling the animal off. "I am really glad you came," he said : "first, because you are a German who has gained a high position in a foreign country, a sort of success which I have always especially admired, because I know how difficult it is to achieve ; and, secondly, because I like company, and you are the only visitor I have had in a week except Schweninger."

On my expressing my astonishment at this, he said :

"Yes, it is just as I state it. The fact is that I am under a regular boycott. Ever since I lost my position, everybody is afraid to have anything to do with me, for fear of displeasing the young chap who discharged me. Why, formerly my

trouble was to keep people away from here. Everybody wanted to come, especially the officials who needed my good will. Now none of the latter dare come, lest their names should appear in the newspapers as my visitors and be seen by the new man on the throne. I know that men travel by here every day who, a few months ago, would have no more dared to pass this place without paying their respects than they would have ventured to pass me on the street in Berlin without saluting me. But I ought not to have expected anything else, for hounds follow those who feed them."

This outburst was a clear indication of what was uppermost in the Prince's mind, and prepared me for what was to follow on the same line during my stay.

My toilet being finished, the Prince and the dogs led the way to the rear of the mansion, where we took seats on a sort of veranda. Professor Schweninger joined us, followed by Bismarck's private secretary, the Princess, her married daughter, Countess Rantzau, and the latter's children. The Prince, noticing the gouty formations on my hands, said :

"I see you are suffering from gout. How long have you had it ?"

When I replied, "For nearly twenty years," he pointed to the professor :

"That is the man to help you. But for him I should have been obliged to retire from office long ago. Perhaps it would have been better for me if I had done so. All the medical professors had practised their arts upon me without doing me any good. He alone gave me relief and made life tolerable for me. You had better try him, although he is a great tyrant and exacts strict obedience. I found it hard to change my habits of life, but he made me do it. I now eat and drink only what he sees fit to allow me. See how gentle he looks. But I tell you he can be as rough [*grob*] as any old Bavarian [*Altbauer*], of which stock he comes."

The Prince then began to question me regarding myself, about my early life in Germany, how long I had been in the United States, and about the course of my career there. He wanted to know how many miles of railroad I had built, in what time it had been done, how many steamships had been under my control, how many men I had employed, being very

much surprised that fifteen thousand Chinamen had been among them, and saying: "Why, you had a whole army corps under your command!" He asked how much capital I had been obliged to raise and how it was raised, and about the relative value of white and of Chinese labor. He inquired whether I had named Bismarck, the capital of Dakota, after him, to which I had to reply that the place had been founded and baptized before I had anything to do with the Northern Pacific. Bismarck remembered that he had received thence telegraphic greetings from the German participants in the Northern Pacific opening excursion, and asked whether it had a future.

In reply, I had to confess that it was not then very prosperous, and I explained that all the capitals of the several American States were, as a rule, of slow growth. This the Prince could not understand, in the light of the contrary European experience. He remarked that what I had accomplished in a foreign country I never could have done in the Fatherland, owing to tradition and to the clinging to accustomed ways so characteristic of old countries. Did I not encounter a great deal of prejudice among native Americans against me as a foreigner in the pursuit of my undertakings? To this I replied that, on the contrary, I had found my chief financial backing and my main support among them, and that there was no people on earth among whom enterprise and energy prevailed to a greater extent, or that more readily appreciated those who possessed such qualities.

To this the Prince said that he was well aware that the Americans were the most progressive people in the world, for which he admired them, but it was new to him that they were so free from national jealousies in appreciating merit.

An early dinner ended this first talk. The Prince sat at one end of the table, the Princess at the other. I was on his right, Professor Schweninger on his left. The secretary and the Rantzau family formed the rest of the party. Behind the host, at a distance of about six feet, lay the two dogs, watching the proceedings eagerly, but not stirring until toward the end of the repast, when, upon a sign from their master, they approached and sat on their haunches on each side of him. Then from time to time the Prince threw morsels into their

open jaws. The table-talk was of an ordinary kind, but one amusing incident is worth remembering. The Prince drank one glassful of light Rhine wine, and then called for another. Schweninger at once interposed, saying:

"Your Highness, you have had your allowance for one meal, and you can't have any more."

The Prince looked at me quizzically, and remarked:

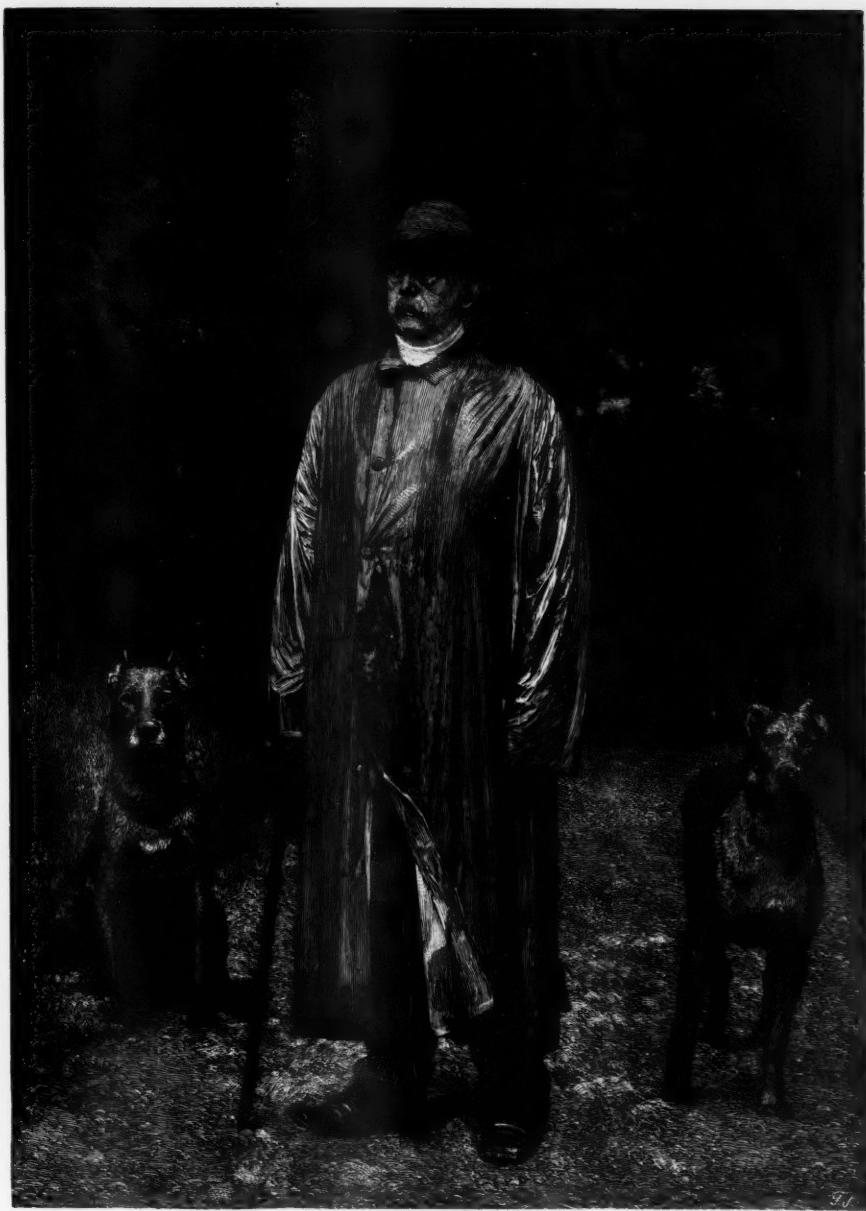
"Now you see how I am treated. I have to submit, but at times when the censor is not here I jump the traces. He does n't know, but I will tell him now [and he chuckled heartily] that I celebrated my last birthday by enjoying several bottles of wine and several glasses of beer."

"Yes, you did," retorted the doctor; "and when I came here a few days afterward, you growled dreadfully over fresh neuralgic pains."

After dinner the Prince excused himself for his afternoon nap, after inviting me to go with him on his usual four-o'clock drive. Punctually at that hour we set out for a tour of the "Sachsenwald," or Saxon Forest, as the extensive woods adjoining the mansion grounds are called. They consist largely of grand old oak-trees free from all undergrowth, under the canopy of which the carriage passed, now following roads, now regardless of them.

After describing his estate, the Prince began speaking English,—"so that that fellow," pointing to the coachman, "may not understand us,"—and surprised me by his fluency, his command of idiomatic expressions, and his very slight accent. He began with these words, "Since I have been kicked out of office," which so astonished me that I begged pardon for interrupting him and said: "Prince, that is an Americanism; where did you pick it up?" He answered that he did not remember where, but the expression fitted his case exactly, for the manner of his dismissal was but the equivalent of an application of the toe of a boot. He then proceeded to tell the story of his forced resignation.

Such a rapid flow of keen wit, of cutting sarcasm and bitter denunciation, as followed for half an hour I had never heard before and never heard again. It was a strange mixture of eloquence and loquaciousness. Bismarck's voice seemed not as deep and



Engraved on wood by T. Johnson. From a photograph by A. Brockmann

BISMARCK AND HIS GREAT DANES IN THE GROUNDS OF FRIEDRICHSRUH

strong as his stature led one to expect, but it had a pleasant sound. A most intense sense of the wrong and ingratitude he claimed to have suffered made itself manifest. As an example of his unjust treatment, he recounted what he had done to unify the nation and to aggrandize the Hohenzollern dynasty. There was not only an unhesitating assertion of his own deserts as the founder of the German Empire, but an almost sneering and even contemptuous depreciation of other performers in the historic drama of his time, including even the old Emperor William, the unfortunate Emperor Frederick, and the Empresses Augusta and Frederick. His language became a perfect diatribe when he referred to the present Emperor and some of his ministers, whom he held responsible for his removal. His expressions regarding them were not only amazing, but embarrassing to me, as I had close social relations with many of the ministerial objects of his scorn. "Some of those rogues I picked out of the very gutter," he once said. Fortunately, he did not stop for any word of assent, but went right on until his pent-up wrath was expended. As he remarked, when it was all spent:

"It was quite a relief to me to have this opportunity to speak without restraint to a gentleman who, I am sure, will honor my confidence."

Even were it not for this restriction, some of the sayings I heard and noted down at the time were so extraordinary that, if they were repeated, their reality would probably be doubted, and certainly the lese-majesty they involved would render it unsafe for me to venture again on German soil.

The Prince's countenance during the excited delivery of his philippic was a study. The working of every vein and muscle of the face showed his intense feelings. The play of his great eyebrows was also very remarkable. Most impressive of all were the spirit and light shining from his wonderful eyes. No one ever came into the presence of the Chancellor without a deep sense of the mind-power reflected from those large gray-blue orbs. Their flashing brilliancy and the piercing penetration of the glances shot from them were never to be forgotten. They seemed incapable of expressing affection, and their steel-like hardness only inspired awe for

the towering intellect, the irresistible will, the defiant courage, the fiery energy of their owner. To watch the lightning changes of expression mirrored in them, reflecting the strong emotions evoked by humbled pride, wounded ambition, and thwarted selfishness, and, above all, by the loss of his absolute sway, was indeed an enviable privilege.

The Prince himself turned to other subjects when the "fumes of ire" had passed from him during the rest of the two hours' drive. He dwelt upon the marvelous rapidity of the material growth of the United States, and mentioned that he had felt a desire for a long time to see it with his own eyes. Before his retirement it was, of course, out of the question, but now he seriously thought of accepting the invitation of the Hamburg Line and crossing the Atlantic on the steamer named after him. He would have to overcome, however, the strong opposition of the Princess and of Dr. Schweninger to his taking the voyage.

When I assured him that his visit would be hailed with general enthusiasm by Americans as well as by Germans, he said:

"This is just the reason of the opposition of my wife and doctor to it, and I own that I myself dread the pressure and fatigues of public attention, and should much prefer to travel in strict privacy."

He asked me whether I believed that the Union could be permanently held together, notwithstanding its vast territorial extent, the rapid swelling of the population to enormous proportions, the free admission of large masses of foreigners, and the diversity of climate and local interests. He looked upon the many millions of negroes, whose number was fast increasing, and the prevalence of strong racial prejudices against them, as a grave and permanent danger.

I answered that no man could foretell the fate of the American Republic in the course of the coming generations or centuries; but so far it must be admitted that the experiment of building up a federation of commonwealths under absolutely democratic institutions had been, upon the whole, a great success in both a political and a material respect. The problem of government was no doubt growing more and more complicated and difficult, both in the Union and in the several States, and might

get beyond solution when the population should number hundreds of millions. There appeared to me to be even then symptoms of decadence, not material, but moral; but the world had witnessed several serious popular aberrations which were followed by a return, sooner or later, to correct ways. Certainly much could be expected of a people that successfully cut the cancer of slavery out of its body politic, at the cost of a million lives and of thousands of millions of dollars.

The Prince agreed to this, and said that, for America, the existing democratic form of government was just as natural as a monarchy for Germany, and, indeed, the only feasible one. "I should be a devoted republican, too, if I lived in America," he remarked.

I ventured to ask if Bismarck was satisfied with the workings of universal suffrage, the immediate adoption of which, upon the formation of the German Empire, as the political basis of national life, was thought one of the boldest strokes, if not the very boldest, in his career.

The Prince answered:

"It cannot be said that the results of universal suffrage have been altogether satisfactory, but I always looked upon it as a just concomitant of, and compensation for, the general liability of our people to military service. Moreover, its adoption was indispensable as a sort of cement in the construction of the edifice of the empire, as well as a means of overcoming the traditional centrifugal tendencies of some of our smaller potentates and tribes." The worst outgrowth of general suffrage he considered the Social Democrats, and he expressed the conviction that the state would sometime be compelled to extirpate this evil by force.

It was very pleasant for me to have the Chancellor bring up the subject of our common friend Carl Schurz. The Prince said that not only his great public career in America, but the personal attractions he

discovered in him at their several meetings, excited his admiration. It was a great pity that such a man served a foreign country and not his own. Just that type of man was needed in Germany to supplant the *Geheimrat* (privy councilor) species, which had given him so much trouble. Bismarck added that he could not understand why such men as Schurz were not kept in public life, and the reason was not easy to explain



Drawn by Harry Fenn from a photograph

FRIEDRICHSRUH

to him. He pronounced it a great shortcoming in the American polity that the eligibility of senators and representatives was conditioned on their residence in the States and districts they represented. This inevitably tended to develop champions of local instead of national interests, while the privilege the English and German voters enjoyed of electing any of their countrymen otherwise qualified, regardless of residence, insured the election of the élite of the nation to the parliamentary ranks.

At the end of the drive the Prince retired to his working-room with his secretary to attend to his correspondence until supper-time. After the evening meal the whole family gathered about him in the spacious sitting-room. He seated himself in a large easy-chair, and was handed one of the old-fashioned long German pipes. It was lighted for him with a paper taper, and from it he sent forth clouds of tobacco-smoke with evident great enjoyment.

He sat there like a patriarch, listening

to the telegraphic news of the morning and evening papers, which was read to him, and he accompanied and followed the reading with free comments on current events. Their frankness, clearness, and pointedness afforded me another rich treat. The Chancellor's remarks led to no discussion, as he did not invite it, and everybody was content to listen to him. Something that was read led him to make interesting reference to the relations of Germany to Russia, to the pains he had always taken to keep on the best possible terms with the latter power, as of the most vital importance to his own country, and the fears he entertained that a change for the worse in this direction would come about under the new régime at Berlin.

Schweninger broke up the evening's entertainment all too early by announcing to the Prince that his time for retiring had come. The doctor accompanied him to his bedroom to give him some treatment. Schweninger was the first one, too, to see him on waking.

In fact, there never was a more faithful, self-sacrificing medical attendant than Schweninger. He did not reside at Friedrichsruh, but had his office at Berlin. Owing to his success with the Prince, he had obtained a very large practice, extending all over Europe. Among his patients were some crowned heads, including the Sultan, a number of princes, and members of the highest aristocracy of birth and finance, so that he passed two thirds of his time on railroad-trains; but, no matter where he was, he never failed to look personally after the Chancellor at least once a month, and to pass from two to three days with him. While at Berlin, he was constantly at his beck and call, and often visited him once a week. Moreover, he would never accept any compensation for his services; but the Prince, who improved every opportunity to praise his fidelity and acknowledge his indebtedness to him, rewarded him in other ways by securing him a professorship at the Berlin University, together with titles and decorations.

Having suffered from neuralgic pains during the night, the Prince was ordered to stay in bed during the forenoon of the next day, though he worked with his secretary. About noon he appeared on the veranda, seemingly as well as the day before and as ready for conversation. My

second day at Friedrichsruh was a repetition of the first; that is, lunch was followed by another drive, and dinner by another evening in the sitting-room. On the drive, as well as at home, the Prince's conversation was again pregnant with substance, and original and fascinating in form. He also favored me with reminiscences of the Prussian-Austrian and Franco-German wars, and dwelt upon his memorable sojourn at Versailles during the latter war, his peace negotiations with Thiers and Jules Favre, and the pains that accompanied the birth of the German Empire; and upon the profound humiliation of the French by the proclamation made in the grand palace of Louis XIV, which was his (Bismarck's) conception. All this he narrated in his inimitable way. But, as the same incidents have been published in his own memoirs, they need not be repeated.

Bismarck's experience with the adjacent city of Hamburg,—his "biggest and best neighbor," he called it,—he related with great gusto, and it may well be told. When he proposed to bring Hamburg within the custom-lines of the German Empire, he became the worst-hated man of that city, for the people thought that if it lost its prestige as a free port it would be ruined. But the status of a free port with a custom-zone within its limits not only did not diminish its prosperity, but multiplied it. Then the supposed oppressor became the recognized and worshiped benefactor of the old Hanseatic commonwealth.

I took my leave of the Prince on the second evening, as I was to start for home in the morning before he would be up. I assured my host of my lasting gratitude for the generous hospitality received, and was told in return that I should be welcome again at any time. I left Bismarck with the fixed impression that the Prince never would or could forget or forgive those who caused his compulsory abdication from power, that he felt nothing less than implacable hatred toward them, that any apparent reconciliation on the Prince's part to the new régime that might follow would be only a stage-show and not a reality, that his thirst for revenge would not be quenched as long as he lived, and that he would improve every opportunity to gratify it. That this judgment was correct will be confirmed by those intimate with him during the last years of his life.

Three Famous Singers

*From daguerreotypes by Richards
of Philadelphia*

*I. Jenny Lind
at the age of 30*

*II. Catherine Hayes
at the age of 26*

*III. Adelina Patti
at the age of 14*







THE WARNING OF SEXTON MAGINNIS

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

Author of "The Soul of Sexton Maginnis," "The Valet of the Pastor," etc.



EXTON MAGINNIS had, as usual, left the contents of his basket of washed linen at the bishop's house. He loitered on his way to the Bracton trolley-line with the secret hope that he should meet Father Dudley, the bishop's secretary, who was about to return from his annual vacation. He had learned from the housekeeper that Father Blodgett was expected to dinner and that Father Dudley might arrive at any moment. The former he desired to avoid; the latter he wished, above all, to see. It would be a grievous thing for him to go back to Bracton without having had a talk with the bishop's secretary. Maginnis was devoted to clerical society, and since his unpleasantness with his own pastor, who had too ardently desired to meet some friends of his, he had been deprived of it. "Sexton" was with him now merely a courtesy title; he was, it is true, permitted to take up the collection at the early masses, but at the grand mass Mr. Joseph O'Keefe or Mr. Giuseppe Moldonovo usually performed that duty. He felt deeply the loss of self-respect and dignity common to men when they descend in the social scale. There was balm, however, in the continuous interest which Father Dudley took in the affairs of his family. His mother-in-law, Mrs. Magee, who had become more and more important as she grew stouter and prosperous, had now no source of information as to the inner workings of the parish of St. Kevin's. The pastor had heartlessly engaged an ancient negress as cook, and her son, Bucephalus Harrison, blacked his boots and did many things which the cook left undone.

Mrs. Magee expected Maginnis to bring home to Bracton the ecclesiastical information for which her soul sighed, and Maginnis was afraid to return without such scraps as he could gather from Father Dudley's questions rather than from his answers. Maginnis stood on the corner, in the shade of a glistening magnolia. He was ready to flee if Father Blodgett should appear, or to go forward if the sympathetic secretary should descend from a car. He set his empty basket against the iron railing of the churchyard and waited. It had just struck eleven o'clock, and he was beginning to be afraid that Father Dudley would not arrive on the morning train.

"Sure, if I don't see his reverence," Maginnis thought, as he pushed back his straw hat to let the draft at the corner smooth his perplexed brow, "Herself will be as cross as two sticks. Sure, 't is him that 's the kind man. 'T is him that 's the holy soggarth. 'T is him that understands us poor people, and don't expect us to be like black Protestants, always thinkin' of human respect. He 's not a man to blame you for takin' a glass or two on a holiday, and you would n't have to run behind a dure with your can of beer if you met him, as you would from some others." And Maginnis sighed as he thought of the new pastor at Bracton. "Why, sure, I remember when Father Dudley came down on me dark as night, because Father Blodgett had tould him that I was the biggest liar in America; and I had n't a thing to say, except that I was n't understood, and 't was him that knew what was in my own mind. 'The Anglo-Saxon never understands,' says he; 'but you must n't let your imagination run

away with you. 'T is a Celtic fault,' says he, 'and colder climes,' says he, 'are jarred by it.' But he never said I lied; to hear Father Blodgett's words, you'd think I'd committed a mortal sin—and me only tellin' him things for his own good."

Maginnis's brown eyes glowed suddenly, and a wide grin showed his white teeth. A car had stopped, and from it descended Father Dudley, tall, thin, and erect as usual, with a touch of sunburn on his cheeks. Maginnis ran forward and seized his bag. Father Dudley smiled benignantly.

"I'll just leave my basket here, and go home with you and unpack," Maginnis said. "And you're well, sir?"

"Oh, I have to be well, Maginnis, in spite of the anxiety I have about the bishop whenever I go away. I heard there's smallpox in the parish, and so I came back at once. He's capable of catching it the moment I'm out of the way, instead of sending an assistant. But how are things in Bracton?"

Maginnis shook his head and sighed.

"St. Rita's base-ball club, made up of the Dagos, knocked the Holy Angels to smithereens last Saturday, and they nearly all the sons of Kerry boys; but All the Saints paid them back on Monday. His reverence won't let the Holy Angels' Sodality have a progressive euchre; he says it will lead to gamblin'."

"I don't know where Steve Blodgett's rigorism will end," murmured Father Dudley, the wrinkles beginning to show again under his eyes; "but it's not my business. Father Blodgett's nephew," he said aloud, "is coming down for a week or two at Bracton, I hear from the bishop's house. He's not one of our own people, and I hope everything will be done to show him that faith and good morals are inseparable. By the way, Maginnis," broke off Father Dudley, with what he considered exquisite art, "are there many attractive young girls about St. Kevin's?"

Maginnis was in the act of ringing the bell; he purposely omitted to answer, for fear Father Dudley might not invite him up-stairs.

"I'll carry your bag," he said with alacrity, "and you'll need a good brushin' before you go down to dinner."

"Thank you, Maginnis," answered Father Dudley, graciously. "When a young man is so anxious to visit his uncle

in a dull town, there's always a female in the case," he thought.

Maginnis opened the priest's closely packed bag before he answered the question. It was not repeated; Father Dudley, as a diplomatist, felt that the underscoring of words was not real art.

"Indeed, father," said Maginnis, rejoiced that he had something to build on for the edification of Herself, "there's a great crowd of nice, well-behaved young women in the parish; but for bold, brazen good looks, as Herself, as Mrs. Magee, says, there's Rosalia O'Keefe, the daughter of that dirty and purse-proud Tipperary man, and Isabella Moldonovo—sure, her name tells what she is."

"Mr. O'Keefe is an eminently respectable man, and his new soap-works are doing much for the town."

Maginnis tried to snort respectfully.

"Father Blodgett's nephew is, I understand, an agnostic, and I should be sorry to hear of a mixed marriage of that sort in St. Kevin's. A bad example spreads, and there are those of the clergy who strain at gnats and swallow camels. Oh, there's the dinner-bell, Maginnis! Go into the kitchen and get something to eat, and here—" A dollar changed hands.

Maginnis, in haste, ran through the kitchen to find his basket and depart on the first car. There would be no doubt of Herself's good humor now.

Father Dudley reverently paused for a moment as the angelus rang, and then descended to the dining-room with such an air of "recollection" that the Rev. Stephen Blodgett, who was waiting on the bishop's right in the dining-room, was moved to humble admiration.

"Delighted to see you back," said the bishop, as the maid served a soup so lukewarm that Father Dudley surmised the need of a tighter hand in the household. He noticed, however, with satisfaction, that his superior wore a new cassock, much more proper for the house than the old violet one so long used in the service of the sanctuary. "I suppose you have been so much in the gay world that you'll scorn a dinner in the middle of the day. You'll find it hard to dine before eight o'clock," said the bishop, amiably; "and if I'd been sure of your coming, I'd have ordered finger-bowls, at least."

"My feet have never trod the path of

luxury," said Father Dudley, frowning at the second spoonful of soup.

"Dalliance," put in the bishop, gravely—"primrose path of dalliance" is better. Never lose a chance to quote Shakspere."

"If I have any time, I prefer to give it to St. Thomas, bishop," answered Father Dudley, gloomily. "In these days of rash scientific speculation, when religion and the principles of secular knowledge need to be constantly united, the 'Summa' becomes more and more the basis of serious reflection for the man who would meet practically the evils of the day."

Father Blodgett, unmindful of certain lumps of fat in the soup, was listening with unfeigned and self-reproachful interest, when the door-bell rang, and a card was brought to the bishop.

"Mr. Guy Wetherill," he read. "Your nephew, Father Blodgett?" he asked, with a smile.

"Yes, your lordship; I asked him to meet me here. He has been overworked, poor boy! They have given him his Ph.D. at the university at Schleswigstein, and he's coming to Bracton with me for a week or two of pastoral life."

"Glad of it," said the bishop, heartily. "If we don't have young people about us, we can't keep young. Put a plate next to Father Blodgett, Mary, and tell Mr. Wetherill to come in."

"He has probably lunched," said Father Dudley, politely.

"Well, he has n't dined," said the bishop, "and boys of his age can always eat. Mary, bring up a bottle of the Riorga. We can't offer American claret to a Ph.D. in chemistry."

Mr. Guy Wetherill entered, with a little touch of engaging awkwardness and an angularity of attitude assumed to correct it.

He clicked his heels after the German manner when he bowed, and gazed, with eyes softly intelligent, through a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles at the bishop. He was spare, with plenty of muscle and a softly tinted complexion, set off by a pointed blond beard. The bishop liked his eyes, and concluded that his air of angular priggishness was acquired.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Wetherill. You've lunched? That does n't matter. Roast beef can be eaten at any time. Just back from Germany?"

"Yes." Wetherill was about to say "sir," but hesitated. "I finished there; that is, I mean I've been taught to begin there."

"And may I inquire to what study you have devoted yourself?" asked Father Dudley.

"Oh, I worked with Schweinweil in chemistry, took physics with Grimstöw, psychology with Smicht, and did some comparative religion under Von Schleicher. My thesis—I beg pardon?"

"I suppose that the basis of your studies in comparative religion was a negation of Christian revelation," returned Father Dudley.

Father Blodgett turned red. The bishop's secretary took out his bandana, wiped his forehead, and waited for a reply. The bishop raised his napkin to his lips, and his eyes twinkled.

"Oh, I can't say that I went deep. I just looked into things a little under Von Schleicher, who is a jolly little chap. We did n't deny anything; we just examined the idea of immortality as expressed in various tribe-myths."

"Tribe-myths!" murmured Father Dudley, sarcastically.

"St. Kevin's has n't acquired electric lights yet?" asked the bishop of the unhappy Father Blodgett, knowing well that he could not create a division, but not wishing to appear cruel.

"I presume," continued the secretary before Father Blodgett could open his lips, "that your Von Schleicher did not postulate a creative force, that he did not once consider the Powér that tinges the rose and makes the dewdrops sparkle in May on the same flower."

"Certainly he did, sir," said young Wetherill, gazing through his glasses in mild surprise. "No scientific man fails to postulate—if you like the word—a creative force now."

"You amaze me," said Father Dudley, forgetting his beef in the joy of battle. "Herbert Spencer—Huxley—"

"Oh, nobody bothers about Spencer's philosophical guesses at present," said the angular Wetherill, squaring his elbows to cut his beef. "He's out. Von Schleicher's a better man."

Father Dudley felt as if his tower of strength had fallen. If Spencer were "out" of it, what would become of that long series of sermons, carefully type-written, in

which that agnostic philosopher had been so carefully refuted?

"You do not mean to say that Spencer, with all his knowledge and force of argument, illogical as it is, has been set aside by a group of superficial Germans?"

"Father Dudley," said the bishop, looking demurely at his plate, "you will not, I beg, go so far as to eulogize Spencer at this table."

Father Dudley was speechless.

"I am glad, my dear Mr. Wetherill," the bishop added, looking at the young doctor with that unfeigned interest that made him a power with youth, "that Von Schleicher has not made you an infidel."

"Oh, no," answered Wetherill, cheerfully; "I am sure that I could n't be influenced by anybody. The only thing I care for in the world is the seeking for truth; research is the only work in life. All truth is sacred. I am at work on a suggestion as to the drying of alcohol."

"I wish all alcohol could be dried—out of the world," said Father Blodgett, fervently. "If you knew the factory hands at Bracton, you 'd—"

"Oh, I was only speaking in a scientific way, uncle," said Wetherill, loftily; "that is, I am not trying for practical results. But as to religion, I think it's all a matter of psychology. I followed a little of Otto-Sommerschein's work,—psychological political economics,—and I think that's the truth. If you're psychologically medieval, like you, uncle, you'll like the medieval point of view; but a chap ought to be decently tolerant, you know."

The bishop looked gravely at the pleasant, pink-tinted face before him, with its odd touch of pedantry and over-training.

"You've never suffered much, my dear boy," he said gently.

Wetherill looked puzzled.

"I don't think that would ever make me believe in religion. The idea of a personal God is out of my line. It's gone out."

"With Spencer," murmured the bishop.

"And I'm sure nothing could change my views. I'm perfectly open to all impressions that will stand the test of scientific analysis," added Wetherill, with airy conviction. "What you call the soul I can't see, and I—"

"Have you read St. Thomas?" demanded Father Dudley, sternly. "'Ethaec

est demonstratio Aristoteles. Relinquitur—'"

"Oh, I know what you are going to say. But I can see the beating of a sheep's heart; and the combination of any gases that will combine is more important than all metaphysical speculations. I think that the carriage has come for my uncle, sir; I'll run out and tell the man to wait."

And Wetherill rose as lightly as if he had never followed the work of Otto-Sommerschein.

"A nice boy," said the bishop; "he has a good face."

"What morals do you think he can have with such devilish sentiments?" demanded Father Dudley. He had forgotten Father Blodgett.

"I'm sure that my nephew is a gentleman; the Wetherills have always cultivated sound morality," said Father Blodgett, flushing. "Guy's people have always been decent, and I consider that the purity of my ancestors was a factor in securing me the grace of conversion. The Wetherills—"

"Gentlemen!" said Father Dudley, bringing his fist down on the table. "Morality! Look at your Four Hundred!"

Father Blodgett seemed utterly disgusted, and then very unhappy.

"Nonsense!" said the bishop, peeling a peach. "You take the boy too seriously. He's speaking the cant of his college. I'm sorry that he is, of course; but you'll find that if he marries the right woman she'll do more than even St. Thomas in the way of bringing him to a rational view of life."

"I trust that he will not marry a dis-senter," said Father Blodgett, anxiously, "or anybody beneath his rank socially."

"I reckon that a fine, honest girl with the faith, but no social frills about her, would n't be good enough for *him*," exclaimed Father Dudley, exasperated beyond endurance. "She would n't be good enough, though she might save the young scoffer's soul. Excuse me, Steve Blodgett, but you're no better than Neo-Pelagian!"

There was silence. Father Blodgett's lips moved.

"An honest, hard-working Irish girl would n't be good enough for *him*, unless she was of his class," repeated Father Dudley. "It's the old aristocracy that brought about the French Revolution coming back in this land of the free."

Father Blodgett's face reddened; his lips moved silently.

"And it's this infidel you are taking into the innocent, simple-minded congregation at St. Kevin's. I must finish a letter, bishop, and I've no patience." And the secretary left, carrying, as was his wont, his cigar and coffee-cup with him.

"He has a heart of gold," said the bishop, looking after him. "Don't argue with this nephew of yours, Blodgett."

"I can only pray," said Father Blodgett—"only pray, your lordship. I am glad that I have strength enough not to resent Father Dudley's words."

"And if he should meet a nice girl of pronounced Christian belief, don't worry about her pedigree. He's some money of his own?"

"He's well off in the things of *this* world," said Father Blodgett, with a sigh. "But if he should happen to marry a Catholic? Your lordship does n't approve of mixed marriages?"

"You know my opinion," said the bishop, with dignity. "As a rule, no; but if the party of the second part happens to be a *real* woman, the party of the first part will soon have to believe in the Apostles' Creed."

Father Blodgett seemed puzzled.

"Thank you, my lord," he said meekly.

The bishop stirred his coffee and looked at his guest intently. Father Blodgett had forgotten the bishop; he was gazing at the copy of Da Vinci's "Last Supper" on the wall.

"Blessed are the pure in heart," the bishop thought. "Here comes your nephew," he said aloud. "Let us go up to my rooms and smoke."

"I am glad," thought the secretary as, at the sound of footsteps, he shut the door of his room, "that I warned Maginnis before this ravening wolf of an infidel goes among the good people of St. Kevin's. He'll never see the light, in spite of his uncle. Oh, the dogmatism of science! His conversion is no more likely than my perversion." And he flung himself at the type-writing machine with the nervous energy of a man who longed to set the world right.

In the meantime Father Blodgett and his nephew drove over the road, between locust- and walnut-trees, magnolias and crape-myrtles, in reddish-purple bloom,

toward Bracton. Wetherill talked about his dead mother, and Father Blodgett's heart yearned over his little sister's boy.

Neither Sexton Maginnis nor his wife nor Herself ever met the O'Keefes, except at church, or at some of the functions connected with the church. There had been a time when matters were different, but since the head of the O'Keefes had become mayor of Bracton, principally through the "Dago" vote, as Mrs. Magee regretfully remarked, neither she nor any of her "belongings" darkened the door of the "creature" who had alienated the regards of a number of his compatriots by growing richer and richer every day in company with Giuseppe Moldonovo. The new soap-factory, needing only more expert direction to be thoroughly successful, had added to the dislike of the Kerry people for the Italo-Tipperary combination.

"It's a Dago trust," Herself said, and Sexton Maginnis repeated it.

Since the building of the new house by the river and the political elevation of her husband, Mrs. O'Keefe was obliged to appear in public incased in a jet-decorated black silk gown, from which her generous proportions seemed only too willing to escape, especially when she sighed over the old days when the "childer" were all little. She would have liked a little gossip among the delightful soapy smells of Mrs. Magee's laundry or even in her own parlor; but, though she was willing to descend, Herself could not be persuaded to ascend.

"I know me place," Herself was wont to say, with an accent which showed that it was a very exalted one.

If, however, Mrs. Magee was ever tempted to act against her principles, it was when Maginnis came home with the news that Father Blodgett's nephew was to visit Bracton. In the primitive code of Mrs. Magee a young man in Bracton meant that there would be serious attentions and perhaps intentions on his part, and logically all the possible objects of his probable advances were reviewed by her. As society existed, there were only two young and unengaged women whom the priest's nephew would have a right to meet — Rosalia O'Keefe, who had been away at a convent school for a year, and Isabella Moldonovo, who had spent six months in Italy. Although Maginnis tried to be

truthful when he was not frightened, he had somewhat embroidered Father Dudley's few words with little flowers of his own.

"It's a black infidel that's comin' to catch the stuck-up O'Keefe girl, if he can. Father Dudley warned me."

"Serves her right, the bold thing!" said Herself, giving Maginnis his second cup of coffee, while his wife languidly changed the twins from right to left,—for one was bigger than the other,—and riveted her attention on "The Hidden Hand," which was propped up on the table before her.

"Is he rich, the black infidel?"

"Drippin' with diamonds," promptly answered Maginnis, with his eyes on Herself.

"Then you'll go down to-night and warn the mother," said Mrs. Magee, with compressed lips.

Maginnis turned a painful red under the sandy mist of neglected beard. He had hoped for an uninterrupted evening with Mary Ann and the delectable "Hidden Hand," whose adventures he had discovered on a stand devoted to second-hand books; but Herself had spoken.

Rosalia O'Keefe was seated on the cherry-colored stool in front of the upright piano in the twilight, trying "Violets" in a very rich, soft voice. She had learned a little German at the convent, when her father had an eye on the coming Hanoverian vote, and she was uttering the words with a strange pronunciation. The pink light from a shaded lamp on the piano showed a young woman of about twenty-two, attired in a white frock which accentuated all her best points. She was a brunette as to the color of her skin; her hair, worn after the pompadour manner, was reddish and very abundant; and, in the dim light, she gave the impression of strength and grace. She was in a happy mood, for she and Isabella Moldonovo were, on the morrow, to start for the annual August trip to Atlantic City, where Isabella's Genoese godmother kept a hotel. The prospect was alluring, and all her boxes were packed. Mrs. O'Keefe, stout and sighing frequently, sat in the shade near a window. Her tight silk bodice inconvenienced her, but she liked to feel the curtain against her face; she knew that it was real Limerick lace.

The door-bell tinkled, and Rosalia rose to welcome Maginnis. Mrs. O'Keefe was pleased. Maginnis was evidently abashed

by the splendor of Rosalia. He held fast to his hat, but took a chair. There was some polite conversation, during which Rosalia softly played the accompaniment of "Violets."

"Do she be hearin' us?" Maginnis asked at last, edging nearer to Mrs. O'Keefe; he could stand the strain of beating about the bush no longer.

"Who? Rose? Oh, I don't think she's listening."

"It's about her I want to talk," said Maginnis, in a weird whisper; "and if I was a banshee, I could n't be after bringin' a more solemn message."

Mrs. O'Keefe's breath seemed to stop.

"A warning?"

The accompaniment ceased, too.

"And Herself said 't was to you alone."

"Rose," said Mrs. O'Keefe, in a tremulous voice, for Maginnis's tone gave the impression that he had come direct from another world. "Rose, please go into the log-ya."

Mrs. O'Keefe had endeavored to master, under her daughter's tuition, the name of the proudest apartment of the new house, and she hoped to placate her by using it.

"I will *not* go into the *loggia*, mama," answered Rosalia, calmly. "If Mr. Maginnis is going to talk about me, I'll stay where I am."

Rosalia stood up as a tower of ivory. Her mother sighed deeply; Maginnis dropped his hat.

"Go on!" said Rosalia, calmly standing.

"It's not me that would be after medlin'," said Maginnis, in a tone so very human that Mrs. O'Keefe gained courage, "but there's a young boy, a black infidel, comin' down here to visit the priest, and Herself is afraid that your daughter might be taken in by him. He's a deludher and no mistake, with a soul as black as the ace of spades, I'm told; and Herself says that, as he's much above the O'Keefes in their state of life, Rose here might set her cap, and—"

"I understand it all," said Rosalia. "Mama, if papa were here, I should not be so insulted. I will *not* go to Atlantic City; I will wait and face this man, and show these malicious persons that I am not afraid of anybody."

She left the room without looking at the visitor. There was silence, broken only by a sigh or two.

"Heaven knows I've done my best," said Maginnis, bewildered.

"I don't know, I don't know. Rosalia's quick-tempered," said Mrs. O'Keefe. "She rules the house. But how are the twins, Maginnis?"

GUY WETHERILL adapted himself to the ways of the priest's house, which were simple and frugal ways. He fished, used his kodak, and visited the factories. On the Sunday following his coming to Bracton his uncle had asked him to go to mass.

"Oh, no," he said, "thank you. I studied the psychological phenomena of your services at Naples, when Von Schleicher was there with me in his sabbatical year."

Father Blodgett said nothing; he only prayed the longer after mass that day. Had he been right in asking the boy down to this crude little town? To be sure, his nephew needed rest and quiet and safety from intellectual pressure; but, for the sake of his soul, should he not have been placed where the ceremonies of the church were performed magnificently and where the philosophy of religion could be so viewed as to affect his intellect? And then there were no persons of Guy's own class in Bracton who could give a social bloom to faith. For the first time he regretted that there was n't an evening coat in the town. The honest vulgarity of the people, whom he loved spiritually, would prejudice the boy against the church, he feared. The Wetherills—Guy was the grandson of that famous old minister to England for whom he himself had been named—had always been ultra-refined. Father Blodgett, in his doubt, could only pray, and fear that he himself was too much of the world.

Guy, his nerves in good condition now, looked for companionship. The study of the factories began to bore him, though O'Keefe had taken a liking to him, and he had helped that red-haired, masterful Tipperary man with some valuable chemical advice. O'Keefe wanted to ask Wetherill to tea, but Rosalia, who had let Isabella Moldonovo go down to the sea alone, would not hear of it, and she would give no reason. This condition was soon known at the Olympia Laundry.

"T was an inspiration," said Mrs. Magee, proudly; "the girl's saved from the wiles of the deludher!"

Mary Ann, who had just turned the last

page of "The Hidden Hand," smiled; she remembered a time when she wore a hat with blue bows.

Wetherill began to be lonely. He found as much laboratory exercise as he cared for in the soap-works, but at this time he did not want much, for it was summer and there was no Otto-Sommerschein about. The books supplied him by his uncle he tried to read; but even an erudite work on "Symbolism" and Jourdain's "Philosophie de Saint Thomas d'Aquin" put him to sleep, and his uncle began to fear more and more that the visit to Bracton was spiritually a mistake. Some French sonnets, which had strayed into the book-case, interested him after he had seen a tall girl with red-tinted hair and the color of a pink oleander in her cheeks step out of a surrey and cross the pavement in front of the photographer's. Her white parasol became entangled in the fringe of the low awning over the door. Wetherill sprang forward. She gave him a glance, but did not thank him. He went back to the sonnets.

"And fills with heaven's gold the dazzled street,"

he repeated.

"It must have been Rosalia O'Keefe—a white soul," said the priest, in answer to his artful questions. "She sings in the choir and looks after the altar. You're not likely to meet her; she has a different point of view—socially, you know."

Father Blodgett fancied that this conveyed to his nephew a very delicate hint. "I would give anything in the world if that dear boy could have the consolation of faith," he thought, as Wetherill went off with his kodak in the direction of the photographer's.

O'Keefe, broad, burly, and cheerful, was at the corner, shaking hands with a group of Italian laborers and their wives who were starting for a picnic, given at his expense; for he was an expert politician. Wetherill noticed that his daughter was like him in her high color and air of strength; but how exquisite, with all this resemblance! The Italians drifted, with a brass band, in the direction of the river. O'Keefe shook hands cordially with Wetherill.

"A score of votes there," he said with a soft brogue. "And I'm glad to thank you again for the help you gave the fore-

man the other day; the new soap 's the finest stuff yet.—It 's you, is it?"

Rosalia, in a plumed hat and white gown, had approached to speak to her father, ignoring Wetherill.

"My daughter Rosalia, Mr. Wetherill; and I 'm glad to make you acquainted. She 's stayed at home because father could n't go with her to the Capes, and she deserves to meet a nice young man." O'Keefe laughed heartily.

Wetherill drew his heels together and clicked them. Rosalia looked at him, smiled slightly, and began to ask her father questions. Such eyes! A bit of a sonnet stole across his mind:

"You were so slow to draw the graceful shade
Of tremulous eyelash which deep shadows
made
That from the darkness shot a star's long
ray."

Wetherill waited; but he gained nothing by it. Rosalia turned with another engaging smile for her father, which showed faultless teeth, just in time to enter the surrey, driven up by one of her freckled little brothers. Wetherill was left to gaze at the pensile white plumes and the floating lace of the parasol.

"I 'm proud of that girl, Mr. Wetherill," O'Keefe said heartily. "Faith, she 's the apple of my eye. She talks well, and you should hear her sing."

"I should like to," said Wetherill, eagerly.

"She 'll sing at mass on Sunday, please God," O'Keefe said. "Good-by, sir; I 'm off to make a deal in lumber over the river."

From Friday until Sunday Wetherill wandered through the streets. The surrey, with the freckled boy, was hitched before the grocer's in Randolph street on Saturday morning; but after he had taken the trouble to converse with the freckled boy about base-ball news for half an hour, Mrs. O'Keefe waddled out of the shop, and took no notice of him.

On Sunday Father Blodgett was delighted, when he ascended the pulpit to make a short discourse on the gospel of the day, by the sight of his nephew at the end of a pew. This sight gave an unusual fervor to his thought and expression.

As the congregation went out, Wetherill lingered. In the vestibule he came face to face, as he had hoped, with Rosalia, in

the sheerest white, which brought out her splendid color ravishingly.

"Oh, Mr. Wetherill," she exclaimed, "you *here!*" Then she paused and blushed as only a brunette with blond hair and red reflections in it can blush.

"I trust that I am not out of place," he said gravely. "The music was beautiful, and my uncle certainly looks the part."

"His sermon was perfectly lovely. Tears almost came to my eyes." Wetherill looked into them, and felt dizzy. "There can be no love without faith; we must believe to love; it is so true!"

"You are right, Miss O'Keefe; I was much touched."

"Oh, don't you think *you* could believe?" she said suddenly. The vestibule was empty now. "Pardon me, but I was told that—"

Wetherill laughed.

"That I was an atheist, I suppose. It 's not true," he added warmly. "I am not prepared to say that anything is untrue."

"How good of you!" she said in her low, rich tones, which carried a touch of her father's brogue.

At that moment Wetherill felt more like a crusader than a doctor of philosophy from the university in which Von Schleicher was the shining star.

He took her roll of music.

"So you liked my 'O Salutaris' at the offertory?"

"It was divine."

"I 'm sorry that Isabella Moldonovo is not at home; she is such a help. But I should like you to assist me with the German words in 'Violets.' I know that my pronunciation is not exactly Hanoverian, and I 'm to sing over at Grayton for the Germans in October. Perhaps—"

"May I call to-night?"

"Yes," she said shyly. He gave the roll of music to the other freckled brother, who was waiting, and went in ecstasy into the rectory.

"She 's nabbed him," pronounced Maginnis, as he entered Mrs. Magee's dining-room. "I saw him coming out of church with her."

"The bold creature!" cried Herself. "And he a ravening wolf of an infidel. It 's Father Dudley will have the sore heart."

"And if I had been a banshee from the other world," said Maginnis, "I could n't



Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"IT'S NOT ME THAT WOULD BE AFTER MEDDLIN'"

have given her unfortunate parent a solemn warning."

FATHER BLODGETT was extremely cheerful at dinner. Wetherill's interest in religious matters gave him much to say; he could hardly satisfy his nephew's curiosity. Von Schleicher seemed to be "out," as well as Spencer.

"Of course," Wetherill said, over the coffee—"of course I am not prepared to accept dogmatic Christianity in any form; but there may be forces at work which science will not be able to explain in eons. It's a big proposition to disprove your mysteries; there may be even a fourth dimension; and when religion is brought home to the heart—" Wetherill pulled himself up, and, with a blush, substituted, "by such a sermon as yours to-day, one feels that there are motives—impalpable nebulae—that the scalpel or the microscope cannot reach."

Father Blodgett bent his head for a moment. Ah, what a dear, clear-minded, reverent boy! His cup of joy was full when he heard Wetherill, in his room later, whistling, off the key, the "*O Salutaris*" of the morning.

Rosalia O'Keefe approved of Wetherill when he appeared, attired in black, in the evening; he had compromised by donning what used to be called a Tuxedo coat. Rosalia mastered the words of "*Violets*" without difficulty under his tuition. She let him play the easy accompaniment because she knew her hands were large. She talked about her father, the matchless one, a sigh from the loggia reminding them at long intervals that there was a mother somewhere. She touched on society, of which she knew nothing, but which she detested. Then he talked of himself, of his research work, of his aspirations, until the snores from the loggia induced him to realize that it was nearly midnight. Rosalia did not ask him to come again; she merely pinned a bit of scarlet sage to his lapel.

At breakfast Wetherill asked his uncle for books dealing with the history of Christianity. With a trembling heart the priest gave him Döllinger's "*Jew and Gentile World*," regretting that he had not the German edition.

"Miss O'Keefe is a very serious girl; I saw her last night."

"Ah, yes," said Father Blodgett. "She's

a convent girl, I believe; they are never coquettes. O'Keefe's a good man, too. I am sorry that there are no intellectual people of your own class here."

Wetherill raised his eyes in amazement; but, then, what did his uncle know about women?

Miss O'Keefe "week-ended," as the "Star" put it, at Grayton, and so Wetherill did not meet her until Tuesday evening at the Bracton brass-band concert in the new park. She wore no hat, and her hair was like a "regal coronet," he said. She was in flimsy white as usual. At first she did not notice him; but just as the clarinet began Schubert's "*Serenade*," his eyes met hers, and he knew that she understood him. "Intellectual"? What did his uncle mean? As if a girl with such eyes could be unintellectual. Mrs. O'Keefe was eluded by her daughter, who walked home in the moonlight with Wetherill.

Maginnis managed to pass the O'Keefes'—driven to it by Herself—about eleven o'clock. Wetherill was taking his leave at the gate.

"No, no," he heard Rosalia say; "there can be no love without—"

Maginnis loitered, but he could not catch the next words; he concluded that Miss O'Keefe was making a "near" bargain for her marriage portion, and so he told Herself. "It's a carriage and pair she'll have, or no marriage," he said.

"T is only a Tip would sell her soul for lucre," said Herself, with appealing glances to the ceiling. "When I was young, Magee married me, though I had ten pounds less than Maggie McGraw." What Rosalia had really said was that "there could be no love without a spiritual basis." And then she had quoted, in her melting tones, "There is a Reaper whose name is Death," which was as effective as if it had been appropriate.

Wetherill said little; he could have listened to her forever. There were some phenomena he had not analyzed under Otto-Sommerschein or Von Schleicher; he knew that now. When O'Keefe came out to look at the thermometer fastened to the locust-tree near the gate, Wetherill started as if he might be suspected of having his arm about Rosalia's waist.

Father Blodgett had no reason to complain of his nephew's interest in religious matters; in fact, he went so fast that the

pastor had surreptitiously to brush up his theology. And when the priest went off for his week's retreat, his nephew begged to remain until he came back.

"I say, uncle," he declared, as he bade good-bye to his reverend relative at the train, "a religion that can produce such examples of virtue and correct living does n't have to be examined. A man's a fool who wants to analyze that sort of thing. You don't look at the roots of a big oak."

His uncle was somewhat disturbed by his enthusiasm. Wetherill waited till the down train brought in a large box of roses for him. Father Blodgett, if he had seen this, would have been alarmed; but he went away, at peace with all the world, and with simple joy in his heart.

Father Dudley missed the next visit of Maginnis; for the retreat intervened, and on his return he was so busy that he forgot all about Guy Wetherill.

Two weeks after the retreat, the bishop at breakfast opened a letter marked "Personal."

"Ah-a!" he said to his secretary, who was opposite to him, as usual. "One of your friends at Bracton writes to me—Miss Rosalia O'Keefe. She wants to be married by a bishop; thinks it will be more 'educational' to the groom's Protestant relatives. And here is an inclosure from the happy groom—quite long."

"Maginnis, a worthy man, warned her people, he tells me," broke in Father Dudley, aghast. "I hope there'll be no remorse; they've been warned."

"Warned? Why, Mr. Wetherill's language is most edifying. He is of the faithful; he seems to be most devout. He says that if more scientific men would embrace Christianity in its most convincing form, the case of Galileo could not be repeated, and science would be more truly scientific in its aspirations."

"The Lord deliver us!" cried Father Dudley. Then he said to himself, "There will be no standing those O'Keefes now!"

"At last," said the bishop, taking off his glasses, "religion and science are indissoluble. Your occupation is gone."

"Bishop," said Father Dudley, "a joke on such a serious—"

The bishop looked up as one utterly shocked, and Father Dudley was rebuked.

"I shall not be able to solemnize the marriage," said the bishop, breaking the silence; "but I shall invite them to come here for a visit. It will be an auspicious occasion."

On the day after the announcement of the engagement of Guy Wetherill and Rosalia O'Keefe, the cheerful pair called on Father Blodgett. He felt that he ought to be happy; but, even as he blessed them, the thought crossed his mind that Rosalia might one day look like her mother.

"Well, well, my dear," he said, with a slight sigh, "take good care of him—he's an orphan,—and I trust, my child, you'll encourage his scientific aspirations."

"I'll try to make him an all-around politician, like father," Rosalia said firmly.

Father Blodgett shivered.



WAIT

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

NIIGHT comes hither star by star,
With dim growing comes the day;
So quiet may
Linger, long upon the way.

Patience! wait! the bliss will come,
As the bird comes, with smooth breast
To round the nest
In the branches of green rest.



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THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES

ANECDOTES OF THE NEW POPE

BY WILLIAM J. D. CROKE



HAD been staying at Riese as the guest of the Pope's sister, Signora Sarto Parolin, and gleaning such few unpublished souvenirs of him as had not been garnered in the quick, early harvesting of August, after his election. Her husband, Signor Parolin, told me about the Pope's boyhood.

It appears that Don Tito Fusarini, the parish priest, took particular notice of the little fellow, Giuseppe Sarto, who used to serve the altar. The small boy's eyes were bright, his manners and deportment were agreeable: everything led the good priest to believe that so much piety and natural goodness might lead to the priesthood. But Sarto's parents were poor. His father was a *cursore*, or postman, and lived, with his wife and many children,—Giuseppe was the eldest,—in the little house where the memorial slab was lately unveiled, marking the spot where "Pius X, the glory of Riese," was born. So the parish priest sought the good offices of Cardinal Monico, Patriarch of Venice, himself a native of Riese, and together the two secured for Giuseppe a course in the college at Castelfranco.

"I, too, used to frequent the classes at Castelfranco," continued Signor Parolin, "so, as a rule, we did the journey together. Generally we were three, four, or five Riese boys, and we used to walk the distance in company, unless an occasional drive had been arranged, or a rarer 'lift' secured at hazard. On certain days Giuseppe slept at Castelfranco and on others at home.

"Well, he was not impeccable. Occasionally he was thirsty or hungry, as I often was, and we would pick berries, or even bore a hole in some hedge and take a

bunch of grapes or some fruit. We had many a lark. He was what would be called a merry boy, always in good humor; at all times sprightly in speech, especially in reply; and ready for any fun, however elaborate, expensive, or risky.

"An odd day or spell of truancy, some idling, and some *scampagnate* [literally, "careerngs over country"] must be put down to him; but Giuseppe Sarto was a hard student and a model boy."

Signor Parolin also told me this:

"His parents were poor, as I have said, and often, I remember, his father used to say at evening: 'Giusé, I have nothing to give the donkey. Go and take him out to grass.' Now Giusé had probably returned from Castelfranco on foot, and from early morning till late in the afternoon had been a long day. Then at the time when he should have been preparing his lessons for the next day he was obliged to take out the *asinello* [little ass]. So I see him yet with his Cæsar, Herodotus, or some book of mathematics, studying, and holding the cord, while the asinello nibbled the delicacies of the roadside or the bank of the stream."

Bepi—to use his loving household name—was early efficient, then brilliant, in mathematics, in which he was principally to shine as a college student, though his life was to be cast in other spheres of work; but this preparation for the triple crown makes a companion picture to that of Giotto sketching his sheep as he watched the flock.

One night an old farmer entertained me in his immense farm-house, which Gherardo dalle Notti would have painted for its contrasts of midnight shadow and glancing lamplight. He gave me the sweet and heady must of this golden September, and talked proudly of the Pope. He was, the company averred, an earlier companion and

school-fellow of the future pontiff than was the "Sior" Parolin. He confirmed the accounts of Sior Parolin, and said that Giuseppe Sarto had been in his earlier school-time, as afterward at Castelfranco, fond of lark and joke and innocent mischief, but had been diligent and successful in study.

As a penalty the boys used to be beaten on the fingers with an iron ruler. Each had to place his palms on the table, all the boys in line, when the call to punishment came, and the old man remembered Sarto's getting the ferule thus, and his laughter, tears, and impatient vivacity under punishment. The master was an old man with a crooked nose, and when Sarto, the brightest of the boys, recited his lesson, he often found a way of getting in a joke at the expense of the old teacher. For instance, he would recite a long list of birds, and end with *torlo* (which rhymes with *balordo*, for one thing), placing his finger at the side of his nose, while the master's eye was on the book, and thus set the school in merriment.

"He was very, very bright in every way," said the farmer, "but he always loved his joke, even if this was at times mischievous."

Cardinal Monico was again to be Bepi's benefactor, and through his influence the boy, on leaving the college at Castelfranco, entered the seminary of Padua.

Ordained in September, 1858, he was sent as acting parish priest to Tombolo, in which village he passed the first series of nine years into which his public career was fated to be divided. At Salzano, another village, he spent the second.

By taking part in the movement which was crowned by the plebiscite and the annexation of Venetia to Italy, he incurred, technically at least, the penalty of high treason. It would be interesting to know if he really was condemned to death for some act of Italian patriotism by a representative of the Emperor of Austria-Hungary, another representative of whom was later, by the exercise of the veto, to procure his election as Pope. "Non l' ho sentuto mai" ("I never heard it"), said the Pope's sister, in most fragrant dialect, when I asked her. Perhaps there is a confusion of Cardinal Sarto with Cardinal Monico, who fell into disfavor with Austria during the troubled period of his patriarchate.

One morning in the autumn of 1884 he called on Mgr. Apollonio, Bishop of Treviso, for the ordinary discharge of business. He was now canon and chancellor of this his native diocese.

"Have you heard," he asked, "of the promotion of Mgr. Berengo to the archbishopric of Udine?"

"Yes," answered the bishop; "and do you know his successor at Mantua?"

"No."

"Then come with me," said the bishop, solemnly, and he led Canon Sarto into the private oratory, and when the latter knelt at his request, put into his hand the papers of nomination.

Mgr. Sarto, as he was now, being bishop elect, grew almost faint. There were difficulties of many kinds; one I learned a few days ago in his very home: "This house," said the nephew of Pius X, as we visited the place where the Pope was born, "is uncle's only property. He is keeping it as some provision in behalf of his sisters, in case he should die first. The little house had a few acres of land, but these were sold by uncle in 1884, when he became Bishop of Mantua, for he had not the money to procure his outfit. So he keeps the little home zealously, and no one lives here. As Bishop of Mantua, he had it repaired and furnished."

This clearly shows that during the next period of nine years, which were those of his episcopate, Pius X was able, if not to save money, at least for once to spend some on his family. Like almost every Italian see, that of Mantua is very poor, and the calls on the bishop's charity must have far exceeded his means. But he lived in great simplicity with his three good sisters, as afterward at Venice. One morning early, a friend of mine, a Venetian nobleman, called on him. Mgr. Sarto had said mass and settled down to work. His sisters had gone out to mass, or for the household marketing, which they were doing at the Rialto on August 4, 1903, the day of wonders in their simple life.

"Has the count taken coffee?" asked the bishop.

"Well, to tell the truth, no, because the business was urgent, and I have come straight from the railway-station," the guest replied.

No excuses availed, and Mgr. Sarto rose and went into the kitchen. So the bishop

of ducal Mantua and his guest might have been seen there talking and laughing, while monsignore coaxed the charcoal with a black kitchen fan, the coffee fizzed in a tin pot on the range, and the count got out cups and saucers, in order to save his distinguished host what menial service he could. Then they had coffee together at the kitchen table.

But what a popular bishop would do is even better illustrated by another story of those Mantuan days. His lordship was going to Treviso, and passing through Padua, a crowd of the peasant merchants from his old parish of Tombolo espied him. With cries of "Don Bepo! Don Bepo!" they surrounded and assailed him, and made him get into their third-class compartment, where he enlivened them with chat and fun all the way to Treviso.

But there was nothing of condescension in his way of doing these things. He did everything with a cheerful and merry grace, except when he wept, as he often did, over some sorrow of others, or at his inefficiency to relieve trouble. Nor can ostentation have been so much as suspected; certainly not, when once, as the person concerned told another from whom I get the story, the inspector of police at Venice saw a man late at night hurrying through the street with two mattresses on his shoulders. He hailed him, got him to stop, and beheld the patriarch taking bedding to a family of decadent poor.

Two Venetians tell me of characteristic scenes at the patriarch's palace which are illustrative of a like impulsive naturalness. Those who helped in the good works specially in his care were always rewarded with some of his best wine, served in a hall of the palace by himself, archbishop, cardinal, patriarch, Metropolitan of Dalmatia, and so forth for several lines. He used to draw the corks himself and serve the wine, refusing, with jokes, to let another pour it out; then he refilled the glasses, and saw that the guests drank, with "Bevi! Bevi!" to the least as well as to the greatest of those present.

Yet he is far from being of what are called "convivial habits." Indeed, there is a disproportion between his full person and the meagerness of his food,—one dish of meat each day,—which is explained by a sight of the moderation at table displayed by all the people, without distinc-

tion of classes, in this frugally healthful country-side. If, therefore, he is the first pontiff for centuries to cease to take his meals in solitary grandeur, there is no fear of misinterpretation. For the rest, his unfailing humor and goodness, the first displayed in personal contact, the second in public life, have so far saved him from having enemies. Thus a false meaning will not be put upon a story current at the Vatican which recalls his nine years' patriarchate at Venice. Tokay (which he probably never tasted before) had been served at his dinner. When the faithful Mgr. Bressan entered, it had been taken away.

"Oh, Bressan," said the Pope (who has yet to begin to use the pontifical "we" and "us"), "I want you to taste some splendid wine."

His Holiness rang for the attendant. This dignitary learned his master's pleasure, but, lifting his head after a profound obeisance, said: "Santita, it is the custom that—"

"I know what you are going to say," the Pope broke in: "that when a bottle is taken away, it can never be brought back. So, in future, please leave the bottles on the sideboard."

Anecdotes about a quick-witted character like Pope Pius are wanting in definiteness, just as Italian stories and saws usually are not pointed or finished, but most often rough-hewed in the telling. But this preserves the character of Pius X in its due light. There is, however, an overflowing expansiveness in some of the stories about him. A count and a countess of Treviso have told me that they never called on him as Mgr. Sarto or Cardinal Sarto without being treated with refreshments, something rather uncommon in Italy, and that he always served these himself, pressingly and in overmeasure, excusing himself for the latter by saying in dialect that, as his guests came from the country, he would go back there with them by using them according to its ways.

There is the same naturalness in this other story, which a Venetian journalist told me. On Saturday, July 4, at about noon, he called on the cardinal in order to verify the first reports of the illness of Leo XIII. The patriarch declared that he had heard nothing, and, perhaps at sight of some incredulity, added in broadest dialect:

"It is true I'm a country clown, but



From a photograph taken in August, 1903. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

PIUS X

I'm also a cardinal, and if there were anything, they would have informed me."

It should not be difficult to agree with a man of this type. Cardinal Lécot, Archbishop of Bordeaux, met Cardinal Sarto in a hall of the Conclave, and Sarto replied to him in Italian. The archbishop was horrified to discover that the cardinal who had such chances of the papacy did not know French.

"Why did you let him go away with a false impression?" asked an Italian cardinal of Sarto.

"Because it will make another vote against me," he replied.

The incident which follows, without bellying his native simplicity, shows that he has tact when he wants it, and sacrifices simplicity when he must. This he did in the event which is to me the most touching picture in his long life. It occurred ten years ago. His mother was lying in her death-illness. With what might be called the philosophical humor of all her God-fearing folk, the old lady—she had passed eighty—had always said, "Meglio così che pésò" (which is Goldonian language for "Better so than worse"), at every new success in her son's life. But when Bepi was named cardinal and patriarch the old lady took it less as a matter of course. Characteristically, for he who hated show could not refuse to go on any errand of sweet mercy, he went into her death-room clad in all the new splendor of that scarlet which befitted his face and figure better than does the papal white. Thus, the more esthetically the poor old lady drank in the joy of her life and the consolation of her death-bed.

One recalls those moving speeches which, as cardinal, he delivered weeping in the Conclave, setting forth all his imperfections (his sins, even), and the disadvantages of his career from barefooted boyhood up, but which really secured him the throne, and the stories of him which every one knows in Lombardy and Venetia. For no ecclesiastic can have been more widely known than he. A pulpit orator of renown from the very outset of his priestly career, the sought-after panegyrist of great occasions when bishop

and patriarch, no wonder that he was hailed by a voice in Rome when he took possession of his title as cardinal: "No one has spoken so well as this cardinal!" As country assistant, then parish priest, professor in the seminary of Treviso, canon, chancellor of the diocese, great hierarch of Mantua, the successor of St. Mark, every one seems to know him, and no one has any memory that is not pleasant.

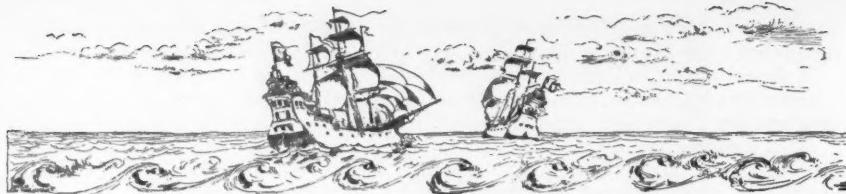
Sometimes a jest accompanies his act; at other times the action, all practical in purpose, is itself a joke, as when, a short time before his election as Pope, not satisfied with any of the candidates for the presidency of a seminary, he issued a decree nominating himself to the post. Once, when patriarch, he heard confessions and delivered Sunday instructions like any priest; again, he published a circular stating that any person who wished to confer with the cardinal patriarch would find him in the poorest parish of the Lagoons.

It does not need a knowledge of the Venetian, Trevisan, and Riese dialects to understand these displays of his character, but to seize the point, and, still more, to taste the flavor, of his sayings, this is necessary.

"Will you speak to him in dialect when you have a private audience?" I asked a common friend here.

"Oh, imagine it!" he said. "If I spoke in Italian, he would have a hearty laugh at my expense, and say: 'Oh, you have become a *letterato!*' or 'You are an academician of the Crusca!'" Thus Don Perosi, the composer, is a Lombard, yet in speaking to him after the production of his "Risurrezione di Lazzaro," in 1897, the future Pope said in dialect: "Caro fio, ringrazia Domineddio che no ti ga fato tombola" ("Dear boy, thank God that he did n't give you a fiasco"). He used to say to a journalist at Venice whom he met at public gatherings in the capacity of a reporter, "Falo puito," for "Falo pulito" (or, "Do it well"). And he still speaks of the Venetians and all whom he loves or pities as "poareti, poareti," for "poveretti," or "poor little ones," words which are a synthesis of his outlook on all humanity.





BY THE CARIBBEAN SEA

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

WHERE the long-billed pelican
Skims the sea with wary eye,
And the dawn leaps up the sky,
Like the opening of a fan;
Where the fruiter's dugout slips
With strange cries among the ships,
And the spring lasts all the year,
Green leaf following the sear,
Flower and fruit together making life
complete,
There I long again to be,
With the palm-tree over me
And the Caribbean breaking at my feet.

There the black ships come and go
Scarcely heeded, so I lie
Underneath the turquoise sky,
Listening to the trade-wind blow;
And the lizards on a stone
Are the only clocks I own,
Marking how the slow hours creep,
With their shadows, while they sleep,
Rest and sun in union making time a
slave.

There by day the thicket 's stirred
By no wild thing; sings no bird:
Round the hollow shingle the waves
cease not to rave.

Would that I again might go
Where, on market-days, the squares—
Glow with strange, assorted wares—
Calabashes, row on row,
Heaped with yellow, red, and white,
Watched by women gaily dight,
Heedless, as you wander nigh,
Whether you but gaze or buy,
Quick to meet with laughter any jest or
wile.
Come there loss or come there gain,
Life goes gaily, without pain,
Where the sea roars ever round our pur-
ple isle.

There at dawn, down to the sea,
Washerwomen troop in flocks,
Lay their wet clothes on the rocks,
Keeping time unconsciously,
To their paddles' beat, with airs
Brought from far-off Congo lairs.
Swift upleaps the burning sun;
Booms the white fort's morning gun:
Day, the purple lotus-flower, blooms
once more.
Light and color hold in thrall
Stairlike street and stuccoed wall,
Gild to beauty flashing breaker, gleam-
ing shore.

Where the shaded road winds down,
'Twixt tall palm-trees, to the sea,
Negro girls fare merrily,
Bearing on their heads to town
Baskets heaped with fragrant limes,
Yams, and mangos; and at times,
With their black robes flapping wide,
Through the rout the padres stride,
Servitors to sorrow, bearing news of
peace.
Small gray donkeys patter by,
Seeing all with downcast eye:
Far below the tumbling breakers never
cease.

Sometimes when the nights are still
And the frangipani drips
Perfume, as from fairy ships,
Conch-shells wail along the hill,
And in some embowered street
Negroes dance, with rhythmic feet,
To susurrus and soft falls
Of barbaric madrigals,
Moonlight, joy, and laughter making
pulses leap.
One by one the dancers go,
Drops the white moon; far below
Throbs the Caribbean drowsily in sleep.

THE SEA-WOLF

BY JACK LONDON

Author of "The Call of the Wild," "The God of his Fathers," etc.

In the opening chapters of "The Sea-Wolf," the narrator of the tale, Humphrey Van Weyden, a literary critic and man of leisure, in crossing San Francisco Bay in a ferry-boat, is wrecked in the fog. He is carried out to sea, and picked up by the sealing-schooner *Ghost*, outward bound. The captain, "Wolf" Larsen, refuses to put him ashore or to permit him to be taken off by a pilot-boat, and, being short-handed by the death of his mate, forces upon Van Weyden the duties of cabin-boy. Van Weyden is robbed and ill used by the cook, but obtains no redress from the captain, who is a curious compound of brutality and self-culture. The captain varies the monotony of life at sea by acts of cruelty to his men, and at times entertains Van Weyden with his singular views of life.—EDITOR.

vii

T last, after three days of variable winds, we caught the northeast trades. I came on deck, after a good night's rest in spite of my poor knee, to find the *Ghost* foaming along, wing-and-wing and with every sail drawing except the jibs, with a fresh breeze astern. Oh, the wonder of the great trade-wind! All day we sailed, and all night, and the next day, and the next, day after day, the wind always astern and blowing steadily and strong. The schooner sailed herself. There was no pulling and hauling on sheets and tackles, no shifting of topsails, no work at all for the sailors to do except to steer. At night, when the sun went down, the sheets were slackened; in the morning, when they yielded up the damp of the dew and relaxed, they were pulled tight again—and that was all.

Ten knots, twelve knots, eleven knots, varying from time to time, was the speed we were making; and ever out of the northeast the brave wind blew, driving us on our course two hundred and fifty miles between the dawns. It saddened me and gladdened me, the gait with which we were leaving San Francisco behind and with which we

were foaming down upon the tropics. Each day grew perceptibly warmer. In the second dog-watch the sailors came on deck, stripped, and threw buckets of water upon one another from overside. Flying-fish were beginning to be seen, and during the night the watch above scrambled over the deck in pursuit of those that fell aboard. In the morning, Thomas Mugridge being duly bribed, the galley was pleasantly areek with the odor of their frying, while dolphin meat was served fore and aft on such occasions as Johnson caught the blazing beauties from the bowsprit end.

Johnson seemed to spend all his spare time there, or aloft at the cross-trees, watching the *Ghost* cleaving the water under her press of sail. There was passion, adoration, in his eyes, and he went about in a sort of trance, gazing in ecstasy at the swelling sails, the foaming wake, and the heave and the run of her over the liquid mountains that were moving with us in stately procession.

The days and nights were all "a wonder and a wild delight," and though I had little time from my dreary work, I stole odd moments to gaze and gaze at the unending glory of what I never dreamed the world possessed. Above, the sky was stainless blue—blue as the sea itself, which, under

the forefoot, was of the color and sheen of azure satin. All around the horizon were pale, fleecy clouds, never changing, never moving, like a silver setting for the flawless turquoise sky.

I do not forget one night, when I should have been asleep, of lying on the forecastle-head and gazing down at the spectral ripple of foam thrust aside by the *Ghost's* forefoot. It sounded like the gurgling of a brook over mossy stones in some quiet dell, and the crooning song of it lured me away and out of myself till I was no longer Hump the cabin-boy, or Van Weyden the man who had dreamed away thirty-five years among books. But a voice behind me, the unmistakable voice of Wolf Larsen, strong with the invincible certitude of the man and mellow with appreciation of the words he was quoting, aroused me.

"O the blazing tropic night, when the wake 's
a welt of light
That holds the hot sky tame,
And the steady forefoot snores through the
planet-powdered floors
Where the scared whale flukes in flame.

Her plates are scarred by the sun, dear
lass,
And her ropes are taut with the dew,
For we 're booming down on the old
trail, our own trail, the out trail,
We 're sagging south on the Long
Trail—the trail that is always new.

"Eh, Hump? How 's it strike you?" he asked, after the due pause which words and setting demanded.

I looked into his face. It was aglow with light, as the sea itself, and the eyes were flashing in the starshine.

"It strikes me as remarkable, to say the least, that you should show enthusiasm," I answered coldly.

"Why, man, it 's living; it 's life!" he cried.

"Which is a cheap thing and without value." I flung his words at him.

He laughed, and it was the first time I had heard honest mirth in his voice.

"Ah, I cannot get you to understand, cannot drive it into your head, what a thing this life is. Of course life is valueless, except to itself. And I can tell you that my life is pretty valuable just now—to myself. It is beyond price, which you will acknowledge is a terrific overrating, but which I

cannot help, for it is the life that is in me that makes the rating."

He appeared waiting for the words with which to express the thought that was in him, and finally went on:

"Do you know, I am filled with a strange uplift; I feel as if all time were echoing through me, as though all powers were mine. I know truth, divine good from evil, right from wrong. My vision is clear and far. I could almost believe in God. But"—and his voice changed, and the light went out of his face—"what is this condition in which I find myself—this joy of living, this exultation of life, this inspiration, I may well call it? It is what comes when there is nothing wrong with one's digestion, when his stomach is in trim, and his appetite has an edge, and all goes well. It is the bribe for living, the champagne of the blood, the effervescence of the ferment, that makes some men think holy thoughts, and other men to see God or to create him when they cannot see him. That is all—the drunkenness of life, the stirring and crawling of the yeast, the babbling of the life that is insane with consciousness that it is alive. And—bah! Tomorrow I shall pay for it as the drunkard pays, as the miser clutching for a pot of gold pays on waking to penury. And I shall know that I must die, at sea most likely; cease crawling of myself, to be all acrawl with the corruption of the sea; to be fed upon, to yield up all the strength and movement of my muscles, that they may become strength and movement in fin and scale and the guts of fishes. Bah! And bah! again. The champagne is already flat. The sparkle and bubble have gone out, and it is a tasteless drink."

He left me as suddenly as he had come, springing to the deck with the weight and softness of a tiger. The *Ghost* plowed on her way. I noted that the gurgling forefoot was very like a snore, and as I listened to it the effect of Wolf Larsen's swift rush from sublime exultation to despair slowly left me. Then some deep-water sailor, from the waist of the ship, lifted a rich tenor voice in the "Song of the Trade-wind":

"Oh, I am the wind the seamen love—
I am steady, and strong, and true;
They follow my track by the clouds above,
O'er the fathomless tropic blue."

VIII

SOMETIMES I thought Wolf Larsen mad, or half mad at least, what with his strange moods and vagaries. At other times I took him for a great man, a genius who had never arrived. And, finally, I was convinced that he was the perfect type of the primitive man, born a thousand years or generations too late, and an anachronism in this culminating century of civilization. He was certainly an individualist of the most pronounced type. Not only that, but he was very lonely. There was no congeniality between him and the rest of the men aboard ship; his tremendous virility and mental strength walled him apart. They were more like children to him, even the hunters, and as children he treated them, descending perforce to their level and playing with them as a man plays with puppies. Or else he probed them with the cruel hand of a vivisectionist, groping about in their mental processes and examining their souls as though to see of what this soul-stuff was made.

I had seen him a score of times, at table, insulting this hunter or that with cool and level eyes and, withal, a certain air of interest, pondering their actions or replies or petty rages with a curiosity almost laughable to me who stood onlooker and who understood. Concerning his own rages, I was convinced that they were not real, that they were sometimes experiments, but that in the main they were the habits of a pose or attitude he had seen fit to take toward his fellow-men. I knew, with the possible exception of the incident of the dead mate, that I had not seen him really angry; nor did I wish ever to see him in a genuine rage, when all the force of him would be called into play.

While on the question of vagaries, I shall tell what befell Thomas Mugridge in the cabin, and at the same time complete an incident upon which I have already touched once or twice. The twelve o'clock dinner was over, one day, and I had just finished putting the cabin in order, when Wolf Larsen and Thomas Mugridge descended the companion-stairs. Though the cook had a cubby-hole of a state-room opening off from the cabin, in the cabin itself he had never dared to linger or to be seen, and he flitted to and fro, once or twice a day, like a timid specter.

"So you know how to play Nap," Wolf Larsen was saying in a pleased sort of voice. "I might have guessed an Englishman would know. I learned it myself in English ships."

Thomas Mugridge was beside himself, a blithering imbecile, so pleased was he at chumming thus with the captain. The little airs he put on, and the painful striving to assume the easy carriage of a man born to a dignified place in life, would have been sickening had they not been ludicrous. He quite ignored my presence, though I credited him with being simply unable to see me. His pale, wishy-washy eyes were swimming like lazy summer seas, though what blissful visions they beheld were beyond my imagination.

"Get the cards, Hump," Wolf Larsen ordered, as they took seats at the table, "and bring out the cigars and the whisky you'll find in my berth."

I returned with the articles in time to hear the Cockney hinting broadly that there was a mystery about him—that he might be a gentleman's son gone wrong or something or other; also, that he was a remittance-man, and was paid to keep away from England—"p'yed 'an'somely, sir," was the way he put it; "p'yed 'an'somely to sling my 'ook an' keep slingin' it."

I had brought the customary liquor-glasses, but Wolf Larsen frowned, shook his head, and signaled with his hands for me to bring the tumblers. These he filled two thirds full with undiluted whisky,—"a gentleman's drink," quoth Thomas Mugridge,—and they clinked their glasses to the glorious game of Nap, lighted cigars, and fell to shuffling and dealing the cards.

They played for money. They increased the amounts of the bets. They drank whisky, they drank it neat, and I fetched more. I do not know whether Wolf Larsen cheated,—a thing he was thoroughly capable of doing,—but he won steadily. The cook made repeated journeys to his bunk for money. Each time he performed the journey with greater swagger, but he never brought more than a few dollars at a time. He grew maudlin, familiar, could hardly see the cards or sit upright. As a preliminary to another journey to his bunk, he hooked Wolf Larsen's buttonhole with a greasy forefinger and vacuously proclaimed and reiterated: "I

got money. I got money, I tell yer, an' I'm a gentleman's son."

Wolf Larsen was unaffected by the drink, yet he drank glass for glass, and, if anything, his glasses were fuller. There was no change in him. He did not appear even amused at the other's antics.

In the end, with loud protestations that he could lose like a gentleman, the cook's last money was staked on the game and lost. Whereupon he leaned his head on his hands and wept. Wolf Larsen looked curiously at him, as though about to probe and vivisect him, then changed his mind, as from the foregone conclusion that there was nothing there to probe.

"Hump," he said to me, elaborately polite, "kindly take Mr. Mugridge's arm and help him up on deck. He is not feeling very well. And tell Johansen to douse him with a few buckets of salt water," he added in a lower tone, for my ear alone.

I left Mr. Mugridge on deck, in the hands of a couple of grinning sailors who had been told off for the purpose. Mr. Mugridge was sleepily spluttering that he was a gentleman's son. But as I descended the companion-stairs to clear the table I heard him shriek as the first bucket of water struck him.

Wolf Larsen was counting his winnings.

"One hundred and eighty-five dollars, even," he said aloud. "Just as I thought. The beggar came aboard without a cent."

"And what you have won is mine, sir," I said boldly.

He favored me with a quizzical smile. "Hump, I have studied some grammar in my time, and I think your tenses are tangled. 'Was mine,' you should have said, not 'is mine.'"

"It is a question, not of grammar, but of ethics," I answered.

It was possibly a minute before he spoke.

"D' ye know, Hump," he said, with a slow seriousness which had in it an indefinable strain of sadness, "that this is the first time I have heard the word 'ethics' in the mouth of a man. You and I are the only men on this ship who know its meaning."

"At one time in my life," he continued, after another pause, "I dreamed that I might some day talk with men who used such language, that I might lift myself out of the place in life in which I had been

born, and hold conversations and mingle with men who talked about just such things as ethics. And this is the first time I have ever heard the word pronounced. Which is all by the way, for you are wrong. It is a question neither of grammar nor ethics, but of fact."

"I understand," I said. "The fact is that you have the money."

His face brightened. He seemed pleased at my perspicacity.

"But it's avoiding the real question," I continued, "which is one of right."

"Ah," he remarked, with a wry pucker of his mouth, "I see you still believe in such things as right and wrong."

"But don't you—at all?" I demanded.

"Not the least bit. Might is right, and that is all there is to it. Weakness is wrong. Which is a very poor way of saying that it is good for oneself to be strong, and evil for oneself to be weak, or, better yet, it is pleasurable to be strong, because of the profits; painful to be weak, because of the penalties. Just now the possession of this money is a pleasurable thing. It is good for one to possess it. Being able to possess it, I wrong myself and the life that is in me if I give it to you and forgo the pleasure of possessing it."

"But you wrong me by withholding it," I objected.

"Not at all. One man cannot wrong another man. He can only wrong himself. As I see it, I do wrong always when I consider the interests of others. Don't you see? How can two particles of the yeast wrong each other by striving to devour each other? It is their inborn heritage to strive to devour, and to strive not to be devoured. When they depart from this they sin."

"Then you don't believe in altruism?" I asked.

He received the word as though it had a familiar ring, though he pondered it thoughtfully. "Let me see; it means something about coöperation, does n't it?"

"Well, in a way there has come to be a sort of connection," I answered, unsurprised by this time at such gaps in his vocabulary, which, like his knowledge, was the acquirement of a self-read, self-educated man whom no one had directed in his studies, and who had thought much and talked little or not at all. "An altruistic act is an act performed for the welfare of

others. It is unselfish, as opposed to an act performed for self, which is selfish."

He nodded his head. "Oh, yes, I remember it now. I ran across it in Spencer."

"Spencer!" I cried. "Have you read him?"

"Not very much," was his confession. "I understood quite a good deal of 'First Principles,' but his 'Biology' took the wind out of my sails, and his 'Psychology' left me butting around in the doldrums for many a day. I honestly could not understand what he was driving at. I put it down to mental deficiency on my part, but since then I have decided that it was for want of preparation. I had no proper basis. Only Spencer and myself know how hard I hammered. But I did get something out of his 'Data of Ethics.' There's where I ran across 'altruism,' and I remember now how it was used."

I wondered what this man could have got from such a work. Spencer I remembered enough to know that altruism was imperative to his ideal of highest conduct. Wolf Larsen evidently had sifted the great philosopher's teachings, rejecting and selecting according to his needs and desires.

"What else did you run across?" I asked.

His brows drew in slightly with the mental effort of suitably phrasing thoughts which he had never before put into speech. I felt an elation of spirit. I was groping in his soul-stuff, as he made a practice of groping in the soul-stuff of others. I was exploring virgin territory. A strange, a terribly strange region was unrolling itself before my eyes.

"In as few words as possible," he began, "Spencer puts it something like this: First, a man must act for his own benefit—to do this is to be moral and good. Next, he must act for the benefit of his children. And third, he must act for the benefit of his race."

"And the highest, finest right conduct," I interjected, "is that act which benefits at the same time the man, his children, and his race."

"I would n't stand for that," he replied. "Could n't see the necessity for it, nor the common sense. I cut out the race and the children. I would sacrifice nothing for them. It's just so much slush and sentiment, and you must see it yourself, at least for one who does not believe in eternal

life. With immortality before me, altruism would be a paying business proposition. I might elevate my soul to all kinds of altitudes. But with nothing eternal before me but death, given for a brief spell this yeasty crawling and squirming which is called life, why, it would be immoral for me to perform any act that was a sacrifice. Any sacrifice that makes me lose one crawl or squirm is foolish; and not only foolish, for it is a wrong against myself, and a wicked thing. I must not lose one crawl or squirm if I am to get the most out of the ferment. Nor will the eternal movelessness that is coming to me be made easier or harder by the sacrifices or selfishnesses of the time when I was yeasty and acrawl."

"Then you are an individualist, a materialist, and, logically, a hedonist."

"Big words," he smiled. "But what is a hedonist?"

He nodded agreement when I had given the definition.

"And you are also," I continued, "a man one could not trust in the least thing where it was possible for a selfish interest to intervene?"

"Now you're beginning to understand," he said, brightening.

"You are a man utterly without what the world calls morals?"

"That's it."

"A man of whom to be always afraid—"

"That's the way to put it."

"As one is afraid of a snake, or a tiger, or a shark?"

"Now you know me," he said. "And you know me as I am generally known. Other men call me 'Wolf.'"

"You are a sort of monster," I added audaciously, "a Caliban who has pondered Setebos, and who acts as you act, in idle moments, by whim and fancy."

His brow clouded at the allusion. He did not understand, and I quickly learned that he did not know the poem.

"I'm just reading Browning," he confessed, "and it's pretty tough. I have n't got very far along, and as it is, I've about lost my bearings."

Not to be tiresome, I shall say that I fetched the book from his state-room and read "Caliban" aloud. He was delighted. It was a primitive mode of reasoning and of looking at things that he understood thoroughly. He interrupted again and

again with comment and criticism. When I finished, he had me read it over a second time, and a third. We fell into discussion—philosophy, science, evolution, religion. He betrayed the inaccuracies of the self-read man, and, it must be granted, the certitude and directness of the primitive mind. The very simplicity of his reasoning was its strength, and his materialism was far more compelling than the subtly complex materialism of Charley Furuseth. Not that I, a confirmed, and, as Furuseth phrased it, a temperamental, idealist, was to be compelled; but that Wolf Larsen stormed the last strongholds of my faith with a vigor that received respect while not accorded conviction.

Time passed. Supper was at hand and the table not laid. I became restless and anxious, and when Thomas Mugridge glared down the companionway, sick and angry of countenance, I prepared to go about my duties. But Wolf Larsen cried out to him:

"Cooky, you 've got to hustle to-night. I 'm busy with Hump, and you 'll do the best you can without him."

And again the unprecedented was established. That night I sat at table with the captain and the hunters, while Thomas Mugridge waited on us and washed the dishes afterward—a whim, a Caliban-mood of Wolf Larsen's, and one I foresaw would bring me trouble. In the meantime we talked and talked, much to the disgust of the hunters, who could not understand a word.

IX

THREE days of rest, three blessed days of rest, are what I had with Wolf Larsen, eating at the cabin table and doing nothing but discuss life, literature, and the universe, the while Thomas Mugridge fumed and raged and did my work as well as his own.

"Watch out for squalls, is all I can say to you," was Louis's warning, given during a spare half-hour on deck while Wolf Larsen was engaged in straightening out a row among the hunters.

"Ye can't tell what 'll be happenin'," Louis went on, in response to my query for more definite information. "The man's as contrary as air-currents or water-currents. You can never guess the ways iv him. 'T is just as you 're thinkin' you know him an' are makin' a favorable slant

along him that he whirls around, dead ahead, an' comes howlin' down upon you an' a-rippin' all iv your fine-weather sails to rags."

So I was not altogether surprised when the squall foretold by Louis smote me. We had been having a heated discussion,—upon life, of course,—and, grown overbold, I was passing stiff strictures upon Wolf Larsen and the life of Wolf Larsen. In fact, I was vivisecting him and turning over his soul-stuff as keenly and thoroughly as it was his custom to do it to others. It may be a weakness of mine that I have an incisive way of speech, but I threw all restraint to the winds and cut and slashed until the whole man of him was snarling. The dark sun-bronze of his face went black with wrath; his eyes became ablaze. There was no clearness or sanity in them—nothing but the terrific rage of a madman. It was the wolf in him that I saw, and a mad wolf at that.

He sprang for me with a half-roar, gripping my arm. I had steeled myself to brazen it out, though I was trembling inwardly; but the enormous strength of the man was too much for my fortitude. He had gripped me by the biceps with his single hand, and when that grip tightened I wilted and shrieked aloud. My feet went out from under me. I simply could not stand upright and endure the agony. The muscles refused their duty. The pain was too great. My biceps was being crushed to a pulp.

He seemed to recover himself, for a lurid gleam came into his eyes, and he relaxed his hold with a short laugh that was more like a growl. I fell to the floor, feeling very faint, while he sat down, lighted a cigar, and watched me as a cat watches a mouse. As I writhed about I could see in his eyes that curiosity I had so often noted, that wonder and perplexity, that questing, that everlasting query of his as to what it was all about.

I finally crawled to my feet and ascended the companion-stairs. Fair weather was over, and there was nothing left but to return to the galley. My left arm was numb, as though paralyzed, and days passed before I could use it, while weeks went by before the last stiffness and pain went out of it. And he had done nothing but put his hand upon my arm and squeeze. There had been no wrenching or jerking.

He had just closed his hand with a steady pressure. What he might have done I did not fully realize till next day, when he put his head into the galley, and, as a sign of renewed friendliness, asked me how my arm was getting on.

"It might have been worse," he smiled.

I was peeling potatoes. He picked one up from the pan. It was fair-sized, firm, and unpeeled. He closed his hand upon it, squeezed, and the potato squirted out between his fingers in mushy streams. The pulpy remnant he dropped back into the pan and turned away, and I had a sharp vision of how it might have fared with me had the monster put his strength upon me.

But the three days' rest was good, in spite of it all, for it had given my knee the very chance it needed. It felt much better, the swelling had materially decreased, and the cap seemed descending into its proper place. Also, the three days' rest brought the trouble I had foreseen. It was plainly Thomas Mugridge's intention to make me pay for those three days. He treated me vilely, cursed me continually, and heaped his own work upon me. He even ventured to raise his fist to me, but I was becoming animal-like myself, and I snarled in his face so terribly that it must have frightened him back. It is no pleasant picture I can conjure up of myself, Humphrey Van Weyden, in that noisome ship's galley, crouched in a corner over my task, my face raised to the face of the creature about to strike me, my lips lifted and snarling like a dog's, my eyes gleaming with fear and helplessness and the courage that comes of fear and helplessness. I do not like the picture. It reminds me too strongly of a rat in a trap. I do not care to think of it; but it was effective, for the threatened blow did not descend.

Thomas Mugridge backed away, glaring as hatefully and viciously as I glared. A pair of beasts is what we were, penned together and showing our teeth. He was a coward, afraid to strike me because I had not quailed sufficiently in advance; so he chose a new way to intimidate me. There was only one galley knife that as a knife amounted to anything. This, through many years of service and wear, had acquired a long, lean blade. It was unusually cruel-looking, and at first I had shuddered every time I used it. The cook borrowed a stone from Johansen and proceeded to

sharpen the knife. He did it with great ostentation, glancing significantly at me the while. He whetted it up and down all day long. Every odd moment he could find he had the knife and stone out and was whetting away. The steel acquired a razor-edge. He tried it with the ball of his thumb or across the nail, he shaved hairs from the back of his hand, glanced along the edge with microscopic acuteness, and found, or feigned that he found, always, a slight inequality in its edge somewhere. Then he would put it on the stone again, and whet, whet, whet, till I could have laughed aloud, it was so very ludicrous.

It was also serious, for I learned that he was capable of using it, that under all his cowardice there was a courage of cowardice, like mine, that would impel him to do the very thing his whole nature protested against doing and was afraid of doing. "Cooky's sharpening his knife for Hump," was being whispered about among the sailors, and some of them twitted him about it. This he took in good part, and was really pleased, nodding his head with direful foreknowledge and mystery, until George Leach, the erstwhile cabin-boy, ventured some rough pleasantry on the subject.

Now it happened that Leach was one of the sailors told off to douse Mugridge after his game of cards with the captain. Leach had evidently done his task with a thoroughness that Mugridge had not forgiven, for words followed, and evil names involving smirched ancestries. Mugridge menaced with the knife he was sharpening for me. Leach laughed and hurled more of his Telegraph Hill billingsgate, and before either he or I knew what had happened, his right forearm had been ripped open from elbow to wrist by a quick slash of the knife. The cook backed away, a fiendish expression on his face, the knife held before him in a position of defense. But Leach took it quite calmly, though his blood was spouting upon the deck as generously as water from a fountain.

"I'm goin' to get you, Cooky," he said, "and I'll get you hard. And I won't be in no hurry about it. You'll be without that knife when I come for you."

So saying, he turned and walked quietly forward. Mugridge's face was livid with fear at what he had done and at what he might expect sooner or later from the man

he had stabbed. But his demeanor toward me was more ferocious than ever. In spite of his fear at the reckoning he must expect to pay for what he had done, he could see that it had been an object-lesson to me, and he became more domineering and exultant. Also, there was a lust in him, akin to madness, which had come with sight of the blood he had drawn. He was beginning to see red in whatever direction he looked. The psychology of it is sadly tangled, and yet I could read the workings of his mind as clearly as though it were a printed book.

Several days went by, the *Ghost* still foaming down the trades, and I could swear I saw madness growing in Thomas Mugridge's eyes. And I confess that I became afraid, very much afraid. Whet, whet, whet, it went, all day long. The look in his eyes as he felt the keen edge and glared at me was positively carnivorous. I was afraid to turn my shoulder to him, and when I left the galley I went out backward—to the amusement of the sailors and hunters, who made a point of gathering in groups to witness my exit. The strain was too great. I sometimes thought my mind would give way under it—a meet thing on this ship of madmen and brutes. Every hour, every minute, of my existence was in jeopardy. I was a human soul in distress, and yet no soul, fore or aft, betrayed sufficient sympathy to come to my aid. At times I thought of throwing myself on the mercy of Wolf Larsen; but the vision of the mocking devil in his eyes that questioned life and sneered at it would come strong upon me and compel me to refrain. At other times I seriously contemplated suicide, and the whole force of my hopeful philosophy was required to keep me from going over the side in the darkness of night.

Several times Wolf Larsen tried to inveigle me into discussion, but I gave him short answers and eluded him. Finally, he commanded me to resume my seat at the cabin table for a time and let the cook do my work. Then I spoke frankly, telling him what I was enduring from Thomas Mugridge because of the three days of favoritism which had been shown me. Wolf Larsen regarded me with smiling eyes.

"So you're afraid, eh?" he sneered.

"Yes," I said defiantly and honestly, "I am afraid."

"That's the way with you fellows," he cried half angrily, "sentimentalizing about your immortal souls, and afraid to die. At sight of a sharp knife and a cowardly Cockney, the clinging of life to life overcomes all your fond foolishness. Why, my dear fellow, you will live forever. You are a god, and a god cannot be killed. Cooky cannot hurt you. You are sure of your resurrection. What's there to be afraid of?

"You have eternal life before you. You are a millionaire in immortality, a millionaire whose fortune cannot be lost, whose fortune is less perishable than the stars and as lasting as space or time. It is impossible for you to diminish your principal. Immortality is a thing without beginning or end. Eternity is eternity, and though you die here and now, you will go on living somewhere else and hereafter. And it is all very beautiful, this shaking off of the flesh and soaring of the imprisoned spirit. Cooky cannot hurt you. He can only give you a boost on the path you eternally must tread.

"Or, if you do not wish to be boosted just yet, why not boost Cooky? According to your ideas, he too must be an immortal millionaire. You cannot bankrupt him. His paper will always circulate at par. You cannot diminish the length of his living by killing him, for he is without beginning or end. He's bound to go on living, somewhere, somehow. Then boost him. Stick a knife in him and let his spirit free. As it is, it's in a nasty prison, and you'll do him only a kindness by breaking down the door. And who knows? It may be a very beautiful spirit that will go soaring up into the blue from that ugly carcass. Boost him along, and I'll promote you to his place, and he's getting forty-five dollars a month."

It was plain that I could look for no help or mercy from Wolf Larsen. Whatever was to be done I must do for myself; and out of the courage of fear I evolved the plan of fighting Thomas Mugridge with his own weapons. I borrowed a whetstone from Johansen. Louis, the boat-steerer, had already begged me for condensed milk and sugar. The lazaret, where such delicacies were stored, was situated beneath the cabin floor. Watching my chance, I stole five cans of the milk, and that night, when it was Louis's watch on deck, I traded them with him for a dirk, as lean and cruel-looking as Thomas Mugridge's vegetable-

knife. It was rusty and dull, but I turned the grindstone while Louis gave it an edge. I slept more soundly than usual that night.

Next morning, after breakfast, Thomas Mugridge began his whet, whet, whet. I glanced warily at him, for I was on my knees taking the ashes from the stove. When I returned from throwing them overside, he was talking to Harrison, whose honest yokel's face was filled with fascination and wonder.

"Yes," Mugridge was saying, "an' wot does 'is worship do but give me two years in Reading. But blimey if I cared. The other mug was fixed plenty. Should 'a' seen 'im. Knife just like this." He shot a glance in my direction to see if I was taking it in, and went on with a gory narrative of his prowess.

A call from the mate interrupted him, and Harrison went aft. Mugridge sat down on the raised threshold to the galley and went on with his knife-sharpening. I put the shovel away and calmly sat down on the coal-box, facing him. He favored me with a vicious stare. Still calmly, though my heart was going pitapat, I pulled out Louis's dirk and began to whet it on the stone. I had looked for almost any sort of explosion on the Cockney's part, but, to my surprise, he did not appear aware of what I was doing. He went on whetting his knife; so did I; and for two hours we sat there, face to face, whet, whet, whet, till the news of it spread abroad, and half the ship's company was crowding the gallery doors to see the sight.

Encouragement and advice were freely tendered, and Jock Horner, the quiet, soft-spoken hunter who looked as though he would not harm a mouse, advised me to leave the ribs alone and to thrust upward, at the same time giving what he called the "Spanish twist" to the blade. Leach, his bandaged arm prominently to the fore, begged me to leave a few remnants of the cook for him, and Wolf Larsen paused once or twice at the break of the poop to glance curiously at what must have been to him a stirring and crawling of the yeasty thing he knew as life.

And I make free to say that for the time being life assumed the same sordid values to me. There was nothing pretty about it, nothing divine—only two cowardly moving things that sat whetting steel upon stone, and a group of other moving things, cow-

ardly and otherwise, that looked on. Half of them, I am sure, were anxious to see us shedding each other's blood. It would have been entertainment. And I do not think there was one who would have interfered had we closed in a death-struggle.

On the other hand, the whole thing was laughable and childish. Whet, whet, whet—Humphrey Van Weyden sharpening his knife in a ship's galley and trying its edge with his thumb. Of all situations this was the most inconceivable. I know that my own kind could not have believed it possible. I had not been called "Sissy" Van Weyden all my days without reason, and that "Sissy" Van Weyden should be capable of doing this thing was a revelation to Humphrey Van Weyden, who knew not whether to be exultant or ashamed.

But nothing happened. At the end of two hours Thomas Mugridge put away knife and stone and held out his hand.

"Wot's the good of mykin' a 'oly show of ourselves for them mugs?" he demanded. "They don't love us, an' bloody well glad they'd be a-seein' us cuttin' our throats. Ver not 'arf bad, 'Ump. You've got spunk, as you Yanks s'y, an' I like yer in a w'y. So come on an' shyke."

Coward that I might be, I was less a coward than he. It was a distinct victory I had gained, and I refused to forgo any of it by shaking his detestable hand.

"All right," he said pridelessly; "tyke it or leave it. I'll like yer none the less for it." And, to save his face, he turned fiercely upon the onlookers. "Get outer my galley door, you bloomin' swabs!"

This command was reinforced by a steaming kettle of water, and at sight of it the sailors scrambled out of the way. This was a sort of victory for Thomas Mugridge and enabled him to accept more gracefully the defeat I had given him, though, of course, he was too discreet to attempt to drive the hunters away.

"I see Cooky's finish," I heard Smoke say to Horner.

"You bet," was the reply. "Hump runs the galley from now on, and Cooky pulls in his horns."

Mugridge heard and shot a swift glance at me, but I gave no sign that the conversation had reached me. I had not thought my victory was so far-reaching and complete, but I resolved to let go nothing I had gained. As the days went

by, Smoke's prophecy was verified. The Cockney became more humble and slavish to me than even to Wolf Larsen. I mistered him and stirred him no longer, washed no more greasy pots, and peeled no more potatoes. I did my own work, and my own work only, and when and in what fashion I saw fit. Also, I carried the dirk in a sheath at my hip, sailor-fashion, and maintained toward Thomas Mugridge a constant attitude which was composed of equal parts of domineering, insult, and contempt.

x

My intimacy with Wolf Larsen increased, if by intimacy may be denoted those relations which exist between master and man, or, better yet, between king and jester. I was to him no more than a toy, and he valued me no more than a child values a toy. My function was to amuse, and so long as I amused all went well; but let him become bored, or let him have one of his black moods come upon him, and at once I was relegated from cabin table to galley, while, at the same time, I was fortunate to escape with my life and a whole body.

The loneliness of the man was slowly being borne in upon me. There was not a man aboard but hated or feared him, nor was there a man whom he did not despise. He seemed consuming with the tremendous power that was in him and that seemed never to have found adequate expression in works. He was as Lucifer would be, were that proud spirit banished to a society of soulless, Tomlinsonian ghosts.

This loneliness was bad enough in itself, but, to make it worse, he was oppressed by the primal melancholy of the race. Knowing him, I reviewed the old Scandinavian myths with clearer understanding. The white-skinned, fair-haired savages who created that terrible pantheon were of the same fiber as he. The frivolity of the laughter-loving Latins was no part of him. When he laughed it was from a humor that was nothing else than ferocious. But he laughed rarely; he was too often sad. And it was a sadness as deep-reaching as the roots of the race. It was the race heritage, the sadness which had made the race sober-minded, clean-lived, and fanatically moral.

In point of fact, the chief vent to this primal melancholy has been religion in its

more agonizing forms. But the compensations of such religion were denied Wolf Larsen. His brutal materialism would not permit it. So, when his blue moods came on, nothing remained for him but to be devilish. Had he not been so terrible a man, I could sometimes have felt sorry for him, as, for instance, one morning when I went into his state-room to fill his water-bottle and came unexpectedly upon him. He did not see me. His head was buried in his hands, and his shoulders were heaving convulsively as with sobs. He seemed torn by some mighty grief. As I softly withdrew, I could hear him groaning, "God! God! God!" Not that he was calling upon God; it was a mere expletive, but it came from his soul.

At dinner he asked the hunters for a remedy for headache, and by evening, strong man that he was, he was half blind, and reeling about the cabin.

"I've never been sick in my life, Hump," he said, as I guided him to his room. "Nor did I ever have a headache except the time my head was healing after having been laid open for six inches by a capstan-bar."

For three days this blinding headache lasted, and he suffered as wild animals suffer, as it seemed the way on ship to suffer, without plaint, without sympathy, utterly alone.

This morning, however, on entering his state-room to make the bed and put things in order, I found him well and hard at work. Table and bunk were littered with designs and calculations. On a large transparent sheet, compass and square in hand, he was copying what appeared to be a scale of some sort or other.

"Hello, Hump!" he greeted me genially. "I'm just finishing the finishing touches. Want to see it work?"

"But what is it?" I asked.

"A labor-saving device for mariners, navigation reduced to kindergarten simplicity," he answered gaily. "From to-day a child will be able to navigate a ship. No more long-winded calculations. All you need is one star in the sky on a dirty night to know instantly where you are. Look. I place the transparent scale on this star-map, revolving the scale on the North Pole. On the scale I've worked out the circles of altitude and the lines of bearing. All I do is put it on a star, revolve the scale till it is opposite those figures on the

map underneath, and presto, there you are, the ship's precise location!"

There was a ring of triumph in his voice, and his eyes, clear blue this morning as the sea, were sparkling with light.

"You must be well up in mathematics," I said. "Where did you go to school?"

"Never saw the inside of one, worse luck," was the answer. "I had to dig it out for myself."

"And why do you think I have made this thing?" he demanded abruptly. "Dreaming to leave footprints on the sands of time?" He laughed one of his horrible mocking laughs. "Not at all. To get it patented, to make money from it, to revel in piggishness, with all night in while other men do the work. That's my purpose. Also, I have enjoyed working it out."

"The creative joy," I murmured.

"I guess that's what it ought to be called. Which is another way of expressing the joy of life in that it is alive, the triumph of movement over matter, of the quick over the dead, the pride of the yeast because it is yeast and crawls."

I threw up my hands with helpless disapproval of his inveterate materialism, and went about making the bed. He continued copying lines and figures upon the transparent scale. It was a task requiring the utmost nicety and precision, and I could not but admire the way he tempered his strength to the fineness and delicacy of the need.

When I had finished the bed, I caught myself looking at him in a fascinated sort of way. He was certainly a handsome man—beautiful in the masculine sense. And again, with never-failing wonder, I remarked the total lack of viciousness, or wickedness, or sinfulness, in his face. It was the face, I am convinced, of a man who did no wrong. And by this I do not wish to be misunderstood. What I mean is that it was the face of a man who either did nothing contrary to the dictates of his conscience, or who had no conscience. I incline to the latter way of accounting for it. He was a magnificent atavism, a man so purely primitive that he was of the type that came into the world before the development of the moral nature. He was not immoral, but merely unmoral.

As I have said, in the masculine sense his was a beautiful face. Smooth-shaven,

every line was distinct, and it was cut as clear and sharp as a cameo; while sea and sun had tanned the naturally fair skin to a dark bronze which bespoke struggle and battle, and added to both his savagery and his beauty. The lips were full, yet possessed of the firmness, almost harshness, which is characteristic of thin lips. The set of his mouth, his chin, his jaw, was likewise firm or harsh, with all the fierceness and indomitableness of the male; the nose also. It was the nose of a being born to conquer and command. It just hinted of the eagle beak. It might have been Grecian, it might have been Roman, only it was a shade too massive for the one, a shade too delicate for the other. And while the whole face was the incarnation of fierceness and strength, the primal melancholy from which he suffered seemed to greateren the lines of mouth and eye and brow, seemed to give a largeness and completeness which otherwise the face would have lacked.

And so I caught myself standing idly and studying him. I cannot say how greatly the man had come to interest me. Who was he? What was he? How had he happened to be? All powers seemed his, all potentialities; why, then, was he no more than the obscure master of a seal-hunting schooner, with a reputation for frightful brutality among the men who hunted seals?

My curiosity burst from me in a flood of speech:

"Why is it that you have not done great things in this world? With the power that is yours you might have risen to any height. Unpossessed of conscience or moral instinct, you might have mastered the world, broken it to your hand. And yet here you are, at the top of your life, where diminishing and dying begin, living an obscure and sordid existence hunting sea-animals for the satisfaction of woman's vanity and love of decoration, reveling in a piggishness, to use your own words, which is anything and everything except splendid. Why, with all that wonderful strength, have you not done something? There was nothing to stop you, nothing that could stop you. What was wrong? Did you lack ambition? Did you fall under temptation? What was the matter? What was the matter?"

He had lifted his eyes to me at the beginning of my outburst and followed me

complacently until I had done and stood before him breathless and dismayed. He waited a moment, as though seeking where to begin, and then said :

" Hump, do you know the parable of the sower who went forth to sow? If you will remember, some of the seed fell upon stony places, where there was not much earth, and forthwith they sprung up because they had no depth of earth. And when the sun was up, they were scorched; and because they had no root they withered away. And some fell among thorns, and the thorns sprung up and choked them."

" Well? " I said.

" Well? " he queried half petulantly. " It was not well. I was one of those seeds."

He dropped his head to the scale and resumed the copying. I finished my work, and had opened the door to leave, when he spoke to me.

" Hump, if you will look on the west coast of the map of Norway you will see an indentation called Romsdal Fiord. I was born within a hundred miles of that stretch of water. But I was not born Norwegian. I am a Dane. My father and mother were Danes, and how they ever came to that bleak bight of land on the west coast I do not know. I never heard. Outside of that, there is nothing mysterious. They were poor people and unlettered. They came of generations of poor, unlettered people—peasants of the sea who sowed their sons on the waves as has been their custom since time began. There is no more to tell."

" But there is, " I objected. " It is still obscure to me."

" What can I tell you, " he demanded, with a recrudescence of fierceness, " of the meagerness of a child's life—of fish diet and coarse living; of going out with the boats from the time I could crawl; of my brothers, who went away one by one to the deep-sea farming and never came back; of myself, unable to read or write, cabin-boy at the mature age of ten on the coastwise, old-country ships; of the rough fare and rougher usage, where kicks and blows were bed and breakfast and took the place of speech, and fear and hatred and pain were my only soul-experiences? I do not care to remember. A madness comes up in my brain even now as I think of it. But there were coastwise skippers I would have sought and killed when a man's strength

came to me, only the lines of my life were cast at the time in other places. I did return, not long ago, but unfortunately the skippers were dead, all but one, a mate in the old days, a skipper when I met him, and when I left him, a cripple who would never walk again."

" But you who read Spencer and Darwin and have never seen the inside of a school, how did you learn to read and 'write? " I queried.

" In the English merchant service. Cabin-boy at twelve, ship's boy at fourteen, ordinary seaman at sixteen, able seaman at seventeen and cock of the fo'c'sle; infinite ambition and infinite loneliness, receiving neither help nor sympathy, I did it all for myself—navigation, mathematics, science, literature, and what not. And of what use has it been? Master and owner of a ship at the top of my life, as you say, when I am beginning to diminish and die. Paltry, is n't it? And when the sun was up I was scorched, and because I had no root I withered away."

" But history tells of slaves who rose to the purple, " I chided.

" And history tells of opportunities that came to the slaves who rose to the purple, " he answered grimly. " No man makes opportunity. All the great men ever did was to know it when it came to them. The Corsican knew. I have dreamed as greatly as the Corsican. I should have known the opportunity, but it never came. The thorns sprung up and choked me. And, Hump, I can tell you that you know more about me than any living man except my own brother."

" And what is he? And where is he? "

" Master of the steamship *Macedonia*, seal-hunter, " was the answer. " We will meet him most probably on the Japan coast. Men call him 'Death' Larsen."

" Death Larsen! " I involuntarily cried. " Is he like you? "

" Hardly. He is a lump of an animal without any head. He has all my—my—"

" Brutishness, " I suggested.

" Yes, thank you for the word—all my brutishness; but he can scarcely read or write."

" And he has never philosophized on life, " I added.

" No, " Wolf Larsen answered, with an indescribable air of sadness. " And he is all the happier for leaving life alone. He

is too busy living it to think about it. My mistake was in ever opening the books."

xi

THE *Ghost* has attained the southernmost point of the arc she is describing across the Pacific, and is already beginning to edge away to the west and north toward some lone island, it is rumored, where she will fill her water-casks before proceeding to the season's hunt along the coast of Japan. The hunters have experimented and practised with their rifles and shot-guns till they are satisfied, and the boat-pullers and steerers have made their sprit-sails, bound the oars and rowlocks in leather and sennit so that they will make no noise when creeping on the seals, and put their boats in apple-pie order, to use Leach's homely phrase.

His arm, by the way, has healed nicely, though the scar will remain all his life. Thomas Mugridge lives in mortal fear of him, and is afraid to venture on deck after dark. There are two or three standing quarrels in the forecastle. Louis tells me that the gossip of the sailors finds its way aft, and that two of the telltales have been badly beaten by their mates. He shakes his head dubiously over the outlook for the man Johnson, who is boat-puller in the same boat with him. Johnson has been guilty of speaking his mind too freely, and has collided two or three times with Wolf Larsen over the pronunciation of his name. Johansen he thrashed on the amidships deck the other night, since which time the mate has called him by his proper name. But of course it is out of the question that Johnson should trash Wolf Larsen.

Louis has also given me additional information about Death Larsen, which tallies with the captain's brief description. We may expect to meet Death Larsen on the Japan coast. "And look out for squalls," is Louis's prophecy, "for they hate one another like the wolf-whelps they are." Death Larsen is in command of the only sealing-steamer in the fleet, which carries fourteen boats, where the schooners carry only six. There is wild talk of cannon aboard, and of strange raids and expeditions she may make, ranging from opium-smuggling into the States and arms-smuggling into China, to blackbirding and open piracy. Yet I cannot but believe

Louis, for I have never yet caught him in a lie, while he has a cyclopedic knowledge of sealing and the men of the sealing-fleets.

As it is forward and in the galley, so it is in the steerage and aft, on this veritable hell-ship. Men fight and struggle ferociously for one another's lives. The hunters are looking for a shooting scrape at any moment between Smoke and Henderson, whose old quarrel has not healed, while Wolf Larsen says positively that he will kill the survivor of the affair if such affair comes off. He frankly states that the position he takes is based on no moral grounds, that all the hunters could kill and eat one another, so far as he is concerned, were it not that he needs them alive for the hunting. If they will only hold their hands until the season is over, he promises them a royal carnival, when all grudges can be settled and the survivors may toss the non-survivors overboard and arrange a story as to how the missing men were lost at sea. I think even the hunters are appalled at his cold-bloodedness. Wicked men though they be, they are certainly very much afraid of him.

Thomas Mugridge is cur-like in his subjection to me, while I go about in secret dread of him. His is the courage of fear, a strange thing I know well of myself, and at any moment it may master the fear and impel him to the taking of my life. My knee is much better, though it often aches for long periods, and the stiffness is gradually leaving the arm which Wolf Larsen squeezed. Otherwise I am in splendid condition, feel that I am in splendid condition. My muscles are growing harder and increasing in size. My hands, however, are a spectacle for grief. Also, I am suffering from boils, due to the diet most likely, for I was never so afflicted before.

I was amused, a couple of evenings back, by seeing Wolf Larsen reading the Bible, a copy of which, after the futile search for one at the beginning of the voyage, had been found in the dead mate's sea-chest. I wondered what Wolf Larsen could get from it, and he read aloud to me from Ecclesiastes. I could imagine he was speaking the thoughts of his own mind as he read to me, and his voice, reverberating deeply and mournfully in the confined cabin, charmed and held me. He may be uneducated, but he certainly knows how to express the significance of the written

word. I can hear him now, as I shall always hear him, the primal melancholy vibrant in his voice, as he read from Ecclesiastes the passage beginning: "I gathered me also silver and gold."

"There you have it, Hump," he said, closing the book upon his finger and looking up at me. "The Preacher who was king over Israel in Jerusalem thought as I think. You call me a pessimist. Is not this pessimism of the blackest?—'all is vanity and vexation of spirit'; 'there is no profit under the sun'; 'there is one event unto all,' to the fool and the wise, the clean and the unclean, the sinner and the saint; and that event is death, and an evil thing, he says. For the Preacher loved life, and did not want to die, saying, 'For a living dog is better than a dead lion.' He preferred the vanity and vexation to the silence and unmovableness of the grave. And so I. To crawl is piggish; but to not crawl, to be as the clod and rock, is loathsome to contemplate. It is loathsome to the life that is in me, the very essence of which is movement, the power of movement, and the consciousness of the power of movement. Life itself is unsatisfaction, but to look ahead to death is greater unsatisfaction."

"You are worse off than Omar," I said. "He, at least, after the customary agonizing of youth, found content and made of his materialism a joyous thing."

"Who was Omar?" Wolf Larsen asked, and I did no more work that day, nor the next, or next.

In his random reading he had never chanced upon the "Rubáiyát," and it was to him like a great find of treasure. Much I remembered, possibly two thirds of the quatrains, and I managed to piece out the remainder without difficulty. We talked for hours over single stanzas, and I found him reading into them a wail of regret and a rebellion which for the life of me I could not discover myself. Possibly I recited with a certain joyous lilt which was my own, for—his memory was good, and at a second rendering, very often the first, he made a quatrain his own—he recited the same lines and invested them with an unrest and passionate revolt that were well-nigh convincing.

I was interested as to which quatrain he would like best, and was not surprised when he hit upon the one born of an in-

stant's irritability and quite at variance with the Persian's complacent philosophy and genial code of life:

"What, without asking, hither hurried
Whence?

And, without asking, *Whither* hurried
hence!

Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine
Must drown the memory of that insolence!"

"Great!" Wolf Larsen cried. "Great! That's the key-note. Insolence! He could not have used a better word."

In vain I objected and denied. He deluged me, overwhelmed me with argument.

"It's not the nature of life to be otherwise. Life, when it knows that it must cease living, will always rebel. It cannot help itself. The Preacher found life and the works of life all a vanity and vexation, an evil thing; but death, the ceasing to be able to be vain and vexed, he found an eviler thing. Through chapter after chapter he is worried by the one event that cometh to all alike. So Omar, so I, so you, even you, for you rebelled against dying when Cooky sharpened a knife for you. You were afraid to die; the life that was in you, that composes you, that is greater than you, did not want to die. You have talked of the instinct of immortality. I talk of the instinct of life, which is to live, and which, when death looms near and large, masters the instinct, so called, of immortality. It mastered it in you (you cannot deny it), because a crazy Cockney cook sharpened a knife.

"You are afraid of him now. You are afraid of me. You cannot deny it. If I catch you by the throat thus,—his hand was about my throat, and my breath was shut off,—and begin to press the life out of you, thus, and thus, your instinct of immortality will go glimmering, and your instinct of life, which is longing for life, will flutter up, and you will struggle to save yourself. Eh? I see the fear of death in your eyes. You beat the air with your arms. You exert all your puny strength to struggle to live. Your hand is clutching my arm; lightly it feels as a butterfly resting there. Your chest is heaving, your tongue protruding, your skin turning dark, your eyes swimming. 'To live! To live! To live!' you are crying; and you are crying to live here and now, not hereafter. You doubt your im-



Drawn by W. J. Aylward. Halftone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THE COOK BACKED AWAY, . . . THE KNIFE HELD BEFORE HIM IN A POSITION OF DEFENSE."

mortality, eh? Ha! ha! You are not sure of it. You won't chance it. This life only you are certain is real. Ah, it is growing dark and darker. It is the darkness of death, the ceasing to be, the ceasing to feel, the ceasing to move, that is gathering about you, descending upon you, rising around you. Your eyes are becoming set. They are glazing. My voice sounds faint and far. You cannot see my face. And still you struggle in my grip. You kick with your legs. Your body draws itself up in knots like a snake's. Your chest heaves and strains. To live! To live! To live!"

I heard no more. Consciousness was blotted out by the darkness he had so graphically described, and when I came to myself I was lying on the floor, and he

was smoking a cigar and regarding me thoughtfully with that old, familiar light of curiosity in his eyes.

"Well, have I convinced you?" he demanded. "Here, take a drink of this. I want to ask you some questions."

I rolled my head negatively on the floor. "Your arguments are too—er—forcible," I managed to articulate, at cost of great pain to my aching throat.

"You 'll be all right in half an hour," he assured me. "And I promise I won't use any more physical demonstrations. Get up now. You can sit on a chair."

And, toy that I was of this monster, the discussion of Omar and the Preacher was resumed. And half the night we sat up over it.

(To be continued)



MEMORIALLY TO A TOWN FOOL

BY CHRISTIAN GAUSS

WE shall not see his face of clown
Again now in the darkened town.
Hush! draw the blinds. The lights are out!
Ended the revelry and rout!

Not wise he walked our streets, and yet,
Far out in life, with Death he met,
As full of years as dies the sage,
His feet as tired of pilgrimage.

The fool's wise eyes were his; he saw
As perfect what for us was flaw:
Old treasure that had lost its worth
Accrued to him through strange rebirth.

We laughed and gave him tinsel here;
He gathered, heavy year on year;
Gave back and smiled: with baubles then
We paid his jests,—he came again.

As whole he saw the broken, flawed,
As one regarded tool and gaud;
"He sees not well as I," each said—
Gave dross, and took his lustihead!

Then we forgot; he went forlorn
Through gates of ivory or horn—
Dead! he that jested to the crowd,
And all his motley now a shroud!

Fool's gold *was* his; but in that shade
Let perfect flowers be on him laid;
For haply in God's darkness now
He sees, good friend, as well as thou.

ANTONIO'S LAST STAKE

BY CAROLINE ABBOT STANLEY

WITH PICTURES BY MARTIN JUSTICE



OR variety of fences and ingenuity in their construction, the smelter settlement was unapproachable. If a world contest for supremacy in this matter should ever be instituted, the dwellers in that lowly hamlet need not fear to enter the lists. They would have the backing of all residents of El Paso, certainly, and every stranger within its gates whose curiosity had ever taken him in that direction.

To their construction had been brought all materials known in the art of fence-building, and many undiscovered elsewhere; for to the Mexican

"Nothing useless is, nor small,"

when he is gathering the wherewithal for a fence. Scraps of chicken-wire pieced out with burlaps; poles, upright, horizontal, and diagonal, of all sizes, heights, and botanical nomenclature, sometimes close together like a stockade, sometimes far apart, the interstices filled in deftly with lard-cans or tobacco-signs—these and such as these were the blocks with which they built.

Sometimes the fence would be only a lot of tangled wires strung from post to post and filled in with brush and grease-wood, and perhaps the very next one would be a solid barricade made from the sides of old soap-boxes. Down toward the Rio Grande was one place that was paled; but the maker of that fence had certainly been afflicted with strabismus. Wood Ransom used to say of a certain girl that she was so cross-eyed that when she cried her tears ran down her back. Manuel Ortiz, who owned the paling, must have had eyes of a like kind, only set at a different angle, for unquestionably one had

soared skyward and the other earthward when he did his measuring.

The meagerness of fence-building supplies in a desert country had sharpened the wits of the children of Montezuma. Where except in this locality would one find fences of cactus stems? But Jesus Torres had spent days on the mesa, gathering the long branches with their sharp spines, and when they were planted securely and held in place by leather thongs and twine and bits of rope, they made no mean fence.

Acting upon this hint, José Mantea had gone a step further, and had come back from the hills one day with a load of the "crucifixion thorn," the plant that John Van Dyke says grows seemingly for the sole purpose of producing thorns. José found it an effective barrier against the dogs and the children.

But the material most in use, after all, was scraps of corrugated sheet-iron that had outlived its usefulness as siding, and was now eagerly sought as fencing. Of course it rattled a good deal when the winds blew and the ends were loose (and the winds generally blew and the ends were always loose), but one gets accustomed to everything, and the Mexican has small opportunity to cultivate his nerves.

In the early days of the smelter the company had provided for a limited number of its employees by erecting several long, low brick buildings, divided into suites of one room each, apparently, which they rented to the Mexicans and their families. They were provided with the American luxuries of floor and windows, with a comfortable communal porch in front.

Whether the philanthropic spirit of the smelter company gave out, or the business so increased that they had time to attend only to the dumping of the slag and had

to let new employees dump themselves, or whether it was only from the very human desire of the Mexican and his family to live in a house instead of a row, nobody cares now to inquire; but the fact remains that the company's houses with floors and windows form at present only a small part

stood at their wash-tubs outside their respective doors.

The houses they occupied had been built together for economy's sake, and the slight brush fence, which prevented undue intimacy of their chickens, was no barrier to pleasant chat as they stood at their work. As Mary Wilkins has said, "The pleasures of the poor hang low." The joys of social intercourse were very sweet to Señora Gomez and her young neighbor Carita Salgado, as they stood that day in the glorious light of the desert sun, which shines, thank God, on the just and the unjust, upon the shifty Anglo-Saxon and the shiftless Aztec no less; which never essays a corner in light, nor stores its heat till the price is up.

"Have you seen Pedro Guerrera's fence?" Señora Gomez was saying, rubbing cheerfully as she spoke.

No, Carita had not seen it.

"It is the finest fence in the town," declared the señora, enthusiastically. "It is made of barrel-staves. He got a lot of barrels somewhere—oh, he has been getting them this long time: he is a saving man, is Pedro. Then at night and on Sunday, when the rest are running over to Juarez for no good, he is sharpening the staves and laying them away till he is ready. When that time comes he drives them into the ground, even and nice—so high." And Señora Gomez wrung the suds from her hands to illustrate this

stage of Pedro's enterprise.

Carita was interested in this. She had talked with Pedro herself, long ago, about this very kind of fence.

"Then he fastens another row of staves to that—so—with the points all sticking up, and ties them with wires together, and makes it fast with posts, and when it is done there is not such a fence at the smelter. You go and see. He's a smart man, that Pedro."



Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"HE DROPPED TO HIS KNEES ON THE CARPET BEFORE THE LITTLE WHITE BEDSTEAD AND SAID A PRAYER"

of the smelter community's housing, and away back to the dump and down on the other side of the Santa Fé tracks clear to the Rio Grande is a curious aggregation of adobe huts, floorless and windowless for the best part, and differentiated from one another mainly by their fences.

It was about one of these places down toward the river that two women were talking one day in November, as they

Carita gave a flirt to the apron she was wringing and a derogatory toss to her head.

"He's slow," she said.

"Hah!" returned Señora Gomez, significantly. "It is better that he is slow than fast—no? He does not go to the Plaza de Toros unless to see a bull-fight."

There was a slight stress laid on the pronoun, which Carita promptly answered.

"Neither does Antonio," she said. "He has not been since he promised me."

"No?" said her companion, with rather less of interrogation than of incredulity.

"No," retorted Carita, hotly. "I know what you think. But he does not play the *chusas* any more." She was rubbing vigorously, and her cheeks were crimson.

"Perhaps *rulete*?" suggested the older woman, quietly. As daughter, sister, and wife, she had had some experience with Mexican men, besides a large observation as sympathizing friend. She knew this poison and how it worked, and she did not believe much in sudden cures when once the gambling fever was in the blood.

Carita threw up her head and looked at her neighbor defiantly. Margarita was her good friend and had been like a mother to her in these years that she had been motherless, but she would not stand this from any woman.

"No," she said proudly; "not *rulete*, and not the *chusas*, and not *monte*. Not anything. He's stopped, I tell you."

Señora Gomez rubbed on. Her lips were shut tight, as if to keep back something that might escape.

"I hope so," she said dryly; "but—you look out for the *fiesta*, my girl! I've seen many a one hold out till then."

Carita threw down the half-washed garment and went inside, slamming the door behind her.

Margarita Gomez shook her head.

"Better now than afterward," she muttered. "She has a high spirit, that girl, but it will come down when she is the wife of Antonio Morales."

She stepped to the brush fence that divided the two yards and looked into Carita's tub. There was just one garment left. Señora Gomez had a kind heart.

"I'll step over and finish it for her," she thought. And five minutes later the garment was hanging on the brush fence, the suds were thrifitly irrigating the yard, and

the señora was rubbing away on her own little garments.

Inside the stuffy Mexican house Carita was sitting on the dirt floor, her head on a trunk that was small and very new. There was an evanescent expression of defiance in her black eyes, but they had trouble in their depths.

"She's always saying something mean about him," was her thought; but when she tried to think of what Margarita had really said, she could put her finger on nothing. There had been no accusation. It was her last word that had struck home:

"Look out for the *fiesta*, my girl!"

Margarita had put into words the dread that had been in her own heart in all these weeks—a dread she would never formulate, but of which, she knew now, she had never been rid.

"I've seen many a one hold out till then," Margarita had said. So had she.

She rose to her knees after a while and looked into the trunk. Small as it was, it was ample for the modest trousseau it held. Most of Carita's money had gone to the purchase of the receptacle itself. To a Mexican woman a trunk is what a sealskin cloak is to her American sister.

In the trunk was Carita's dress of beautiful red outing flannel, and in the tray lay the new black mantilla that she had never worn. It was laid away till the 1st of January, when they were going to the priest. She was saving money now for her shoes. Beside the mantilla were her rosary and prayer-book. They all seemed sacred to Carita.

The sight of the new garments and the dreams they started put from the girl's mind for the moment the specter called up by Señora Gomez's words, but that was a ghost that would not down for long. Again and again it thrust its grinning face before her. What had Margarita heard?

She got up presently and put on her old mantilla. It was close inside, and she wanted to be off alone. She had not forgotten about the unfinished washing, but then, with the Mexican, there is always to-morrow.

It was with no definite objective point in mind that the girl started out, but she instinctively took the unfrequented way, and that led her across the level mesa of black slag which was constantly growing at its outer edge.

She made her way carefully down the steep hillside into the ravine below that leads to the lower town, stopping to look back at the slag-train as it crept around the artificial brink. They were ready to dump now. Ah! here it came, a vermillion-

play the chusas again. What had Margarita heard?

It was not until she was within sight of the new bridge on the Bisbee road that she thought of what Margarita had said about Pedro's fence. She would walk



Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"THAT EVENING CARITA TALKED PLAINLY WITH ANTONIO"

colored molten cascade which leaped from point to point and broke into a spray of flame that glowed and darkened and went out in inky blackness as she looked. How often she and Antonio had sat and watched it at night! Carita felt sorry for people who lived away from a smelter and had no place to go. Only somehow to-day the bright lights were darkening around her like the slag. This was the very spot where he had promised her that he would not

around and see it: nobody would be at home that time of the day, and Carita felt an interest in Pedro's house and his fence that a woman never loses in the thing she knows might have been hers.

Every slab of adobe in that house had been laid with the thought of her pressed into the mud mortar, and she knew it. Its one little window—on the back side and carefully barred with a board shutter, but still a window—was there because she

wanted it. The three-dollar white iron bedstead and the white spread had been purchased because she said one day that her house should have such. Pedro had gone to town the very next day and priced them, and then when the money had been earned, had bought them and had them laid aside till the house should be ready. He was afraid the money would slip through his fingers—and she had wanted them.

It had been a sort of understood thing between them that when the house was done Carita would be its mistress. They had grown up together, and Pedro had never had any other thought. Neither had Carita till Antonio came. There had not been much love-making, and perhaps there was where Pedro had made his mistake; but his tenderness was of the practical kind that wished only to be sure that she was comfortably housed, and had enough mesquit-roots to burn, and shoes for her feet. No, rather more than that perhaps, for there were the brass knobs to the bedstead. It was not because she needed those, but because she wished them, that they were bought.

Then Antonio came. He was handsomer than Pedro—oh, much handsomer! And he was from Chihuahua, and wore a beautiful sombrero with silver embroidery on it, and told Carita many wonderful stories about what they did in old Mexico, and took her to the bull-fight often over in Juarez. It was easy to see how it was going. And the whole village knew that Carita was to have gone to Pedro's house. It was hard on him.

When the house was completed he went to her for a final answer, and it was the old, old story. The man with the fine garments and the glib tongue and the money that came easy and went easy had won the day. She had promised Antonio, she told him.

Pedro heard her in dumb submission. He did not plead with her, and did not shoot first her and then himself, as some American lovers would have done. He went heavily back to his house and kept on sharpening staves for his fence. He had set out to have a home here, and Pedro, in his slow way, generally accomplished what he planned.

The bedstead with the brass knobs was brought one day and set in place, and the

white spread put on it, and the strip of red carpet laid in front of it. He had bought these things long ago, and there seemed nothing to do but to take them. When the room was thus adorned, he closed the door and took up his abode in the one next to it, which was to have been the kitchen. There henceforth he lived and moved and had his being.

He went into the other room sometimes,—“Carita's room” he called it in his heart,—and looked around; but he never sat down. It seemed to him like a church. He always wanted to cross himself when he went in. Once the feeling was so strong upon him that he dropped to his knees on the carpet before the little white bedstead and said a prayer—not an outpouring of the heart, of course; but only a set, perfunctory prayer that had no bearing on the case. He who made the heart, however, perhaps understood how much of longing and disappointment was back of the formal words.

Carita approached Pedro's house from the back. She observed the generous pile of mesquit-roots, the neatly kept yard, the chickens that Pedro had got, for company mainly—all with one comprehensive glance. Then she went around to the front, where was the wonderful fence. It was, as Margarita had said, the finest at the smelter. And it was just as she had said she would like it.

She could not help contrasting it all in its snug entirety with the house Antonio was building. It was larger than Pedro's—much larger—and was going to have a patio like the houses in Chihuahua—if ever it was finished. Work had stopped on it now for want of funds. Perhaps they had started out to do too much, she was thinking, or perhaps—

She did not finish the sentence.

That evening Carita talked plainly with Antonio as they sat on the bank below the black mesa and watched the dumping of the slag. There were questions pressed home and evasive answers given. At last he turned upon her.

“Why do you care?” he asked doggedly. “It would only give you the more to spend.”

“The more? For one week, maybe. The next—no. That week my bed might be gone,” she said, with bitter scorn.

He looked up inquiringly. There was something back of this intensity.

"I'll tell you why I care," she said slowly. "You know my father. He is not a bad man, but he has the poison in the blood. Once my mother had a bedstead.



Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"ANTONIO LOOKED AFTER HIM IN A DAZED WAY"

When she was sick she lay on that bed and was so happy that it was not the floor she must lie on. She was sick a long time, my mother,—she had the weak lungs and the cough,—and she was so glad because of the good bed. She often spoke of it, for Rosa

Martinez had the same sickness, and she had no bed but a straw tick in the corner. Well, one day my father went to Juarez to the fiesta. My mother cried and tried to keep him away, but he would go. It is that way the poison works. He stayed till long in the night. The next day a man came to our house. It was for the bedstead he came. My father had lost it to him. Three days after that my mother died—on the floor—like Rosa Martinez! I was just a little one then, but I have not forgotten, and I will not marry the man that gambles!"

And again Antonio promised, as men do. And again Carita trusted, as women will.

It was the last day of the fiesta, the feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe, celebrated in Mexico for four hundred years. Being Sunday, there was to be a bull-fight, and being the fiesta, it was to be a fine one. Fighters had come up from the city of Mexico, and bulls of unusual ferocity and spirit had been brought from Sonora.

Of course Antonio went to the bull-fight. He had been working hard this last week before Christmas, and he had earned this recreation.

Carita was staying with Señora Gomez's sick child while the mother went off on a hunt for its father, for the doctor had said that the child must have medicine.

"Yes, I'd like to go," Carita was saying to Antonio at the gate of the brush fence. She had never seen her lover look handsomer than he did to-day, with the gay red sash around his waist and the embroidered sombrero that set off the dark beauty of his face. If she only felt sure! "But Margarita's child is sick, and she has gone to look for Gomez. The very devil is in the man this week."

A most self-sacrificing friend seemed

Carita Salgado at that moment, but the car that took Antonio to Juarez had hardly crossed the Rio Grande before she took her seat in another. She was clad in the scarlet gown and the black mantilla that were to be her bridal robes, but she did not wear the happy face that a bride should have. Her lips were firm-set. She had to know.

When the car reached the Plaza de Toros, on the Mexican side, she alighted, and, to her great surprise and his greater confusion, ran plump into Pedro Guerrero, who had swung himself on to the back end of the car that carried her, for the pure joy of looking unchallenged at the back of her head, and the chance of seeing her face. He had not intended to be seen himself.

But, for reasons of her own, nothing could have suited Carita better than this chance meeting. She had come here to make the rounds. She had dreaded to do it alone; but with Pedro nothing would be more natural.

Was he going to the fight?

No.

No? Neither was she. She was just walking around. And Pedro accepted the invitation, his true old heart bumping against his Sunday coat.

Where, save in Mexico, would one find such a scene, and when, except on the last day of the fiesta?

Inside the bull-ring the trumpet proclaimed that the fight was on. The monarch of the meadow was finding his match now, for the toreadors stood ready to goad him with the banderillas, and the picadors with their spears, while the glittering knife of the matador foretold his ignominious end. The people were shouting themselves hoarse with joy as the beast went down.

Outside was a contest going on, quieter indeed, but just as determined, and not less full of tragic interest. Here, as there, the victor elicited admiration, and the vanquished limped from the ring without a murmur. And around were spectators of every age and race and condition.

Wherever it could find space to plant itself in the Plaza surrounding the bull-ring was a gambling device of some sort, some in halls, some in booths, some out in the open, where the wayfaring man if a fool could see and be tempted. It does not take much for a gambling outfit in Mexico:

a chair, a table blocked off and numbered, a set of dice, and the man is ready for business.

"Try your luck?" he calls. He has learned that much English. And many there be that answer the call.

Here and there over the grounds were stands the owners of which called out their wares—suspicious-looking "dulces," and doubtful cakes, and great stacks of sugar-cane, which seemed to be the favorite refreshment. There was ice-cream, too, and swarthy groups around the board having a family feast.

Surging up and down, and in and out, and around and around, was a motley crowd—dusky señoritas in twos and threes, with young Mexicans in tall sombreros and the gayest of sashes following them; old hags of women hardly able to totter around, smoking cigarettes and enjoying it still; vendors crying their wares in the soft patois of the Spanish tongue; American tourists making free comments in the king's English; and here a bull-fighter, known by the tuft of hair combed low over his ear, and a tiny queue.

Gaming was going on fast and furious. It was the last day of the fiesta. Ah, if indeed Our Lady of Guadalupe had been lighted hither by the watch-fires on the mountain-sides, she must have wept tears of blood this day to see the adoration of her children!

The gaming spirit had attracted all social grades. Housewives on the American side were mourning departed maids who, with a week's wage in their pockets, could not resist the Plaza de Toros. Sitting at the roulette-table, across from the maids, was an American woman of fashion from over the Rio, and a desperate man who had staked his all. Watching them carelessly was a dark, handsome man whose Spanish cloak, thrown back, disclosed an elegant suit of embroidered leather. A Chinaman crowded against him to eye the game, and there were piles and piles of Mexican dollars.

Into this crowd went Carita with Pedro at her side. She led, he followed. If he knew why she was there, he did not show it by word or look. He looked at the game, she at the players. When they stopped at a table, her eager eyes searched every face; his saw only the board. Then they would move to another.

When they went into the chusas, Pedro stopped at the first wheel; she stepped to the center one, which commanded a view of all three.

After a swift, sweeping survey she came back to his side. As they passed out of the hall, a woman (an American) passed them with her husband. She was saying vehemently, evidently in reply to some remark of his:

"I don't care what they say, you can't tell me that these women like to have their husbands gamble away their earnings. I know better."

"Oh-h!" he scoffed, with the lofty disregard of feminine opinion that husbands sometimes affect, "what do you know about men and their habits?"

"Nothing," she said stoutly; "but I know a whole lot about women. And when anybody tells me they like to see their children's shoes and their own clothes go this way, I know it is not so. Look at that one over there."

It was Margarita plucking at her husband's sleeve and urging, "But, Gomez, the child! She must have the medicine—or die!"

And at the side of the chusas they had left, a tall woman saw a dollar her husband had put down swept into the other man's pile, and said with bitter scorn, "There goes the rent!"

From board to board, from hall to hall, Carita went, seeing all and saying nothing. Pedro was always absorbed in the game, but ready at her touch to move on. His was the silent, unobtrusive sympathy for which we sometimes want to fall down at the feet of the friend who has eyes that see not and ears that do not hear.

They had made the rounds—all except the great hall where the monte-table was, and the big roulette-wheel, and where the band played on the platform at the end. She felt sure she would not find him there, —he had not money enough for that,—and her spirits rose. He was truly at the bull-fight. Ah! why could n't she have believed it from the first, as she would if Pedro had said it?

She could talk now, and with a smile on her lips and a jest, she entered the door of the great hall.

The jest was unfinished. The smile died on her lips. She put out her hands with a sudden loss of strength.

"We 'll go to the Plaza," she said.
"I 'm tired."

The Plaza was just below the old church.

ANTONIO MORALES was playing in luck to-day. All the week he had been losing. The nights he had told Carita he must do extra work or lose his job he had spent at the Plaza de Toros, trying his luck first at dice and then at the chusas, now at one table and again feverishly at another. His money was gone, saving only a bare *cinco centavas*, and in his heart was desperation. It is hardly a wonder that Antonio was desperate. *Cinco centavas* sounds very large, but in reality it is a nickel, and the 1st of January was at hand.

He laid his nickel on the dice-board, doubling his money. The next time he quadrupled it. It was the beginning of a successful run. Finally he pocketed his gains and walked from the dice-board into the chusas.

It seems incredible that men would work hard six days in the week and on the seventh hazard those earnings on the chance of odd or even; but such are the chusas.

Antonio laid his dollar down and bet odd. Another covered it and bet even. The marbles swept round the circular, concave board. Five lodged, and Antonio took the money. In all the time he played the chusas he never lost once. Then he graduated to the roulette-table.

Never was such luck seen as Antonio Morales had that day. Did he place his chips on the figure 2, the boy would sing out "Numero dos!" when the wheel stopped; when he said "Numero ocho," or "Numero veinte," the chips proved to be on 8 or 20, and Antonio swept in the money. He was as fortunate in colors. When the child called "Colorado," —or, with the soft elision of the Mexicans, "Colora'o,"—it was the red that he had covered; when his chips were on the black, the boy called "Negro" as the wheel stood still. It was marvelous.

A crowd had gathered. A woman with a black hat stood behind him, and a superstitious bull-fighter at his side, who was losing, got up and moved to the other side of the table, borrowing a few dollars from a friend as he did so.

But nothing affected Antonio's luck. His success had gone to his head, but it

did not show itself in his face. That was as impassive as the bull-fighter's, who was losing. He piled his chips with reckless bravado and played on. Once only did he raise his head and look around. What impelled him he did not know, perhaps nobody will ever know. It was just for a second, but he caught the flash of a red something in the doorway. It gave him a vague feeling of uneasiness, for it brought up before him Carita with the sick child and his promise to her. He looked again, but it was gone, and he turned to the table with redoubled zest. This *should* be his last; but he would play it for all it was worth to-day.

Hours later there was a burst of music from the bull-ring. The fight was over; the fourth bull had gone down; the crowd poured down the steps, past the dice-tables and the chusas and the gambling-hall, in a mad rush for the cars.

Antonio rose. He had told Carita he was going to the bull-fight, and she would expect him when it was over. He would find out from somebody on the way the points of the game. He felt his heart warm to her sitting at home with the sick child. Besides, he had a good round sum now, and it was better to stop before his luck changed. He jingled the Mexican dollars as he went. He was going to stop. This was his last. It really was n't just the thing for a married man, perhaps, and he was as good as that now, with all this money in his pocket. He felt a twinge of pity for that poor devil Lagimas, who had put up his burro and lost. The burro was his living. Without it to peddle mesquit-roots, what would Lagimas do? And his family? A man ought to think of that when he was losing. With himself, now—

He was moving rapidly through the open space in front of the Plaza de Toros.

As he neared the street-car track he passed a group of the smelter people. They were talking excitedly, and his own name caught his ear. They stopped when they saw him, and a man stepped out from the group. It was Felix Ramirez. Antonio had done him an ill turn once, and there was no love between them.

But to-day Antonio was at peace with the world, for in one pocket was the money for Carita's white bedstead, and in the other enough to finish the house with the patio.

"Have you heard the news?" Felix asked, with a satanic grin.

"The news? No." Antonio's mind had but half abstracted itself from the subject that so exultantly held it. With the money in hand there would be time yet to finish the house before New Year's. Yes, he would get the one with the gilt knobs that Carita wanted. "What's your news?"

They looked askance at one another.

"Carita Salgado and Pedro have gone to the priest."

Antonio's face was livid.

"Carita Sal—! You lie!"

"It's true, Antonio," said a woman, pityingly. "I was there, and saw them. They have gone home to Pedro's house."

"They fell back before the curse he called down upon her. Then he strode on.

At the place where the track turns to go back to El Paso, the man who had sat opposite him at the gaming-table passed. He was hurrying to catch the car, but he took time to say pleasantly:

"You are winning to-day."

Antonio looked after him in a dazed way. His hand gripped hard the money that was to have been Carita's bedstead. Then he broke into a laugh so harsh and mirthless that a woman standing near drew back, thinking he was drunk or crazy.



LOVE AND HATE

BY EMMA C. DOWD

LOVE, the skylark, soars and sings;
Hate has neither song nor wings.

FOUR ROADS TO PARADISE

BY MAUD WILDER GOODWIN

Author of "Sir Christopher," "White Aprons," "Flint," "The Head of a Hundred," etc.

XII

"ONE BEHELD AND DIED"

"Some of him lived; but most of him died
Even as you and I—"



WALFORD was at the crisis of his fate. The crucial moment had come. The question was this: Had his nature inherent nobility enough to humble itself? Would he go back to Anne Blythe and say: "I did a dishonorable thing. It has poisoned more than half a year of my life with mean, miserable suspicions. Forgive me?"

This was what his conscience prompted him to do; but vanity pulled him by the sleeve and whispered: "Not to her! Humiliate yourself before any one else, but not in the eyes of the woman, who has looked up to you for light and guidance. No, not to *her!*" Moreover, he had made a sort of overture there before San Marco. If Eunice Yates had not been present he would have been glad to say more. He had conjured up meetings with Mrs. Blythe in which he should make graceful acknowledgment of his perhaps unwarrantable interference in her affairs; but it would not do. Something in Anne's eyes in that instant of their meeting had told him that no superficial balm would heal the wound. It must be probed first. He must say, "I am guilty," or all must remain unsaid. He saw that she was ready to accept either alternative, but no compromise. Still, she might have said something—something which would have made it easier. It was not to be expected that a man should humiliate himself in public and before those unsympathetic eyes.

After all, what was it that he had done?

A dying woman had handed him an unsealed letter without comment, without any request that he should not inspect it, and she did not belong to the class that does such things as a matter of courtesy. Why, of course a man of the world would think nothing of it, and in this case so much had been at stake! It was so desirable that he should know the real state of the case with this interesting parishioner who had opened her heart to him—at least in part—at their first meeting.

It was as if the shepherd of the ninety and nine had been over-scrupulous as to methods of learning the whereabouts of the lost sheep. It was his *business* to know. Really he should have blamed himself if she had gone wrong and he had failed to arm himself at all points to help her. God knew he would not have been as hard toward her as she had shown herself to him. To be sure, she had *not* gone wrong, and that complicated everything.

To some men that scene in the Piacevole music-room would have carried no conviction; but to Walford it was final. He was no more inclined to weigh evidence now than months ago in Central Park, when the blow had first fallen. He felt the full force of his blunder, the full discredit of his conduct. Probably Mrs. Blythe would tell the Bishop, and Walford felt his cheek scorch at the thought of that prelate's cynical smile. No, he could not face it.

To comprehend Walford's state of mind it is needful to consider the atmosphere in which he had spent the last year. To be admired is more than most men's heads will bear without turning giddy; to be adored is too much, and adoration or something akin to it had been Walford's portion.

The rift in the lute with Walford was

vanity. Unconsciously to himself, it had lain at the bottom of his noblest aspirations, and was so intermixed with them that to strike at one was to destroy the other. He was like a man poisoned with the sacramental wafer.

When he poured out before Bishop Alston his longing to go forth as a soldier of the Cross among the lepers, there was no insincerity in his mind. He did long to go. He longed to be of service to these neglected outcasts. But it must be *he* who rendered the service. It was not so much the thought of help to the lepers, as the thought of himself ministering to them, which appealed to him.

When he felt his heart warm toward Anne Blythe in her grief, there was always the picture in his mind of himself soothing, stimulating, uplifting. Later still, when he had read Renée Jaudon's letter, it had given him a certain painful satisfaction to fancy himself the accusing angel bearing the sword of retribution in one hand and the cup of consolation in the other. Always and everywhere Walford occupied the center of the canvas.

Apollyon had struck him in the weakest joint of his armor when he laid that open letter at his feet. The desire for influence,—"influence for good,"—that ideal which Walford had professed at the club, had been the cause of his undoing. Unwilling as he would have been to admit it to himself, he had found a melancholy interest, during all these months, in the thought of Anne as a penitent, claiming his pity, his sympathy, his intercession at the throne of grace. How could a man who had lived in such a frame of mind for months suddenly admit that it was he who must wear the dust upon his garments, the ashes on his head, and say to the woman whom he loved: "I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight?"

Perhaps there had been a deeper note than Eunice Yates could comprehend in Walford's sympathy with Savonarola. Here, too, was a man with noble impulses led hopelessly astray by the mad passion for "influence for good," by that curious confounding of his own voice with the voice of the Lord, which made it seem a blow at the cause of righteousness to confess himself a weak, sinful man.

One wonders if that was in Walford's mind as he looked at the prior's crucifix

and shirt of hair there in the convent of San Marco, or if that was the power which drew his steps half unconsciously toward Savonarola's cathedral as he walked the Florentine streets, battling with himself, on this beautiful April afternoon.

It was with a distinct sense of pleasure that he reached the Duomo, and lifting the heavy curtain, felt the chill of the church within strike cool on his hot forehead.

To a nature as susceptible as his it almost seemed that the change of air would bring a change of mental atmosphere as well, and he was very tired; so tired that with a sigh of relief he felt the tension about his head give way, and realized that for the first time in twenty-four hours he could stop thinking. That endless repetition of the question, "Shall I see her? Shall I not see her?" ceased to hammer at his brain. He could be still.

It was the hour of vespers, and the distant hymns in the choir, the faint glimmer of the tapers, the scent of the incense, fell upon his weariness like a benediction. He yielded to the spirit of the place and sank down before a side altar—but not to pray; rather to give himself up to the sweetness of the abandonment of struggle—to find rest. He closed his eyes. A long fast and a sleepless night had brought him to the point where men see visions, and indeed white-robed figures seemed to hover about him, and he almost caught the strains which had haunted him ever since the night of Mrs. Blythe's musicale:

"Angels, ever bright and fair,
Take, oh, take me to your care!"

With the natural association of the song, the singer rose before his eyes. How beautiful she was—this woman who had so lately come into his life! How sympathetic had been her response to his suggestions of the underlying meanings in the *Fra Angelicos*! How uplifting her aspirations; how exalted her predictions of the future that lay before him! Ah, there was some one who trusted and looked up to him! With her there would be no need of painful explanations. If he ever told her the story of the letter, as very likely he might some day, he was sure he could make her look at it from his point of view—make her see how it all came about.

She would understand how good the thread of his intentions had been, even if fate had tangled the skein of action.

In his efforts at self-exculpation he went back to the old pagan idea of fate as a force working from without and independent of human character. He was glad to think of it so. It lifted the burden of responsibility from his weak shoulders and thrust it upon a vast, vague, inscrutable somewhat whose name was Destiny.

At last he rose and made his way out at the great doorway. The dream was over. He came out into the light and glow and color and heat of the open square, into the clash and clang, barter and strife, of everyday existence.

Once outside the door, he stood hesitating at the foot of the steps. In one direction lay the Via Calzaioli, leading to the pension in the Lungarno alle Grazie where Eunice Yates was staying. In the opposite direction the Via Ricasoli led to the Porta San Gallo, to Fiesole,—to Anne! Which should he take?

He looked toward the hill rising softly through the mist. Its green, misty slope seemed to beckon him, but the stones lay hard between. He set his teeth and turned northward, walking rapidly for a couple of blocks; then he stopped, breathing heavily. "I cannot do it! I cannot!" he exclaimed; and wheeling about, he strode with determined steps along the Via Calzaioli in the direction of the Arno.

Eunice Yates was sitting alone in the reception-room of the pension when Walford entered. He was thankful that it was so. He could not have borne to encounter the groups of idle listeners who, as he knew, would fill the room a little later, when the sight-seeing hours were over.

Clearly his call was well timed, and he felt that no picture by one of the old masters could have been more beautiful than this which greeted his eye, of Eunice by the window, working at the embroidery of an altar-cloth. The dull brown plush of the shabby sofa only served as a background for the pure tints of her skin, and the cold north light warmed itself in the brightness of her hair. As Walford came in she rose, with calm welcome, but no surprise. He, on his part, was far from calm.

"I ought not to have come," he said in an agitated voice, "but I was irresistibly impelled."

"Don't you think it is often like that?" she responded—"that the leading comes, if we submit ourselves to the guidance of the Spirit?"

"That is a beautiful thought."

"Yes, to me it is very beautiful. I often think that the prophets and holy men of old differed from other men in just this—their willingness to be led by the Spirit. Is n't it Isaiah who says: 'As for me, the secret is not revealed to me for any wisdom that I have more than any living'? It was just submissiveness, was n't it?"

"Thank you!" said Walford, fervently. "I shall use that text for a sermon some day. The words of the sermon will be mine, but the inspiration will be yours. Do you know the meaning of your name? It signifies 'Victory.' I shall always think of it after this."

"What a privilege I shall have to look forward to in going home, Mr. Walford, to sit under your preaching, to be led by your example and influence! When I was in America before, my soul was starved for spiritual companionship. My life lay among people—well, people like my cousin, Mrs. Blythe. Dear Anne! She is so sympathetic in her manner that one is with her a long time before he finds out that she is heartless."

"Really heartless?"

"I wish I could think of some kinder word to describe her lack of feeling. You have noticed it already, I am sure, or nothing should tempt me to speak of it."

"I have noticed a certain lack—"

"Of course you have. A man of your sensitive fiber was sure to. And then, the levity with which she takes serious subjects. I could not admire enough the patience with which you treated her there at San Marco."

Walford felt as if his crumpled self-respect had been handed back to him, neatly pressed and folded, and altogether almost as good as new. He wrapped himself in it as in a garment. It seemed good to get back to it.

"Oh, one must have patience!" he murmured. "It would ill become a priest to judge others harshly. But Mrs. Blythe—what development of her character do you look for?"

"That," said Eunice, "will depend on the man whom she marries. Anne has very little original force. Her tone is al-

ways drawn from those around her. You who see everything have seen that too."

"And is there any one with whom you think her marriage likely?"

"Have you ever thought of Mr. Fleming?"

Walford started, and for an instant he felt a distinct pang; but it was not real.

"He is a very ardent champion," he said.

"'Champion'—that is just the word. The man who marries Mrs. Blythe will find many things which can be neither reasoned nor explained away—they must be *championed*. I admire Mr. Fleming in spite of his coldness and his satisfaction with himself. I am sure I wish Anne much happiness if she gets him—that is, if circumstances draw them together. If they marry, you know, it will make a strange difference in Anne's position and mine relatively."

"Yes, I have heard."

"I often think—one cannot but think sometimes of these things—what I should do if her millions should by chance fall into my hands—what I should do with them."

"What would you do?"

"I think, for one thing, I should found a school of sacred music in New York—right in the center of materialism, in the very core of unbelief and indifference. What a triumph to battle with them through something so impalpable, so gentle, and yet so subduing as music!"

"It is an inspiration."

Eunice dropped her needle and fixed her eyes beyond Walford. "Yes, I would build an exquisite chapel in connection with some church like St. Simeon's. I would fill it with sacred relics of the Old World, with tapestries and frescos and fonts and choir-stalls from the churches over here. I would have the finest organ the world could produce—not over-powerful, you know, but perfect in harmony; and there, with all that beauty around them, the musicians should be trained to render Bach and Handel and Palestrina, and at Easter we would give the 'Messiah' with a noble chorus!"

Walford looked at her with reverence.

"Such a vision," he exclaimed, "could not come to you unless Heaven meant to make you the instrument of its fulfilment."

"I have thought that too; indeed, it was so strongly impressed upon me at the time of my uncle Richard's death that I almost

felt it a matter of conscience to contest the will; but an inward voice bade me wait and told me that Cousin Anne's marriage was only a matter of time. You see," she added, smiling gently, "the inward voice was right."

"And the vision will be fulfilled."

Walford looked at her with ardent eyes. She answered in low, level tones: "I only fear that I should not be equal to its fulfilment. My judgment is not sound enough, my will not firm enough."

Walford moved from his chair to the corner of the sofa opposite Eunice Yates. The window behind cast a nimbus of light round her head, softly silhouetted against the sky. Her beauty stole his judgment.

When he spoke again his voice faltered:

"Did you ever know a *man* worthy in any respect of such a trust?"

The gray eyes opened large upon him. No word was spoken, yet the silence thrilled with meaning.

Walford breathed hard. He took up the skein of embroidery silk and twisted it nervously in his fingers. One of the signs of his lack of early social training was the necessity of doing something with his hands, especially when under any strain or stress.

"Miss Yates!" he said at last; then lower, "Eunice!"

A cool hand fluttered toward him. He caught and held it while he went on:

"Would you count it presumption if I thrust my life-problem upon you?"

Eunice simply looked at him; but he seemed to find the answer of her eyes sufficient and satisfactory, for he went on:

"From the moment I first saw you there in the Fiesole garden I felt that you had a message for me—that Heaven meant you to be more than a stranger; that our destinies were somehow twisted together, like this silk I have been tangling hopelessly here."

"Never mind—the silk, I mean. As for the other, I felt it too; and yet how easily we might have missed each other!"

"It could not have been, Eunice—it could not. The beings whom fate decrees to be something to each other cannot evade their destiny. It is vain for seas or mountains to set up their barriers between such. As to refusing to heed the call of soul to soul, the blade of grass might as well refuse to bend before the wind. When affinity asserts itself it is absolute, com-

pellng, and will be obeyed. Therefore I shall make no excuses for laying bare my heart to you."

Eunice sighed; but it was not the sigh of melancholy.

"When I was a mere boy," Walford went on, keeping meanwhile a lookout toward the door, lest some one should be overhearing, "I was fired with the desire to be of use in the world. When men praised my eloquence, a mere trick of speech in my own eyes, I only asked to be allowed to lay it as an acceptable sacrifice on the altar of the Lord. Then I read of Damien and of how he had given up his life to the service of the lepers. Ah! you shudder; but it is because you think of the trials and not of the rewards. I felt that nothing would make me happier than to follow in his footsteps. I made my plans; I was ready to go. I went to Bishop Alston and begged him to bless my mission and receive my vows."

"And he," questioned Eunice, leaning forward, "what did he say? Did he not plead against such a sacrifice?"

"'Sacrifice'—that was what he called it, and the word startled me. Not that I thought of my own paltry life—I felt that I had flung that ahead of me into the battle, as Douglas flung the heart of Bruce; but I said to myself: 'What if it were a sacrifice in the higher sense? What if in another field my gifts would serve a deeper need and in a wider sphere?'"

"Yes, indeed," Eunice murmured; "you ought surely to think of that."

"The feeling has grown upon me—I confess it has—as my eyes have been opened to the many avenues of the world's work. More than that, I have been brought to see the moral leprosy which exists, not far off, but close at our doors, there in New York, where the lepers are not even in the slums, but live in rich men's palaces and eat at rich men's tables. I have asked myself: 'Have I any right to turn away from such as these, my brethren, to give myself to strangers and aliens?'"

"A man of your breadth and depth of spiritual experience was sure to come to that—you could not escape it."

"You think so, Eunice—you really think so?"

"To me it is as clear as sunlight on crystal. The Lord adapts men to the work which He has for them to do. If He had

really meant you for this missionary service of which you dreamed in your young enthusiasm, He would have given you a sturdy body and a phlegmatic soul capable of long resistance to disease, and calmness in the face of the sufferings of others. Instead He has endowed you with an exquisite sensitiveness of nature, attuned you to all beauty, and then bestowed upon you the incomparable gift of eloquence to move the hearts of your fellow-men and stir in them noble impulses to all divine aspirations. Do not, I beg of you, do not throw away this heaven-sent opportunity; do not ignore this unmistakable leading of Providence."

"I cannot tell you how it helps me to have you speak with such a fervor of conviction. I will not deny that it chimes in with the conclusions of my own judgment; but I so feared to be misled by any considerations of self."

"The only danger will lie in considering yourself too little. It is an arduous work on which you are entering, if you decide to labor in the home vineyard."

"It is—I appreciate that; but that only makes it the better worth while. I have laid my problem before you, Eunice, and I am resolved to abide by your decision. You know the circumstances—you know how I long to go; but you can estimate, perhaps better than I can myself, the need of me where I am. Which shall it be? Shall I stay or go?"

"Believe me, you should stay. Your field, your calling, your career, your duty, all lie in New York."

"But, Eunice, like you, I fear to enter upon this new life, this changed career, alone. If I go out among the lepers, my course is clear—I give up at the outset all that makes life dear to most men; but if I remain among my fellows, I must live as men live—to reach and influence them I must be thoroughly one of them; so you see you have solved only half my problem, after all."

Eunice looked down with an air of sweet and bashful bewilderment.

"What can I say? How do you wish me to answer?"

"By looking into your own heart and telling me what you find there. Is it love? Do you even feel that it ever might be love?"

"How can I tell? Woman's love is but

an echo, and her heart only whispers the word in answer to a man's voice."

"The man's voice is speaking now, Eunice. It says: 'I love you.'"

"Are you sure of yourself—sure that no other woman rules your heart?"

"Not my heart—I see clearly now that it is only my fancy that has been touched before now. My heart was left for you. For the first time I feel that I have reached the full stature of manhood and learned what love means. I have met a woman who can enter into my highest hopes and my deepest feelings. I love you, Eunice. Tell me that you love me too!"

"The time has been so short!"

"Short? Not if you count it by heartbeats."

"No; but short to forget that other woman."

"Listen, Eunice! I admit that I have spent the last year under the spell of a woman far different from you. I was deceived,—bitterly deceived,—and I have had a cruel awakening. I could scarcely have borne it, I think, but that just when my grief was heaviest and my need sorest, you appeared, and I knew my dream of perfect womanhood was not all a dream—that in your keeping lay peace."

Eunice laid down her work, folded her long white hands before her, and sank back. Every line of her figure suggested the repose for which Walford's soul was yearning. His pulses throbbed, his senses swam, he felt himself dizzy with the wine of hope.

"Dearest!" he said, leaning forward and suddenly raising the hand to his lips, "my destiny lies in these white hands of yours. Am I to go alone—or to stay—with you?"

"Stay—with me!" whispered Eunice.

And the soul of Stuart Walford went out like the flame of a candle in the wind.

XIII

MISERICORDIA

"Blind and deaf that we are; oh, think if thou yet love anybody living, wait not till death sweep down the paltry little dust-clouds and idle dissonances of the moment and all be at last so mournfully clear and beautiful when it is too late!"

"GEORGE, I have made up my mind to send for your father."

"Don't! For Heaven's sake, *don't!*"

As he spoke, the boy raised himself from the pillows on the lounge against which he had been leaning, and looked pleadingly at Fleming.

Fleming laughed; but there was a catch at his throat. He had grown immensely fond of George Newton. We love people more for what we are to them than what they are to us; but aside from the fact that he had been good to the boy and felt a corresponding glow of heart toward him, he had come to feel a distinct interest in this idealistic, inarticulate, beauty-loving nature which could only feel, and so rarely succeeded in making itself felt. The evident bodily frailness and insecure tenure of life, too, lent their added charm. The death of a youth thrills us with the pathos of the unfulfilled, and Fleming's tenderness vibrated more and more to these minor chords. He did not dare to look into the future. Every week was forcing home upon him the conviction that George's days were numbered, and he could only console himself with the reflection that they were the happiest of the boy's life.

He crushed back the melancholy which weighed heavily on his soul, and answered George's protest with a smile, repeating:

"Yes, I shall certainly send for him. I shall tell him that your devotion to Miss Yates is becoming a matter of public notoriety and making the Florentine hair to stand on end, that you took cold the other day walking in the wind to the Mercato Nuovo to buy roses for your *inamorata*, and that, in short, I can't manage you, and he must come and take charge."

"Now, Mr. Fleming, you would n't joke like that—not with *Father!*"

"See here, Master George! I have a great respect for your father, and being of a weak and impressionable nature, I have more respect than ever since he has taken all these medals and made his place in the scientific world; but I don't know that he has yet attained that awful height of greatness where it is blasphemy to joke with him."

"That is n't what I mean. You may joke about yourself as much as you like, but don't say anything about me! I would n't have him come on my account."

"But he is in London. What would it be for him to run down to Florence? He might do that just to see the pictures, you

know, not to mention such a trifling matter as his son."

"Oh, he wouldn't want to come,—I'm sure he would n't,—and he'll be no end put out at the thought of coming here. He grudges every day away from his laboratory."

"Put out!" exclaimed Fleming, his irritation with Newton finding its way to the surface in spite of himself. "Put out by being sent for to look after his boy?"

"Oh, Father does n't care much about me, you know; we were never chummy in the way you and I are."

"And your mother—were you and she chums?"

"Well, no. Not exactly."

"And yet you are anxious to go home?"

"Yes; I want to see my dog."

"But you can't talk music to your dog."

"Indeed I do—talk to him by the hour together, and play to him, too. Next to him, I'd rather talk to you than to any one else in the world."

"Except Miss Yates," interrupted Fleming, in a mocking voice.

George laughed; but the flush in his face deepened.

"Never mind about her," he said, "but promise me you won't send for my father. You may try to put it off on Miss Yates, but I know why you're sending; and there's no need, really there is n't."

"Well, well, there's plenty of time to think it over, and we will not decide anything in a hurry; only don't get excited, old man! Put your feet up—so—and I'll spread the rug over them."

"What a duffer a man is at taking care of sick people!" Fleming thought as he folded the rug, which suddenly seemed to become all corners and fringe.

Some one knocked at the door, and a bell-boy came in, bringing a tray loaded with hothouse grapes and jonquils.

"For Mr. Newton."

George kicked away the rug and jumped up to take the card, but his face fell as he read it. "They're from Mrs. Blythe," he said, "and the card's partly to you. It asks if she can see Mr. Fleming at the door of the hotel for a moment."

"Yes," said Fleming, "say that I will come down at once; and, George, if you won't be lonely I'll turn in at the smoking-room and smoke my cigar before I come up. It would n't do to set you coughing with it up here."

"All right," George answered cheerfully. "Thank Mrs. Blythe for the flowers and the grapes."

"And shall I add that you would have liked them a little better if they had come from Miss Yates?"

Fleming did not wait for a reply, but seized his hat and made his way with rapid strides down the stairs, through the long corridor, and out into the street, bright with the slant light of the setting sun.

An open carriage was drawn up by the curb, and Mrs. Blythe sat in it, looking absently down the street, so absently that she started when Fleming spoke her name.

"I have come to inquire for George," she said; "you seemed worried about him the other night."

"How did you know that?"

"Oh, I saw it from your way of looking at him. I've been thinking about him since, and last night, as I looked down on the mist lying over the river, I decided that he ought not to be here in all this dampness."

"I think that you are perfectly right," said Fleming. "George has grown steadily worse here, and I should have taken him south again before this, but we came here to consult Dr. Branchi, and his tests and diagnosis take time. As soon as we get results I shall write to the boy's father, for, to tell the truth, I don't feel like taking the responsibility any longer."

"I should n't think that you would, certainly not here in this dismal hotel. And all that you say fits in with my plans. I want you to bring George up to the villa and let us help you to take care of him till his father comes, at any rate, and then we can decide."

Fleming shook his head with emphasis; but before he could speak Mrs. Blythe went on: "Now, remember, this is n't an invitation to you at all, except as George's guardian. It's to him, and you have no right to decline it, if you believe that the high and dry air of Fiesole is better for him than the dampness of this malarial old Lungarno. We have a room facing south and opening on a loggia where he can sit in the sun all day."

Fleming hesitated. "Oh, we could not—we must not!" he exclaimed, sorely tempted. "It would mean such a lot of bother for you. Why should you?"

"It is only my plain duty," Anne answered.

Fleming put his foot up on the step and leaned against the coachman's seat.

"Do you remember," he said, smiling, "a young woman who told me a year ago that doing her duty meant doing what did n't please her in order that some one else might do what pleased him, and that in the end there was no gain in social economy?"

"To tell you the truth, it was not exactly duty that brought me."

"What, then?"

"The reasons are personal to myself."

"And are not to be inquired into?"

"Precisely."

"Perhaps I could guess. May I?"

"No—yes—you may guess three times."

"And you will answer?"

"Three times—no more."

"Here goes, then: It is a strict penance."

"Not at all. Is n't my uncle a bishop?"

"True. I had n't thought of that. Indulgences ought to come more easily. But I have two more guesses. Oh, I know: You are troubled with cats at the villa, and you wish George to play his violin to them. A sweet revenge, but scarcely worthy of you!"

"George plays very well, as you know."

"So that is not it, and I have only one guess left. You promised to answer truly?"

Mrs. Blythe nodded, though she kept her eyes fastened to the gilt buttons on the back of the coachman's coat.

"You are doing it because you think I am tired and you know I am a duffer."

No answer.

"Is that it?"

Mrs. Blythe raised her parasol to shield her eyes from the sun.

"Is that it?"

"Tell Luigi to drive on, please."

"Luigi will not move at present except over my dead body."

"Mr. Fleming, you are not civil."

"It is only my civility which prevents my observing that you are not truthful."

"Truthfulness," said Mrs. Blythe, "is a much overrated virtue."

"I thought that you objected to the absence of it in Miss Yates."

"It is a small nature which twists people with their confidences."

"But to return to the original subject."

"I will tell you, perhaps—at the villa. I shall send the carriage at noon to-morrow."

"Mrs. Blythe—"

The Bishop came out of a shop close at hand and stood on the curb, waiting for the carriage. Anne closed her parasol.

"Till to-morrow, then. *A rivederci!* Drive on, Luigi."

Mrs. Blythe bowed. Fleming withdrew his foot from the step of the carriage and raised his hat. The driver cracked his whip, and the carriage rattled down the street. Fleming entered the smoking-room of the hotel, seating himself by a window which gave a view of the open square.

He drew out a cigar and lighted it; but it went out several times, because he was too absent-minded to keep it going. The sun sank lower and lower, and darkness grew in the room. Darkness grew in his soul, too. He blamed himself for yielding to the temptation of Mrs. Blythe's invitation. It was best for George, of course; but some other way might have been devised. Here he was deliberately putting himself in a position where his resolutions would be tried to the utmost, and he had come to a time of life when he realized that the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation," was no vain petition; that nine tenths of the broken vows, the falls from purpose, come from the failure to make the stand soon enough. Well, it was too late to consider all that now; and, after all, it was only for a few days.

He looked out of the window. A band was playing lively airs in the center of the square. Then the retreat sounded, and the little Italian soldiers scurried from all quarters toward the barracks, leaving the square empty and desolate except where the moon, rising slowly through the translucent dusk, laid her pale bars of light across the pavement. It grew darker. The moonlight dappled the square with still pools of splendor. The bulk of the houses rose black against them.

There are some temperaments to which moonlight is profoundly depressing. Fleming's spirits sank steadily as he sat gazing into the deserted square, so like life—the noise and mirth and hurrying to and fro, and then the darkness and the reflection from the dead planet, type of the future of our world.

As if in response to his thoughts, a black-robed procession bearing torches moved slowly through the space, and Fleming recognized the brothers of the Misericordia

on their way to fulfil the last sad offices for the dead. The sight chimed with his mood. Taking up his hat, he passed out into the street and followed in the wake of the funeral train till it turned a corner and was lost in the courtyard of a palace.

Fleming stood still, with uncovered head, looking after it. The moon shone full upon his face and also upon a man on the other side of the narrow street. It was Stuart Walford.

The two men recognized each other instantly. Walford crossed the street. Fleming made a motion to walk on; Walford took his arm, and walked on with him toward the Ponte Santa Trinita.

"There is something I wish to say to you," Walford began hesitatingly, "and I don't just know how to say it."

"So many things are better left unsaid, don't you think?"

"Still I feel as if I ought to say this."

"Very well."

"It's about what we were talking of at Mrs. Blythe's musicale."

"About Mrs. Blythe?"

"Yes, about Mrs. Blythe. It was all a mistake. I should n't want you to go on believing a mistake."

"I was in no danger. I knew Mrs. Blythe. But you—how did you discover your mistake? Who told you that it was not true?"

"She told me herself."

"You asked her?"

Fleming's tone cut like a whip-lash. Walford answered tremulously:

"No; I did n't ask her. I simply handed her a letter which I had been asked to hand to her. It was the letter which accused her."

The two men had reached the bridge and stopped, facing each other. Fleming let a long pause fall; then he said slowly:

"Had you read that letter?"

Walford's face whitened in the moonlight. He half turned, and leaning on the railing of the bridge, he stared at the sluggish river, gleaming in the moonlight, dark brown in the shadow of the bank. His silence pleaded for mercy, but Fleming was relentless. "You *had* read the letter, I see," he persisted. "Had you been asked to read it?"

Walford bent his face till it was quite in shadow. "A dying woman gave it to me," he began.

"It was Renée Jaudon, I suppose."

"Yes, it was. She sent for me there in the hospital when she was dying. She gave me the letter, and she said she trusted me with it fully and entirely. I understood that she trusted me to use my judgment in the matter."

"Did she say all that, or did she only say she trusted you?"

"I know of no obligation on my part, Mr. Fleming, to submit to this catechism from you. I felt that I owed it to myself as a gentleman to leave you under no misapprehension as to Mrs. Blythe. There my duty ends."

Fleming appeared scarcely to hear him. "Renée Jaudon broke her faith with us," he said calmly, "and you broke your faith with her. I am not surprised in either case. Good night, Mr. Walford."

Fleming took off his hat with that formal courtesy which men assume to protect themselves from intimacy, and turning on his heel, he strode away in the direction of the hotel, muttering under his breath a single word, "Cad!"

Blair Fleming passed for a good-natured man. In reality he was capable of such rage as few men know; but he had long ago learned that he could not afford to let it get beyond his lips. Consequently not many of those who knew him were aware of its heights and depths. To-night, however, the flood-gates were open, and to himself he gave free vent to the rush of indignant contempt in his soul.

"Anne Blythe in love with such a thing as *that!*" he exclaimed aloud, as he strode solitary under the shadow of the wide-corniced buildings and recalled Mrs. Blythe's smiling confession to him at the musicale. "In love with *him!* I'd rather see her married to Tom Yates. Vulgarian as he is, he's a man at least, and an honest one. But to the end of the chapter women will go on falling in love with these sentimentalists in spite of all that other men can say or do."

Fleming rushed along faster and faster, his hands thrust deep in the pockets of his coat, his head thrown back, and his eyes fixed on the stars, which seemed to twinkle from over the house-tops with such friendly sympathy that he blurted his heart out to them, and they looked down as patiently as though no lover had ever before sought their consolation or poured out doubts and

despair and anger and love under their kindly light.

In his absorption Fleming twice passed the door of his hotel; but on reaching it the third time he turned in. Passing the door of the smoking-room, he saw it lighted, and noticed a copy of the London "Times" lying on the table. He went in and took it up, thinking that he might chance upon Newton's name. He was not disappointed. Under the heading of "An American Honored by Scientists" he saw an account of a dinner to be given to Newton at the Hotel Cecil on the 20th—the 20th, and this was the 14th. That meant that he must wait until the function was over.

And yet, a week at Mrs. Blythe's, in her presence daily and with the easy familiarity of a household guest—could he carry it through, he wondered, carry it through and make no sign?

"Well, George," he said to himself, as he slowly mounted the steps, "I'd do a good deal for you; but this is the toughest thing that could be asked of me."

xiv

"ONE DESTROYED THE YOUNG PLANTS"

"Soon or late, sardonic Fate
With man against himself conspires;
Puts on the mask of his desires:
Up the steps of Time elate
Leads him blinded with his pride,
And gathering, as he goes along,
The fuel of his suicide."

"To our Guest, the Representative of American Scientists.

'Men our brothers, men the workers, ever seeking something new.'

This was the toast to which Dr. Newton rose to respond after the dinner given in his honor at the Cecil by the most distinguished group of the Royal Society.

"I have to thank you, gentlemen," he said, "for two things in connection with this toast: first, for selecting the line from the only poem with which I am familiar; and next, for giving me so good a text for the things I should like to say:

"'Brothers' and 'workers.' If there is any set of men on God's earth to whom these words are applicable, it is the men of science. They of all professions have done

most to make life contributive rather than competitive. Whatever one has learned has been fully laid open for the teaching and advancement of the rest; whatever one accomplishes is rejoiced in by all, and in return there is no reward to which the scientist looks with such eagerness as to the approval of other scientists.

"As one of your most distinguished members once said: 'The sole order of nobility which, in my judgment, becomes a philosopher is the rank which he holds in the estimation of his fellow-workers, who are the only competent judges in such matters.'

"With this in mind, you will have no difficulty in understanding the depth of my gratitude and my appreciation of such a tribute as this to me, and through me to my American fellow-workers."

From this beginning the speaker went on to indicate the lines along which America was likely to make her special contribution to scientific work, the vast fields of observation offered by her great West, the prodigious sums of money poured into her lap to support scientific investigation and exploration, the growing number of institutions existing for special research, and finally the restless energy which had flooded the country with material wealth and now was turning its force into the channels dug for it by the scientific workers of the Old World, men to whom Americans were in no danger of forgetting their indebtedness. They only asked the privilege of repaying some fragment of the debt by their own contribution.

"I profoundly hope," he ended, "that the years to come may prove our right to add the other line of the couplet from which you quote:

"That which they have done but earnest of
the things that they shall do."

Newton had a confused sense of clapping and cheering as he took his seat, but he was too much bewildered by the scene around him to realize it fully. The electric lights struck sharply in his eyes and dazzled him, the fumes of the wine seemed to go to his brain.

Could this be really he, Maxwell Newton, whose praises were being sounded by speaker after speaker? And the speakers themselves, could they be live men, and

not the frontispieces of the books that lined his library shelves at home? Was it possible that the toast-master was that leader of English scientific thought whom he had dreamed of meeting some day? that the man on the right, shaking him by the hand, was the Sir John Larned, F.R.S., whose book on the "Genesis of Instinct" had first turned his thoughts to the theme which had grown into his life-work?

The first volume of Newton's work on Cellular Psychology had been published only a little more than three months, and already he found himself a marked man.

His paper on "Æsthesia and Tropesis in the Atom" had carried off the honors of the meeting of the Association for Scientific Research yesterday. To-night at the dinner it had been the topic most widely and hotly discussed, and he who had been a solitary worker felt for the first time the electric current which runs through such a gathering, quickening every fiber of the mind, raising every faculty to its highest power, making the unattainable the possible, and the difficult the desirable.

Moreover, in this company Newton had known the crowning satisfaction of finding himself "not least, but honored of them all."

He wore the "invidious purple" of fame with a pride far above the cheap gratification of vanity, rather with a high sense of responsibility and the thrill of an immense impetus to carry forward the work which brought such rewards. He was not yet fifty. Twenty years of splendid activity should lie before him. Life opened out large and luminous.

The elation was still upon him when the dinner was over and the party broke up. He and Larned came out of the hotel together, and stood for an instant on the steps lighting their cigars, sharply outlined against the light which streamed through the plate-glass of the doors behind them.

"A foggy night," said Newton, peering out toward the Strand through the gray mist.

"Yes, foggy even for London," Larned answered.

The man at the entrance touched his hat and "'oped they'd get safe 'ome, sirs."

"He evidently doubts our ability to take care of ourselves after a dinner," said Larned. "Shall we have this cab?"

"Thanks! But if you'd as lief, I'd

rather walk," Newton answered; "I shall sleep better to put in a bit of exercise between that dinner and bed."

"It was a great ovation," said Larned, cordially, "but disappointing as these big public affairs always are from the point of talk. I'd like it if you would breakfast with me at the Athenaeum to-morrow at twelve, and we'll get hold of two or three other men who will be specially interested to talk over your paper. By the way, you will publish it, of course."

"I think not—certainly not at present," Newton answered. "It is in a sense copyrighted by this semi-public reading, and before publishing it I shall spend two or three years in verifying and qualifying. It is a weakness of my countrymen to rush into print with half-digested theories."

"Not a weakness of yours!" Larned exclaimed, with enthusiasm; "your work has roundness, solidity, force."

"Thank you; there is nothing I would rather hear said of it; but I feel its shortcomings. We are babies in science compared with you fellows over here; but I am learning something of your secret of concentration and limitation. I have made up my mind to devote the rest of my life to the study of psychoplasm."

Larned murmured something about "being on your guard against narrowing influences."

"Narrowing, my dear Sir John! Why, there is nothing between heaven and hell toward which it does not reach out. Life and death and immortality are involved in the question of cellular psychic activities. The only trouble is that so little can be done toward solving the problems in a single lifetime; but I have a son."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, a boy of sixteen. I intend that he shall follow in my footsteps, and I hope that he will go much further. He should, with all I can teach him and with the facilities which I shall be able to place at his command."

"And the boy—is he interested to pursue this branch of work?"

It was the same question which Fleming had asked, and its iteration irritated Newton's overstrung nerves. "It must interest him. It shall!" he went on insistently. "What in the world is really worth living for but such work as mine?"

"It is a great work. I'm not denying

that. Still I don't believe in forcing any one into it. I have five boys of my own. Not one of them cares a penny about my interests, and they all hate the sight of my laboratory."

"And you don't insist upon it?"

"Not I. If the beggars prefer boating and cricket, why, let them. I took the responsibility of bringing them into the world, and the least I can do, now they're here, is to give them a happy boyhood. At least, that's the way I look at it."

"After all," said Newton, "what we or our children accomplish amounts to very little. The individual is only the fly on the chariot-wheel. All we can say is that it is better to be the fly on the wheel than the log that stops its progress even for an instant."

"Yes," assented Larned; "there is a kind of dizzy delight in feeling the motion of the wheel under us. But, after all, it is only *one* of the pleasures of life!"

Newton threw open his coat and took in a deep breath of the night air.

"This sort of thing makes me homesick for my laboratory," he said. "All these social functions are pleasant and stimulating; but, for the pure joy of living, give me the solitude of the study, when there is no one to disturb you, and you can go nosing about among the secrets which nature shuts up in her closets. I can't imagine anything making a man really unhappy while he has his work."

"I can," Larned began; but Newton broke in: "No! Science is all-satisfying—all-absorbing. We must look to her for the joys which men used to find in religion."

Larned shook his head doubtfully.

"I question," he said, "whether science can ever supply us with all-sufficing happiness, because she makes no response to the emotions. She is a Galatea for whom we may break our hearts, but we cannot make her feel. She has no tenderness for humanity, let them slave as they will in her service."

"But the service, man! The service *is* the reward and the satisfaction and the glory. For myself I ask nothing beyond. It suffices. These are my lodgings," he added, as they stopped before a red brick house with white trimmings. "Is it too late to ask you to come in? Good night, then."

"Good night. And I will look for you at twelve to-morrow at the Athenæum."

Newton went up the steps with the lightness which is born of elation and simulates youth. He turned the key in the door of his room and entered. Sardonic fate gave no warning of what awaited him within.

The landlady had looked after his comfort. A glowing bed of coals freshly raked lay in the grate, and a kettle simmered on the hob. Newton warmed his hands before the fire for a moment, then went to the closet, brought out a gray earthenware jug, poured a portion of whisky into a tumbler, and added hot water from the kettle.

He sat down in an apoplectic chair, fatly cushioned, and covered in purple-red reps. The glass stood on the table beside him, and as he lifted it he saw for the first time a pile of envelopes leaning against the lamp. The upper one bore an American stamp. It was in his wife's handwriting, and he opened it first, as in duty bound.

Mrs. Newton wrote for the pleasure of the sender rather than the receiver of the letter, and she was not skilled in the art of selection. All the events of the day had equal value in her eyes, and found equal prominence on the pages traced with her large round characters. The vines had been planted, but the gardener was terribly upset because the order came so late, and she was sure she did not know what she could have done about it. How could she let him know any earlier, when Newton would not answer the questions about it in his last letter, and did he think it was quite fair, when she was taking all the trouble, that he should n't even answer a simple question?

Newton's eye traveled rapidly over the page. One can read rapidly when he is not afraid of missing anything. On the next sheet it transpired that the dog had caught a hedgehog and that some of the quills were still lodged in the roof of his mouth. She wished he would ask some of the scientific gentlemen he was meeting what would be the best lotion for a dog's mouth. The carpets ought to be taken up and beaten, but she had decided to wait till fall and send them to the Steam Cleaning Company. She missed George and was glad her husband was having such a good time in London. For herself, she preferred America. Europeans all took their breakfast in bed and had other untidy habits,

and she was his affectionate wife, Ida Wilkins Newton.

When Newton had finished reading the letter, he folded it neatly, returned it to the envelope, and laid it on the bed of coals, where it turned bright for a time, and then reverted to its original dullness. Newton had never acquired the habit of preserving his wife's letters.

Having disposed of this, he looked over the other envelopes in the pile, and after sorting out and putting aside an unimportant half-dozen, he took up a square one, broke the seal, then drew the lamp nearer, and settled back in his chair as he unfolded the sheet of paper—"the fuel of his suicide." The letter was from Fleming.

DEAR NEWTON [it ran]: I hate to break in upon your gala week there in London with bad tidings, but they won't keep. I'm afraid that I've held my tongue too long. George seemed so much better while we were in Naples that I thought the turn for the better had come. Then we came up to Rome, and something went wrong. We had sunny rooms, and never went out at night; but in spite of all, the cough came back, and things have gone from bad to worse. We hurried on to Florence to see Dr. Branchi, who withheld his verdict till to-day. When I saw him this morning he shook his head and said he thought the boy's father should be notified. Of course we all hope that things may turn out brighter than they look just now. George himself is hopeful, talks confidently of going home, and would by no means forgive me if he knew I was writing to you. Perhaps when you come you will find him so much better that you will fall on me with deserved imprecations for giving you an unnecessary fright; if not—

Here the letter ended abruptly, as if the writer had been suddenly called away and only took time, on returning to his writing, to scrawl "Blair Fleming" at the end, followed by a hasty postscript:

The doctor thinks you'd better come at once.

When he had finished reading, Newton turned the page and began again, forcing himself to take in the meaning of the words and the weightier meaning that lay between the words; then he laid the letter on the table, and smoothed it out with trembling fingers. As he sank back, his face showed drawn and pallid against the purple-red of the chair. His eyes were fixed upon the graying ashes in the grate; but they saw

nothing. So this was the end. He seemed to have known it all along now. In a vault of his subliminal consciousness this ghost had been shut up; now it had burst its cerements and would not down. No, never again! *Doomed!*

"By that one word hitting the center of a boundless sorrow."

George was doomed. He could not quite take it in yet; his mind felt too numb to grasp it; but he knew that it was so. With the acceptance of the fact he seemed to feel the clods of the grave falling on himself. He had accepted long ago with calmness the relinquishment of individual immortality; but all the more he had clung to the idea of race-perpetuation and the continuance by one of his line of the work which he had begun. This alone seemed to make it worth while by lending a semblance of permanence to what was otherwise but the shadow of a moth's wing outlived for a moment against the light.

George doomed! Suddenly a rush of human tenderness drove out all abstract reasoning. His boy lost, gone forever, perhaps even now while he sat passive there in his arm-chair. Unconsciously his lowered eyes fell upon the decoration on his coat. How full of meaning it had been but an hour ago! How empty now! He was a physician and had not been able to save his own child! A wave of remorse swept over the man and buried him in its bitter depths. Alas! it was not skill that had been lacking, but will. His life had made its own channels and would not let itself be diverted by an inch. He had meant that his son's life, too, should be merged in the same current and swell its volume before it reached the sea. He had neglected the boy! He had shut his eyes to danger until it was too late—*too late!* The thought stung him beyond endurance. He rose hastily, and unpinning his medal from his breast, held it in his hand over the table, where the light of the lamp fell full upon its glittering circle. There it lay—the symbol of the success for which he had sacrificed everything, which had seemed so tangible, so full, so satisfying, and now was turned to a child's toy in his hand. Work and fame he had coveted for his portion, and they had fallen to his share in abundance, yet hope lay



Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick.
“‘WOULD YOU COUNT IT PRESUMPTION IF I THRUST MY LIFE-PROBLEM UPON YOU?’”

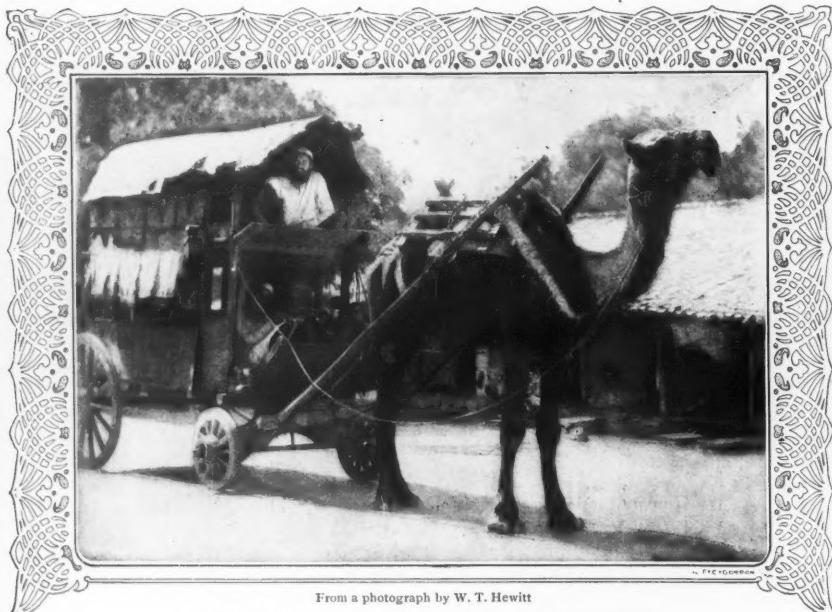
dead in his heart. What was it all worth to him now? His son, his only son, was the sacrifice.

The twenty years of splendid activity which had loomed glorious before him

looked now like a twenty-mile pilgrimage, each mile marked by a gravestone.

The clock on the mantel ticked dully on, then gathered itself with a whirring effort, struck three, and stopped.

(To be continued)



From a photograph by W. T. Hewitt

A BIT OF OLD INDIA—CAMEL-CART AT FATEHGARH

ECONOMIC CHANGES IN ASIA

BY THE REV. ARTHUR JUDSON BROWN, D.D.

Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, author of
"The New Era in the Philippines"

DURING a recent tour in Asia of nearly sixteen months (from February, 1901, to June, 1902), in which I visited Japan, Korea, China, the Philippines, Cochin China, Siam and Laos, the Straits Settlements, Burma, India, Syria, and Palestine, I found everywhere a deep interest in the changing economic conditions. The common people in Asia care little for politics, but the price of food and raiment touches every man, woman, and child at a sensitive point. Almost everywhere the old days of

cheap living are passing away. Steamers, railways, telegraphs, newspapers, labor-saving machinery, and the introduction of Western ideas are slowly but surely revolutionizing the Orient. Shantung wheat, which formerly had no market beyond a radius of a few dozen miles from the wheat-field, can now be shipped by railway and steamship to any part of the world, and in consequence every Chinese buyer has to pay more for it. In like manner new facilities for export have doubled, trebled, and in some places

quadrupled the price of rice in China, Siam, and Japan.

The depreciation in the value of silver has still further complicated the situation. The common Chinese tael, which formerly bought from fifteen hundred to eighteen hundred cash (the current coin of China), now buys only nine hundred and fifty cash. The Shanghai tael brings eight hundred and ninety-seven cash, and the Mexican dollar only six hundred and sixty-five. This, of course, means that the common people, who use only cash, have to pay a larger number of them for the necessities of life. The same difficulty is being felt to a greater or less extent in many other countries of Asia, while in China an already serious advance in prices is heightened by the heavy import taxes which have been levied to meet the indemnity imposed by the Western powers on account of the Boxer outbreak.

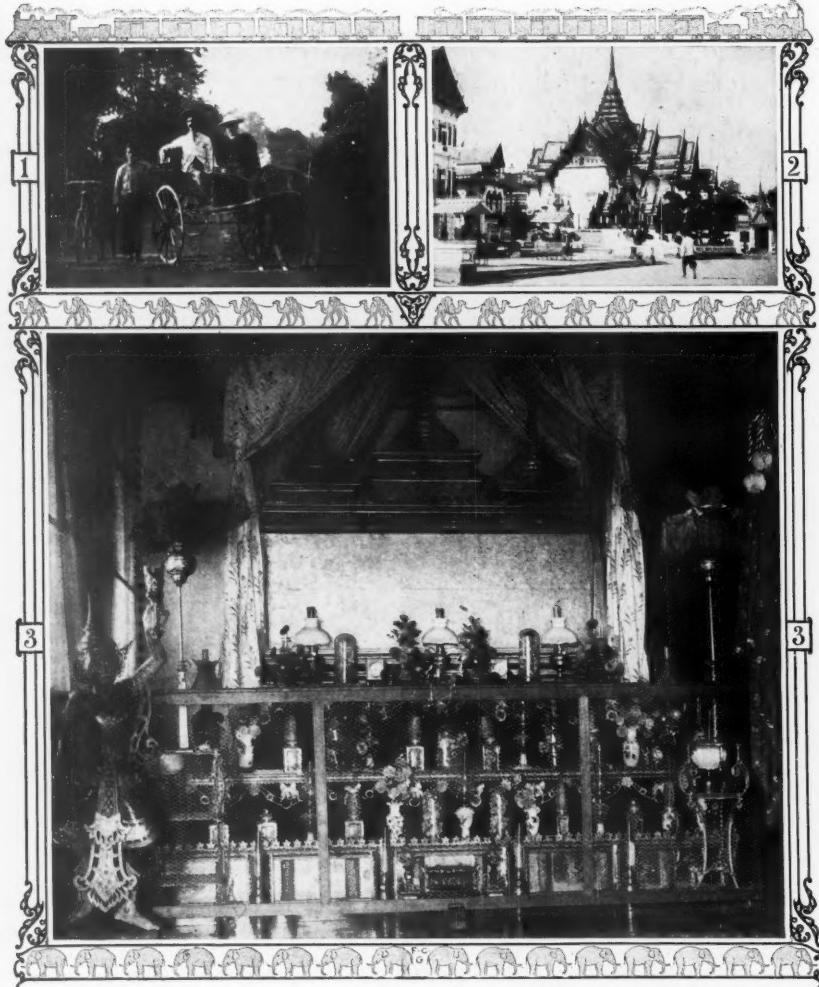
The prices of labor and materials have sharply advanced in consequence of the enormous demands incident to the construction of railways, with their stations, shops, and roundhouses; the vast engineering schemes of the Germans at Tsingtau and the British at Wei-hai Wei and the Russians at Port Arthur; the extensive scale on which the legations have rebuilt in Peking, the reconstruction of virtually the entire business portions of both Peking and Tientsin, as well as the coincident rebuilding of the mission stations of all religious bodies, Protestant and Catholic. It will be readily understood what all this activity means in a land where there are as yet but limited supplies of the kind of skilled laborers required for foreign buildings, and where the requisite materials must be imported from Europe and America by firms who "are not in China for their health."

It is futile to hope that the competition will be materially less next year, or the year after, or for many years to come. Commerce and politics are projecting works in China which will not be completed for a generation. Railway officials told me of projected lines which will require decades for construction. The German government not only spent eleven million marks in 1901 for streets, sewers, water and electric-light works, barracks, fortifications, wharves, and public buildings in Tsingtau, but it has voted twelve million five hundred thousand marks a year for ten years for deepening

and enlarging the inner harbor. China has entered upon an era of commercial development. The Western world has come to stay, and while there may be temporary reactions, as there have been at home, prices are not likely to return to their former level. There are vast interior regions which will not be affected for an indefinite period, but for the coast provinces primitive conditions are passing forever.

The knowledge of modern inventions and of other foods and articles has created new wants. The Chinese peasant is no longer content to burn bean-oil; he wants kerosene. In scores of humble Laos homes I saw American lamps costing twenty rupees apiece, and a magistrate proudly showed me a collection of nineteen of these shining articles. The narrow streets of Canton are brilliant with German and American chandeliers, and myriads of private houses throughout the empire are lighted by foreign lamps. The desire of the Asiatic to possess foreign lamps is equaled only by his passion for foreign clocks. The demand for clocks is insatiable. I counted twenty-seven in the private apartments of the Emperor of China, and my wife nineteen in the bedroom of the Empress Dowager, while cheaper ones tick to the delighted wonder of myriads of humbler people. The ambitious Syrian scorns the mud roof of his ancestors, and will be satisfied only with the bright red tiles imported from France. In almost every Asiatic city I visited, I found shops crowded with articles of foreign manufacture. "Made in Germany" is as familiar a phrase in Siam as in America. Many children in China are arrayed only in the atmosphere, but when I was in Tai-an-fu, in the far interior of Shantung, hundreds of parents were in consternation because the magistrate had just placarded the walls with an edict announcing that thereafter boys and girls must wear clothes, and that they would be arrested if found on the streets naked. In many out-of-the-way towns, as well as in all the large cities, I found men busily working American sewing-machines.

At a banquet recently given to the foreign ministers by the Emperor and the Empress Dowager in the famous Summer Palace, twelve miles from Peking, the distinguished guests cut York ham with Sheffield knives



1. RUBBER-TIRED AMERICAN DOG-CART AND AMERICAN BICYCLE IN LAMPUN, NORTHERN SIAM, SIX HUNDRED MILES NORTH OF BANGKOK, IN A REGION REACHED BY HOUSE-BOAT AND ELEPHANTS.

2. RESIDENCE PALACE OF THE KING OF SIAM, BANGKOK, LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY. THE PLANT IS FOREIGN. THERE ARE A FEW AMERICANS IN BUSINESS INDIVIDUALLY IN SIAM, BUT, AS YET, NO AMERICAN FIRMS.

3. FOREIGN LAMPS AROUND THE SARCOPHAGUS OF THE WIFE OF THE GOVERNOR AT LAOS, SIAM. THE SARCOPHAGUS IS IN THE LIVING-APARTMENTS OF THE HOUSE, AND HAD BEEN THERE NEARLY A YEAR WHEN THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN. THE SYMMETRICAL ARRANGEMENT OF THE LAMPS IS NOTEWORTHY.

and drank French wines out of German glasses. Everywhere articles of foreign manufacture are in demand, and shrewd Chinese merchants are stocking their shops with increasing quantities of European and American goods.

Dozens of other illustrations of a changed condition might be cited. Knowledge increases wants, and the Oriental is acquiring knowledge. He demands a hundred things to-day that his grandfather never heard of, and when he goes to the shops to buy his daily food, he finds that the new market for it which the foreigner has opened has increased the price.

Americans are the very last people who can consistently criticize this tendency in Asia. It is the foreigner who has created it, and the American is the most prodigal of all foreigners. I never realized until I visited other lands how extravagant is the scale of American life, not only among the rich, but among the so-called poor. My morning walk to my New York office takes me along Christopher street, and I have often seen in the garbage-cans of the tenements pieces of bread and meat and half-eaten vegetables and fruit which would give the average Asiatic the feast of a lifetime. In Europe, Americans are notorious as spendthrifts. In the Philippine Islands they have thrown about their money in a way which has constituted an era of reckless lavishness comparable only to the California days of '49. In all the port cities of China the porters and jinrikisha runners asked me sextuple prices because I was an American. At Tongku the sampan men calmly insisted on two dollars Mexican for a service which was worth only forty cents. Everywhere I found that it was wiser to make all purchases and bargains through trusty native Christians, or privately to ascertain in advance what a given service was really worth, pay it, and walk off, deaf to all protestations and complaints, even though, as in Seoul, Korea, the men plaintively sat about for hours. In Cairo a certain hotel charged me on the supposition that because I was an American I was a millionaire or a fool—perhaps both. True, we have hack-drivers and hotel-keepers in America who are equally rapacious, and a New-Yorker, in particular, need not go away from home to be overcharged; but it is just because we have become so accustomed to this

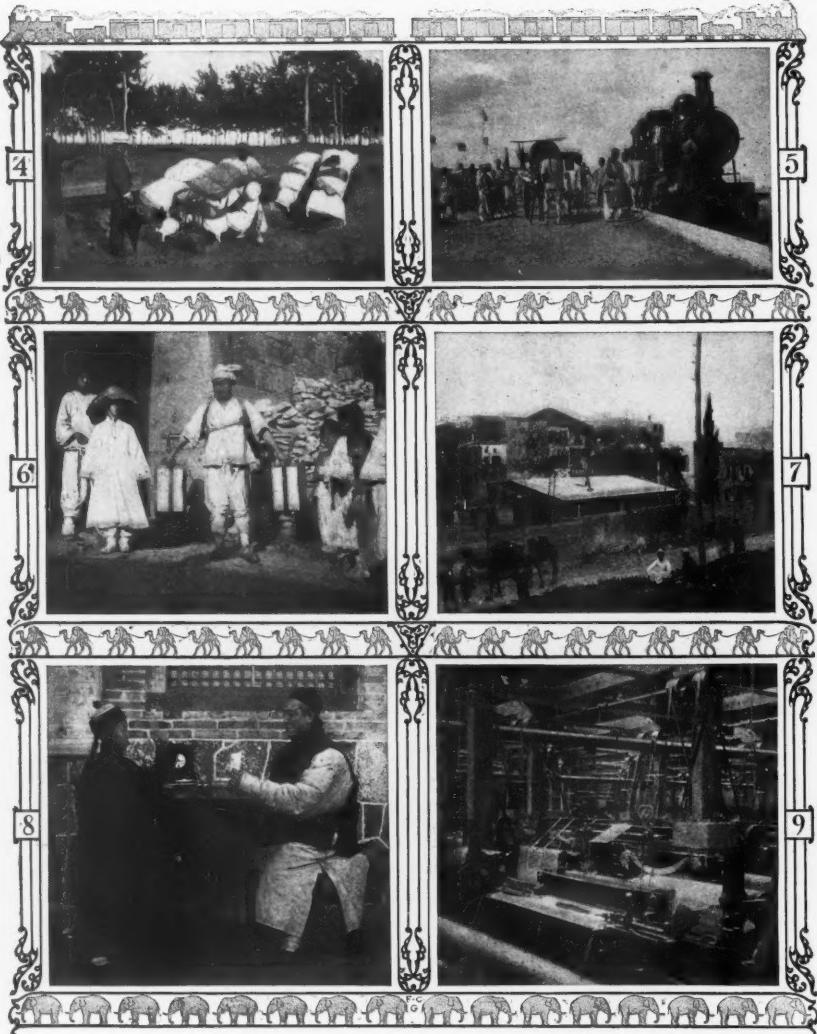
careless profusion at home that we exhibit it abroad.

But it is useless to protest against the increased cost of living in Asia. It is as much beyond individual control as the tides. The causes which are producing it are not even national, but cosmopolitan.

Nor should we ignore the fact that this movement is, in some respects at least, beneficial. It means a higher and broader scale of life, and such a life always costs more than a low and narrow one. This economic revolution in Asia is a concomitant of a Christian civilization, which brings not only higher prices, but wider intellectual and spiritual horizons, a general enlarging and uplifting of the whole range of life. True, there are some vicious influences accompanying this movement, as brighter lights usually have deeper shadows.

But surely it is for good and not for evil that the farmers of Hu-nan can now ship their peanuts to England, and with the proceeds vary the eternal monotony of a rice diet; that the girls of Siam are being taught by missionary example that modesty requires the purchase of a garment for street wear which will cover at least the breasts; that the Korean should learn that it is better to have a larger house so that the girls of the family need not sleep in the same room with the boys; and that all China should discover the advantages of roads over rutty, corkscrew paths, of sanitation over heaps of putrid garbage, and of wooden floors over filth-incrusted ground. Christianity inevitably involves some of these things, and to some extent the awakening of Asia to the need of them is a part of the beneficent influence of a gospel which always and everywhere renders men dissatisfied with a narrow, squalid existence. To make a man decent morally is to beget in him a desire to be decent physically.

The native Christians, especially the pastors and teachers, are the very ones who first feel this movement toward a higher physical life. Nor should we repress it in them, for it means an environment more favorable to morals and to the stability of Christian character, as well as a healthful example to the communities in which they live. To say, therefore, that the average annual income of a Hindu is twenty-seven rupees (nine dollars) is not to adduce a reason for holding the pastors



4. ON THE LINE OF THE NEW GERMAN RAILWAY, SHANTUNG PROVINCE, CHINA. NATIVE WHEELBARROWS LOADED WITH FOREIGN GOODS. AT THE LEFT THE REV. FRANK CHALFANT, WHO WAS ATTACKED BY THE BOXERS AT WEI HSIEEN, AND BARELY ESCAPED, THE MISSION PROPERTY BEING TOTALLY DESTROYED.
5. AN AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE, A NATIVE CART, AND A COOLIE CARRIER AT A STATION ON THE PEKING-HANKAU RAILWAY.
6. AMERICAN OIL-CANS AT HAI-FU, THE INTERIOR OF KOREA, WHERE NO WHITE MAN HAS LIVED. AFTER THE OIL IS EXHAUSTED THE CANS ARE USED FOR WATER.
7. THE CAMEL AND THE TELEGRAPH IN ANCIENT SIDON, SYRIA. PRESBYTERIAN MISSION INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL IN BACKGROUND.
8. NATIVE TEACHER INSTRUCTING DEAF-MUTE AT MRS. MILLS'S SCHOOL IN CHI-FU—THE ONLY DEAF-MUTE INSTITUTION IN CHINA. A FOREIGN CLOCK STANDS ON THE TABLE.
9. GERMAN COTTON-MACHINERY AT OSAKA, THE MANCHESTER OF JAPAN.

and evangelists of India down to that scale. They should, indeed, live near enough to the plane of their countrymen to keep in sympathetic touch with them. But they should not be expected or allowed to huddle in the dark, unventilated hovels of the masses of the people, or, by confining themselves to one scanty meal a day, have that gaunt, half-famished look which makes my heart ache every time I think of the walking skeletons I saw in India. I am not ashamed but proud of the fact that it costs the average Christian more to live in Asia than it costs the average heathen; that the houses of the Laot Christians are better than the single-roomed sheds about them; that the graduates of our Siam boarding-schools for girls wear shirt-waists instead of sunshine; that the members of any one of our Korean churches spend more money on soap than a whole village of their heathen neighbors, whose bodies are caked with the accumulations of years of neglect; that the sessions of our Syrian churches are Christian gentlemen in appearance as well as in fact; and that the houses of our Chinese Christians do not mix pigs, chickens, and babies in one lousy, malodorous company.

But these altered economic conditions have not as yet brought the ability to meet them. The cost of living has increased faster than the resources of the people. Only France and Russia are primarily political in their foreign policy. England, Germany, and the United States are avowedly commercial. They talk incessantly about "the open door." Their supreme object in Asia is to "extend their markets." They are producing more than they can use themselves, and they seek an opportunity to dispose of their surplus products. They are less concerned to bring the products of Asia into their own territories. Indeed, Germany and particularly the United States have built a tariff wall about themselves, expressly to protect home industries from outside competition, and not a few American manufacturers have recently been on the verge of panic on account of Japanese competition. Europe and America are trying to force their own manufactures on Asia, and to take in return only what they please.

In time this will probably right itself, in part at least. While the farmers of the Mississippi valley find living much more expensive than it was two generations ago, they also find that they get more for their wheat and that they eat better food and wear better clothes and build better houses than their grandfathers. The era of railways ended the days of cheap living, but it ended as well days when the farmer had to confine himself to a diet of corn-bread and salt pork, when his home was destitute of comforts and his children had little schooling and no books. So the American workingman of to-day has to pay more for the necessities of life than the workingman of Europe, but he is nevertheless the best-paid, the best-fed, the best-clothed, and the best-housed workingman in the world—a far better and more intelligent citizen because of these very conditions.

The same changes will doubtless take place in Asia. That vast continent is capable of producing enormous quantities of food, minerals, and both raw and manufactured articles, which the rest of the world will sooner or later want. Already this foreign demand is bringing comparative wealth to the rug-dealers of Syria, the silk-embroiderers of China, and the cloisonné- and porcelain-makers of Japan. But only an infinitesimal part of the total population has thus far profited largely by this wider market. Where one man amasses wealth in this way, a hundred thousand men find that aggressive foreign traders exploit their wares by flooding the shops with tempting articles which they can ill afford to buy. So the economic revolution in Asia is characterized, as such revolutions usually are in Europe and America, by wide-spread unrest and in some places by outbreaks of violence. The oldest of continents is the latest to undergo the throes of the stupendous transformation from which the newest is slowly beginning to emerge.

The transition period in Asia will be longer and perhaps more trying, as the numbers involved are vaster and more conservative; but the ultimate result cannot fail to be beneficial both to Asia and to the whole world.





"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB," AND ITS AUTHOR

BY RICHARD WALDEN HALE

WHO wrote "Mary Had a Little Lamb"? If you answer quickly, you are most likely to say, "Mother Goose." That is not so. "Mary's Lamb" is a more recent production—so recent, indeed, that it is strange that controversy can have already arisen about its authorship. It was written at some time in the first third of the nineteenth century. I sincerely believe, and think it can be proved, that it was written by Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, as she says it was, and not by one John Roulstone to Mrs. Mary E. Tyler, as Mrs. Tyler says it was. I am not even sure that Mrs. Tyler says that.

To make my account of the facts carry to the reader the conviction of truth which I feel myself, I must try to be more than fair to Mrs. Tyler. Here, then, is her story as told by her at different interviews reported in the newspapers, and told when she was a venerable old woman in Somerville, Massachusetts. If it loses anything by the omission of details, it loses, perhaps, the color and effect given it by her obvious

Drawn by Fred Richardson

and honest belief in her own story. Since no one can doubt that belief, I think that these, which are substantially her very words, give truly all she would herself have thought essential.

She was Mary E. Sawyer of Sterling, Massachusetts, was born in 1806, and was about eleven when her brother persuaded her to take her pet lamb to school. The lamb was discovered by her teacher. Mary herself then took the lamb out and tied it in a shed until noon, when she untied it, and it followed her home. John Roulstone, a student living with his uncle, the parish minister, was visiting the school that forenoon, and the next day he came to the little old schoolhouse and handed Mary a slip of paper upon which were written twelve lines, which are, she says, the original lines. These were in the form of three verses of four lines each, and these "Mary lost and never knew what became of them." That would be in 1817. When the written copy had been lost for nearly a quarter of a century, and many years after the death

of the lamb, Mary was surprised to read a poem by Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale that contained three verses of eight lines each, and the first twelve lines of which were the same as those written by John Roulstone in 1817—"for Mary had them in her memory." Mrs. Hale is said to have added the remaining lines. Such is Mrs. Tyler's story.

Mrs. Sarah Josepha (Buell) Hale was born in Newport, New Hampshire, in 1788, and later married my great-uncle David Hale. A few words about her may not be out of place here. David Hale died in 1822, leaving her a widow with five children to

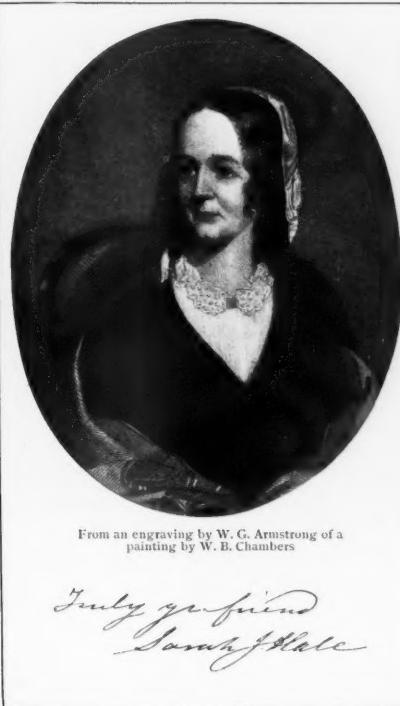
support. It was not usual in those days for a widow to meet her troubles with the determination or with the ability which Mrs. Hale showed. As it was, she was a successful pioneer among American women in making her living by the work of her mind and pen. Beginning with a few manuscript poems, published for her after her husband's death by her friends, and probably more as a means of assistance than as a profitable venture, she next wrote a quaint novel of early American life called "Northwood," and upon the promise shown by these efforts she became the editor of the "Lady's Magazine," moved to Boston in 1828, and thereafter pursued a successful and profitable literary career as an editor and as a writer and compiler of books. One son went through West Point, another through Harvard, and a third, Horatio Hale, also a Harvard graduate, became one of the distinguished ethnologists of the world.

From Boston she went to Philadelphia to take charge of "Godey's Lady's Book," and there she spent the rest of her life. Much

of her work is interesting and valuable today. Her compilation, the "Woman's Record," which contains accounts of the women of note in all ages and times, is a useful book of reference. "Northwood" is a novel worth reading for those who can have a little patience with the more diffuse style in use when it was written. And the lines beginning

"If ever I see
On bush or tree

are well known. They are almost as commonly credited to "Anonymous" as "Mary's Lamb" is to Mrs. Tyler.



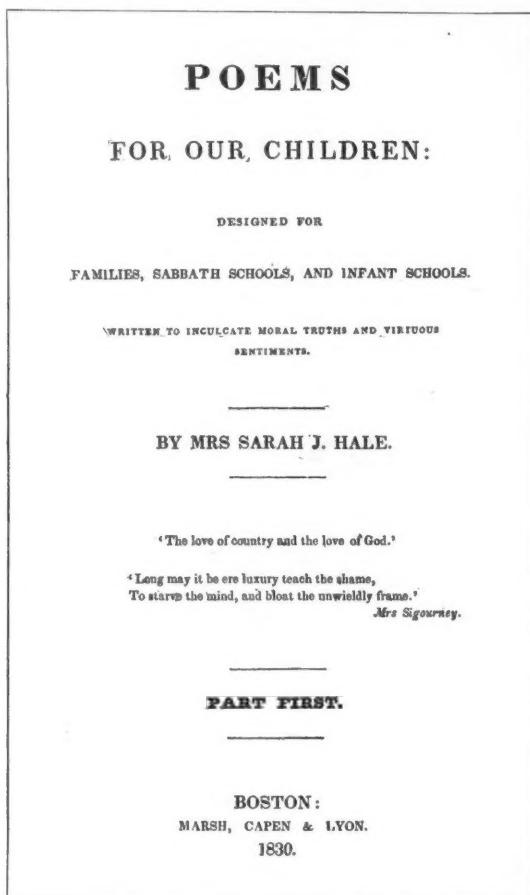
From an engraving by W. G. Armstrong of a painting by W. B. Chambers

*July yr friend
Sarah J Hale*

Mrs. Hale was born, then, in 1788. She also had a lamb which followed her to school. She was married in 1813, a widow in 1822, and in 1828 came to Boston to earn her living as editor of the "Lady's Magazine." In 1830 she published the

Subsequent editions of her works also contain "Mary's Lamb."

In 1878, the year before Mrs. Hale died, when Mrs. Tyler's story reached her, she directed her son to write emphatically that "every poem in this book was of her own



FACSIMILE (REDUCED IN SCALE) OF THE TITLE-PAGE
OF THE BOOK IN WHICH "MARY HAD A LITTLE
LAMB" WAS FIRST PRINTED

poem about Mary's lamb with the words as we know them to-day, in three verses of eight lines each, in a little book of twenty-four pages entitled "Poems for Our Children," the title-page of which, reproduced herewith, shows that she published in that year a definite assertion that she wrote that book, and the poems contained in it.

composition. What can have given rise to the impression that some part of this particular poem was written by another person she does not know. There is no foundation for it whatever."

Fortunately, we may believe implicitly nearly all of both of these versions. One thing will reconcile them completely. Mrs.

Tyler's memory, while capable of retaining the substance of the incident and the fact of the verses, cannot have been marvelous enough to enable her to remember for about twenty-five years—that is, from the age of eleven to that of thirty-six—the words of the Roulstone verses, and her conclusion that they were the same as the

"... the Teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear; . . . "

More than that, the poem itself refuses to be cut in halves at this critical point. It does not, when correctly printed, end a

6

MARY'S LAMB.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And every where that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go;
He followed her to school one day—
That was against the rule,
It made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school.

And so the Teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear;
And then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said—"I'm not afraid—
You'll keep me from all harm."

What makes the lamb love Mary so?
The eager children cry.

7

O, Mary loves the lamb, you know,
The Teacher did reply;—
And you each gentle animal
In confidence may bind,
And make them follow at your call,
If you are always kind?

MY MOTHER'S SWEET KISS.

I have learned my lesson,
And mother said
She would give me a *kiss*
When I went to bed—
I do not want sugar-plums,
Candy and cake,
They make my mind dull,
And my head to ache.

My mother's sweet kiss
Is my best reward—
To gain her smile.

FACSIMILE (REDUCED IN SCALE) OF THE ORIGINAL TEXT OF
"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB"

first verse and a half of Mrs. Hale's must have been as erroneous as it was obviously honest. The fair conclusion, then, is that John Roulstone is entitled to the credit of having written some kind of verses on the subject of a lamb following a child to school, but that the verses which we know were written later and independently by Mrs. Hale. There seems to be no ground for doubting her definite and vigorous statement just quoted, and the internal evidence supports it strongly. Mary Sawyer took her lamb out and tied it in a shed, and after school untied it. This cannot have been the lamb of which it was written that

stanza, a thought, or a sentence there. It goes on:

"And then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said—"I'm not afraid—
You'll keep me from all harm."

That lamb was not tied in a shed. And one cannot examine the poem and compare it with Mrs. Tyler's account without gathering more and more evidence at each step that her incident and her lamb were not the cause of the verses which have become so well known.

I must, however, admit, and I do it

freely, that many people believe to-day implicitly in the Tyler story, probably many more by a count of heads than know or believe the other. But there is a good and an interesting reason for this. Mary Sawyer's lamb had wool, and about 1878, when money was needed to prevent the Old South Meeting House from being torn down, Mrs. Tyler unraveled stockings said to have been made from that very wool and pinned a piece of yarn on each of several hundred cards bearing her autograph. These cards were as plentiful as the oil in the widow's cruse and were sold to aid in the laudable purpose of saving the Old South.

When this account strikes the eye of a purchaser or owner of one of these cards, she will rise up in her wrath and write to the Boston "Evening Transcript," as has been done before, to vent her indignation, and to assert that Mrs. Tyler's story "must be true because I have some of the wool."

It is well known and celebrated in poetry

that the young dragon who ate a virgin every day was slain by the hero who took the thumb of St. John the Baptist from a precious hand preserved in a shrine and threw it down the dragon's throat. Of course the dragon exploded at once.

"And when the monks this tale who told
To pious visitors would hold
The holy hand for kissing,
They never fail'd with faith devout
In confirmation to point out
That there the thumb was missing."

And the columns of the Boston "Evening Transcript" cannot fail to contain before long equally honest and conclusive confirmation of what among the Hales goes, I think fairly, by the name of the "Tyler myth." We call it that in no disinterested spirit, not doubting the honesty of those who tell it, but because it reproduces in the twentieth century with curious fidelity all the elements which went to make up the myths of old.



THE GIPSY WIND

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

THE gipsy wind goes down the night;
I hear him lilt his wander-call;
And to the old divine delight
Am I a thrall.

It 's out, my heart, beneath the stars
Along the hill-ways dim and deep!
Let those who will, behind dull bars,
Commune with sleep!

For me the freedom of the sky,
The violet vastnesses that seem
Packed with a sense of mystery
And brooding dream!

For me the low solicitudes
The tree-tops whisper each to each;
The silences wherein intrudes
No mortal speech!

For me far subtler fragrances
Than the magician morn transmutes;
And minstrelsies and melodies
From fairy lusts!

My cares—the harrying brood take flight;
My woes—they lose their galling sting;
When I, with the hale wind of night,
Go gipsying.



I

HE Prince expressed himself as charmed with the likeness. Indeed, he went so far as to say to the Painter : " My dear Victor, it is perfect. I am more than satisfied. Ask what reward you will, as they say in the books."

"Indeed, your Highness does me too much honor. I fear I sadly lack the skill to do my subject justice. But if your Highness is pleased, I am satisfied."

The Prince surveyed the portrait, which was really excellent.

"Do you think, Victor, that we look as much alike as people say ? It seems to me this picture might as well be of you as of me."

"We have the same color hair, your Highness."

"And the same-shaped face."

"But your Highness is much the taller."

"Somewhat. Still, it is a wonderful resemblance."

He stretched himself at length upon a divan, and flung his arms up with the gesture of a spoiled child.

"Do you know," he said, "there are times when I almost envy you."

"Me, a poor painter?"

"Yes. What am I but a poor prince ? They are always at me for one thing or

another. The state demands this or the people that. I am only a prince because of my insignificance. Should I display the slightest virility, huff ! away would go my principality like a puff of smoke. A prince on sufferance is a poor thing, friend Victor."

"But a prince for all that."

"Oh, I suppose so. But I should like to meet men on an equal footing, for a change. I cannot even play at tennis but my adversary *lets me win*."

"Not I, your Highness."

"No ; you always beat me."

"I have the luck."

"The luck to be master of your acts, without responsibility to any one or anything but yourself."

"What put your Highness in this temper ?"

"Why, this, Victor : next week I must needs go visit that absurd female, the Princess Angela."

"Your neighbor ?"

"Yes, my neighbor. The wiseheads find it would be an excellent thing if we two were to marry. You see, there is really no reason at all why there should be two states. There is no geographical division ; the language is the same. It is simply that neither family wish to forgo their birth-right and merge themselves into the other. Both sides agree there should be one state instead of two, but also both sides think



"THERE WAS ONE GROUP WHO WATCHED THEIR ENTRANCE WITH BLACK BROWS AND MUTTERED COMMENTS"

that *their* state should be the one. Hence all the hatred and struggles between us in the past."

"I understand. And now the way is open by which neither side will be obliged to surrender and yet the desired result may be attained. A prince, elegant, accomplished; a princess, beautiful and charming—what could be simpler?"

"But is she charming and beautiful?"

"Have you never seen her?"

"Never. And I am morally certain that when I do I shall loathe the sight of her."

"I wonder how the young lady feels about it."

"Very much the same way, I imagine."

"So now it is arranged that you go to pay your respects and see if the thing is possible?"

"Exactly."

"And if it is not possible?"

"Then, my dear Victor, I shall come home again, with the best grace that may be."

"And the states?"

"The states must remain as they are. So now you understand why I am peevish this morning."

"Your Highness, let me go on this expedition as the prince."

The Prince sat up and regarded the Painter in astonishment.

"Are you in earnest?" he asked.

"You are tired of being a prince; you wish to meet men merely as a man. I should like to try being a prince for once. You spoke of a reward awhile back; besides, you would have the better opportunity of observing your Princess as she really is."

The Prince's eyes began to dance. He took several quick turns across the room.

"Victor, you are a man of ideas. Bah! the thing is impossible!"

"Will your Highness lend me your coat and put on this working-apron?"

The change was quickly made, and as they stood confronting each other, the artist said:

"Now I am Floremen the Prince, and you are Victor the Painter. Let us make a trial."

He rang a bell.

"Stand over there, your Highness, and I will place myself here in the high light."

The door of the apartment opened, and a servant appeared. On entering the room

the man bowed and assumed a professional stare, which gradually became troubled. His eyes shifted uneasily from one figure to the other. By degrees his face took on an expression of alarm. For some time no one spoke, then the Painter, assuming a careless tone, said:

"My horse at once."

At the voice the man started and looked toward the Prince.

"Well," continued the imitation prince, in the voice of authority, "did you not hear?"

The man hesitated a moment, bowed, and disappeared. The two young men burst into a laugh.

"You did not fool him, Victor," said the Prince; "he knew you for counterfeit."

"My voice rang false, your Highness, but he was puzzled. And think if your own servants can hesitate, would any stranger, or some one whom you had not seen more than once or twice, suspect?"

"True," replied the Prince; "there is no one there who knows me well."

"And your own people, those who go with you, can be instructed."

The Prince looked for a moment keenly into the smiling face before him.

"We will do it," he said; "it will be a lark. For a week you shall be a prince."

"And when the clock strikes on the seventh day my state falls from me, like the lady in the fairy-book."

"So be careful of your borrowed clothes; they soil easily."

"Your Highness need have no fear. But let me beg your Highness not to paint while you are I; I, too, risk something."

II

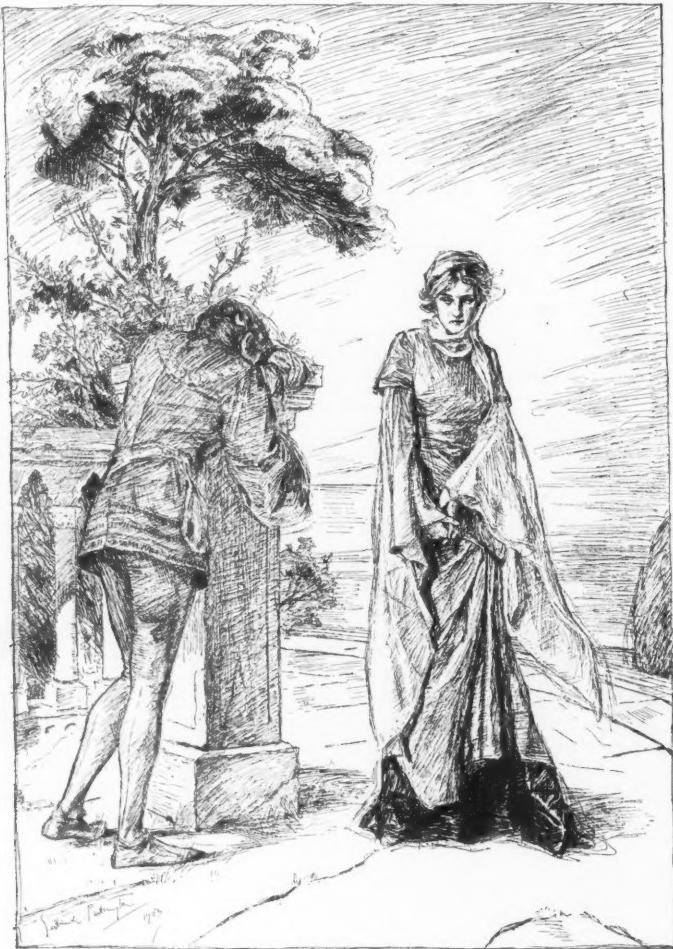
In the palace of the Princess Angela every taper was ablaze, every window looked forth upon the night a yellow, luminous eye. From the grand ball-room came the strains of music and merrymaking, for this night the Princess held a fête in honor of her royal guest. The order had gone forth that the court should assemble all its beauty and its wit, and many were the fine ladies and brave gentlemen who moved beneath the shining chandeliers. But, best of all, there was the Princess Angela herself, looking so lovely that none could suppress admiration. Was it the somewhat unadorned excitement, or the presence of the

young Prince by her side, that lent the color to her cheeks and the brilliancy to her eyes?

They stood together upon a balcony of marble which opened into the ball-room,

"Perhaps," she said. "There are always heavy hearts."

"Not here, not now. There is but one thought in every heart to-night—love! It is in the air like a perfume. Can you not



"ALL AT ONCE A GREAT SORROW SHOOK HIM, AND HIS
HEAD FELL UPON HIS ARM"

refreshing themselves with the fragrant airs of the garden after the exhilaration of the dance. The Prince waved his hand toward the lively throng before them.

"Look," said he; "lights and music and dancing—all is gaiety. Do you suppose there are any heavy hearts here to-night?"

The Princess shook her head and smiled.

feel it thrilling past us? It is everywhere."

The lady turned toward the night behind her.

"The moon is full," she said.

From where they stood they looked across the tops of many trees and saw the sea break white beneath the moon.

"These Southern nights of ours are very

beautiful," said the Prince. "What a picture this scene would make! White, steady sparkle on a black, black sea—and music. How can one paint music, your Highness?"

"How can one paint at all? It is beyond my skill to learn or my masters to teach me."

"It is for you to be painted."

A faint shadow as of some hidden sadness touched for a moment the fair face of the Princess, and she made as if to return to the ball-room. The Prince detained her with a gesture.

"Remain here a little longer," he said. "The power of the night is on me... I cannot bear to return to all that glittering unreality."

"Unreality?"

"Why, yes. Does it seem real to you? To me it is like some horrible dream. But out here in the night, here where the moonlight wraps us like a silver cloak, where we breathe the fragrance of the orange-blossoms and the faint salt scent of the sea, here things are real. Here you are not a name, a princess, but a woman, alive and breathing, the most beautiful thing in all this beauty which envelops us. I look at you, I touch your hand; I am thrilled. I become something wonderful, something more than myself, almost an artist."

"I do not understand. What is an artist?"

"An artist is a person who does only what he likes, and never likes what he does when it is done; who cannot help working any more than he can help breathing. It is something to be a prince, it is much more to be an artist. They are rarer. To feel yourself vibrate in every nerve in response to some thought, some conception, to feel that you can do, that the power is in you—that is the finest thing in all the world, yes, in all the worlds, even if you are deceived and can really do nothing. And what is necessary to arouse this divine afflatus, this immortal spark? Nothing; a strain of music, a patch of moonlight on the sea, a beautiful face."

A little sigh escaped the Princess as she turned away from him, but the next moment she looked up archly.

"Which is it now," she said, "the moon, the music, or—"

"The face," whispered the Prince, as they passed into the glitter of a thousand candles.

There was one group who watched their entrance with black brows and muttered comments. In the midst of them stood a young man closely resembling the Prince in his appearance. His face was free from the anxiety and anger depicted upon the others', and he watched the progress of the royal pair down the hall with a calm smile.

"See, Corrello," he said to an old courtier who stood beside him, "how well he walks! Could I do it better? Admit that I have no reason to be ashamed of myself."

"Your Highness has every reason to be ashamed of yourself to allow this mad prank. By every supplication of common sense I implore your Highness to put a stop to it."

A murmur of assent followed the words.

"All in good time, Corrello," replied the young man.

"Perhaps too late," muttered Corrello.

The young man's brow contracted.

"You forget yourself," he exclaimed. "Too late! What! Shall the moon consort with a glow-worm! You would make a poor thing of me, to make me the rival of a penniless painter."

"The penniless Painter has become a prince, your Highness."

The young man made a gesture of irritation.

"Enough," he said. "Who would see the glow-worm once the sun is up? But his Highness leaves the hall; we must attend him, gentlemen."

III

WHEN the attendants had left the Prince's apartment, the Painter sought for words to express himself.

"Your Highness," he said, "I have done a thoughtless and a wicked thing, and God has punished me for it. It seemed to me to be an amusing thing to be a prince for a week. When we came here, and I saw the Princess, and how she was so beautiful and lovely, a spirit of mischief entered me. I thought I would discover whether a princess was a woman like other women, and what might happen to the poor Painter had he the opportunity of a prince."

"I understand, friend Victor: you wished to test the innateness of nobility. Well?"

"I thought to speak a little softly, look a little fondly—"

"And was there not in your scheme a

suspicion that perhaps you might tease your Prince a little? Were you purely an investigator of the female heart?"

The Painter continued without answering the question.

"I had never been in love before; I did not know anything about it, how terrible and wonderful a thing it is. And in my ignorance I sought to play upon a fresh young heart. But God protected her, and for a punishment it is upon my heart that the vise has closed."

The Prince regarded the young man with a curious smile.

"I see," he said; "you played with bits of glass, and they turned out to be live coals. I am sorry for you."

"Your Highness is pleased to be compassionate," said the Painter, with a bitter ring in his voice, "but it is not of myself that I am thinking."

"Nor of me, I must believe."

"Nor of your Highness. It is of the Princess. Since I have come to know that this matter between man and woman is no toy, but the most serious thing in the whole world, I see the wickedness of my seeming to be what I am not, of appearing before her in borrowed plumage. I will be a prince no longer, your Highness; give me back my plain coat."

"Friend Victor," said the Prince, still with his faint smile, "I have not had your opportunity of observing the conversation of her Highness, but judging from a distance, I agree with you that she is charming and in every way fitted to be the Princess of two principalities. Also, I am inclined to believe you exaggerate the danger which you seemed to think threatens her from your association. You are an excellent young man, and I leave the Princess to your attentions with the utmost confidence until the time agreed upon."

"But, your Highness, I will not consent to go on. Indeed, I could not if I would. I feel that I am getting beyond myself. I might even do something desperate."

"Have no fear, friend Victor," replied the Prince. "I know you well, and there is nothing desperate about you."

"Your Highness, I cannot and will not continue this heart-breaking folly any longer."

The Prince rose from his chair and looked haughtily at the dejected young man before him.

"Enough!" he exclaimed. "You shall continue. I command it. Are you a dishonorable man or a coward to go back on a bargain? Have I not kept scrupulously to mine? Is it my fault that you have gotten yourself into trouble through your own rashness? Shall the politics of a whole country be disarranged lest one silly moth singe his wings? Go, and continue to be a prince."

The poor Painter departed, and presently found himself beneath the orange-trees, the fragrance of which recalled the night of the grand ball.

In the garden of the Princess Angela there is a marble terrace grown upon by all manner of green vines interwoven with wild roses and honeysuckle. Here the little green lizards lie all day in the yellow sunshine; here the bee booms most busily, while, many feet below, the sea breaks against the upright rock with a far sound. Hither with a heavy heart came the young man and leaned against the parapet. The white gulls whirled in long curves between him and the dancing sea, the warm breeze stirred his hair; then of a sudden the gravel walk crunched beneath a light step, and he knew that she was beside him.

He looked into her face and saw that there had been tears in her eyes not long before.

"Your Highness leaves us to-morrow," she said.

He did not answer, for it seemed to him that if he spoke his words would be something different from what he intended. She came nearer and rested one hand on the balustrade beside him. And then, suddenly, without knowing why or the choosing of his words, he told her all: how he was not a prince, but a poor painter; how the prank had been begun and carried out, and what a poor thing he was, for he could neither be true to himself, to her, nor to his master. She stood quite still and listened to the end, only the little hand upon the marble trembled.

"And now I shall never look into your face again, never hear your voice—never any more while I live. For you are a princess, and I am nothing—a painter of faces. But I love you; there is no wickedness in my saying it now. Love is a thing beyond control, and a thing above and beyond the power of man; it is from God. I shall always love you. No one can take

it from me. But I shall never offend you with its sight again. From a distance I shall love you; in the night I shall talk to you. But you will not know, you will not care."

He could not look at her, but kept his eyes upon a little cloud, shaped like a heart, which hung where the blue sky and bluer ocean met. All at once a great sorrow shook him, and his head fell upon his arm among the honeysuckle. Then it was that a faint perfume, different from the perfume of the flowers, seemed to envelop him for an instant, and his heart stopped, for he felt upon his hair a fleeting, thrilling touch—the touch of lips. When he opened his eyes he was alone.

IV

THE royal chapel of Santa Maria had been prepared for the betrothal ceremony. The tapers were alight, the priests were ready. No one who could possibly obtain admission absented himself, so that the seats were filled to overflowing. The organ began playing softly, and people turned their heads this way and that, eager to catch the first glimpses of the royal couple. But the minutes wore away, and neither the Prince nor the Princess appeared. The air of expectancy which had pervaded the church gradually changed into one of constraint. Suddenly the organ ceased playing. People began to look at one another and to ask questions. The hum of suppressed conversation arose in the chapel, gradually becoming louder. It was repeated from mouth to mouth that there would be no betrothal, that the Prince had left the palace. Finally people began to go out, one or two at a time, then in a steady stream. After a time there was no one left. Only the tapers, which the priests had forgottentoextinguish, winked their yellow eyes, as if amused, in the dim church.

Meanwhile, in his private apartments the Prince dismissed his attendants and turned suddenly to a young man who leaned in an attitude of doubt and dejection against the great fireplace.

"Victor," he said, "I have surprising news. The Princess is not a princess."

"Not a princess!"

"No; she is no more a princess than you are a prince."

"What does your Highness mean?"

"Why, that the same happy idea which occurred to us presented itself also to the fertile imagination of the Princess Angela."

"And the lady—she whom we all thought—"

"A blind, my dear Victor, a dummy, a stalking-horse—in fact, just what you were yourself."

"Ah!" said the Painter, in a long in-drawn breath, and his face became very pale.

The Prince strode about the room.

"Even now," he exclaimed, "the people are assembling for the ceremony; they are waiting. And they thought to play me this trick, to tell me at the last moment! Bah! it is insufferable!"

"But, your Highness, it is exactly what you intended doing yourself."

"That is different. I am Prince of Portia."

He looked very splendid, standing erect in his state uniform; but he no longer resembled the Painter. The latter's face had suddenly become beautiful, illuminated by some internal and unknown light.

"And has your Highness seen the true Princess?"

"I have."

"And she—"

The Prince made a gesture.

"The other is the true Princess," he said.

"What will your Highness do?"

"Return at once. What else?"

"And the two principalities?"

"Shall remain as they are; at least, through my lifetime."

"Your Highness," said the Painter, "I ask your Highness's permission to remain here."

The Prince looked at him for a long while.

"Ah, friend Victor," he said slowly, "it is better to be a painter than a prince. You yourself have said it; you have the luck."

And then steadily and haughtily he strode out of the room.





WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR

THE DOINGS OF A LITTLE FIB

LONG ago a little idle Rumor was flitting from tree to tree in the woods of Shebandowan. He had nothing to do but to preen his wings and move his ears, which were very long. Though idle, he was yet a busybody, which often happens. He had just peeped into the nest of the Skandal-bird to see if any young were hatched; but it was empty, so he sat yawning. Just then the Star-girl came tumbling down from the sky to be the first of the Red Race. She came, not like an arrow, head first, nor like a Duck, feet first, but skating and sliding this way and back, like a big Basswood leaf, till she dropped on a mossy bank, and there she sat very still, holding her little finger where a Berry-brier had scratched it, and gazing through her black hair back to the sky with a sad and wistful look.

When the little Rumor asked her whence she came, she made no answer, but gazed up at the sky, and a tear stood in her eye.

The little Rumor was quite touched by her silent sorrow. He was easily touched, though never deeply, and he flew off to tell somebody, anybody, how deep his feelings were.

He had scarcely taken wing when the Birch-tree whispered, "What news, what news, little Rumor?"

"Oh, such a sad case!" answered the Rumor, and his long tongue shot out like a snake's. "A beautiful child of the stars has fallen down here and sits now silent, dumb with sorrow, on a bank, and her finger is bleeding frightfully."

"What, all about a scratched finger?

She must be seriously hurt, probably wounded elsewhere."

"Yes, that's so; it *did* seem more serious than a scratched finger. I dare say she has many wounds."

"Oh, this is most interesting!" said the Birch, as the Rumor prepared to flit. "Won't you have some refreshment? You'll find a lot of half-ripe facts on my lower branches, and under those fallen leaves are heaps of juicy innuendos."

And as the Rumor was enjoying his favorite food, the Balsam called, "What news, what news, Batwing?"

He answered the Balsam, "Oh, such a sad case! A beautiful maiden covered with wounds and weeping her eyes out."

"Oh, dear! Has she no friends?"

But the Rumor swallowed a couple of the green facts, and flew off mumbling an innuendo.

The sun was down now, and when the Rumor came back to the Star-girl she was sitting cold and miserable on the bank.

"Would that I had a red light from that star, then should I be warm again," was all she said in answer to the Rumor, and away went the winged one zigzag,—he never flew straight,—but the Birch-tree caught sight of him and called:

"Ho, Little Long-tongue, what news?"

"Starving and freezing, she, the Star-girl, nearly frozen, crying for red starlight."

"Ah, poor thing!" said the Balsam. "I will give her two of my limbs, which will make the red starlight, if she sings the wind-song and rubs them as the wind rubs. I know, for I am a Medicine-tree."

"Little use your red starlight would be," sneered the Birch, for she was not friendly with the Balsam and felt that hers was the claim of "first finder." "I'll give her the magic fringe of my robe, which will magnify the starlight into sunlight."

"Pah! Her fringe, a mere puff of dust! If she wants warmth, let her add a few of

my cone-jewels to the red light, then she 'll see sparkling blazes."

So away went the Rumor to the Star-girl.

She rubbed the Balsam sticks till a little red star came forth, then she put in the Birch fringe, and it blazed; she added the Balsam cones, and had a warm fire.



"But the wind was cold on her back, and her wound was sore"—so the little Rumor told the Balsam and the Birch in the morning. The first gave her Balsam for her wounds, and the Birch gave her a robe to make a wigwam.

"Take my boughs to make her a soft bed," said the Balsam, in triumph.

"I will give her also dishes and sugar and a canoe to ride in, as well as a home. I will wear a white robe, so she can find me in the woods in summer, and in winter I will hang my boughs with beads of brown wampum," said the Birch.

And before the Balsam could think of anything else to say the Rumor went zigzag through the woods to the Star-girl. But he was a little liar; his tongue was forked and his flight was crooked. He could not tell the truth, so he said, "See what I bring you from my grandmother."

"Tell your good grandmother, whoever she is," said the Star-girl, "I thank her. There is little I can do further, but the Thunder-bird is my brother, and I shall beg him not to strike the one that warmed me when I was cold and gave me so many good things."

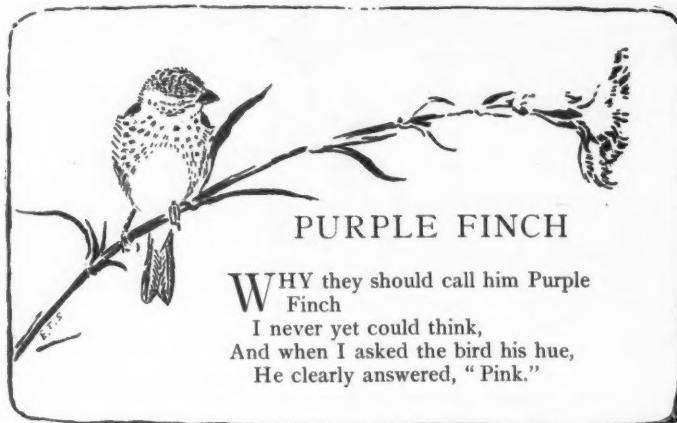
So to this day they dispute between themselves, the Birch and the Balsam Fir, as to which is the blessed tree of the Star-girl; their descendants still give the race

of the Star-girl their ancient gifts: the Balsam sticks that the Indian uses to start his rubbing-stick fire, the shreds of Birch bark that make the best of tinder, the bed of Balsam boughs and the healing Balsam gum, the Birch-bark wigwam and canoe. And the Thunder-bird, not knowing which to strike, lets both alone. The Pine, the Oak, and the Ash he splinters in every

storm, but the Birch and the Balsam stand unharmed; they never have been struck.

How do I know these things? Well, I have them on authority you will scarcely deny—the authority for nearly all history. I got them from a little idle Rumor.

MORAL: *No Fib, however tiny, need despair.*



THE WISE WOODCHUCK

OF all the beasts that roam the field in any Northern State, The Woodchuck only holds his own and keeps right up to date; And why he never lost his grip will prove a plan of worth: He sticks to this first principle, "Get back to Mother Earth." Another thing he demonstrates: the safest kind of wealth Is brains with up-to-date ideas, a hide just crammed with health. A final guide in Woodchuck life is this well-known refrain: "He ought to die who has n't sense to come in from the rain." The Chipmunk stores up hoards of nuts, which robbers steal away; The Fox stays out late every night and dearly has to pay: But Woodchuck hides when fall's feasts fail; his fat his only hoard For months of subsoil serious thought, as happy as a lord.

And every year at Candlemas he reappears on earth, For, as astronomers can tell, a new conjunction's birth Takes place that day among the stars, and settles for good reason The kind of weather coming for the balance of the season. Then if the sky is overcast with murky clouds and gray, This is a sign of winter past and spring-time on the way; But if, in air all frosty clear, the sun, unveiled and bright, Should cast his shadow on the snow, he reads the sign aright, And turns back to his peaceful cell, renews his meditation For six hard weeks, which justifies his sage prognostication. Then loud we sing the wise Woodchuck: he hides when storms are rife; He values only health and wits, hence his success in life.



THE TWO LOG-ROLLERS

"FRIEND BEAVER," the Bear said, with scorn in his tone,
"I roll far more logs in a day
Than you and your family, all toiling
at once,
Can roll while a year wears away."

"Very true," said the Beaver, at work on his dam;
"But, since the blunt facts must be told,
I get some results from my dozen small logs;
While your logs are just simply rolled."

THE TEN TRAILS

ONCE there were two Indians who went out together to hunt. Hapeda was very strong and swift and a wonderful Bowman. Chatun was much weaker and carried a weaker bow; but he was very patient.

As they went through the hills they came on the fresh track of a small Deer. Chatun said: "My brother, I shall follow that."

But Hapeda said: "You may if you like, but a mighty hunter like me wants bigger game."

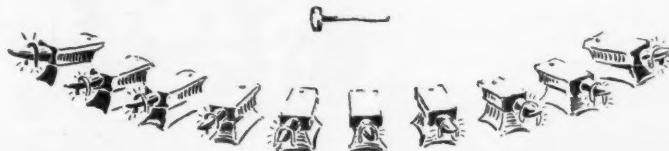
So they parted.

Hapeda went on for an hour or more and found the track of ten large Elk going different ways. He took the trail of the largest and followed for a long way, but not coming up with it, he said: "That one is evidently traveling. I should have taken one of the others."

So he went back to the place where he first found it, and took up the trail of another. After a hunt of over an hour in which he failed to get a shot, he said: "I have followed another traveler. I'll go back and take up the trail of one that is feeding."

But again, after a short pursuit, he gave up that one to go back and try another that seemed more promising. Thus he spent a whole day trying each of the trails for a short time, and at night came back to camp with nothing, to find that Chatun, though his inferior in all other ways, had proved wiser. He had stuck doggedly to the trail of the one little Deer, and now had its carcass safely in camp.

MORAL: *The Game is always at the end of the trail.*



THE ORIGIN OF THE BLUEBIRD

MANABOZHO, the Sun-god, was sleeping his winter's sleep on the big island just above the thunder-dam that men call Niagara. Four moons had waned, but still he slept. The frost draperies of his couch were gone; his white blanket was burned into holes; he turned over a little. Then the ice on the river cracked like near thunder. When he turned again it began to slip over the big beaver-dam of Njagara, but still he did not awake.

The great Er-Beaver in his pond flapped his tail, and the waves rolled away to the shore and set the ice heaving, cracking, and groaning; but Manabozho slept.

Then the Ice-demons pounded the shore of the island with their clubs. They pushed back the whole river-flood till the channel was dry, then let it rush down like the end of all things, and all together shouted:

"Manabozho! Manabozho! Manabozho!"

But still he slept calmly on. Then came a soft, sweet voice, more gentle than the mating turtle of Miami. It was in the air, but it was nowhere, and yet it was in the trees, in the water, and it was in Manabozho too. He felt it, and it awoke him. He sat up and looked about. His white blanket was gone; only a few tatters of it were to be seen in the shady places, and

the shreds of the fringe with its beads, for it had taken root and was growing into little flowers with beady eyes. The small voice kept crying, "Awake; the Spring is coming!"

Manabozho said: "Little voice, where are you? Come here."

But the little voice, being everywhere, was nowhere, and could not come at the hero's call.

So he said: "Little voice, you are nowhere because you have no place to live in; I will make you a house."

So Manabozho took a curl of Birch bark and made a little wigwam, and because the voice came from the skies he painted the wigwam with blue mud, and to show that it came from the Sunland he painted a red sun on it. On the floor he spread a scrap of his own white blanket, then for a fire he breathed into it a spark of life, and said: "Here, little voice, is your wigwam." The little voice entered and took possession, but Manabozho had breathed the spark of life into it. The smoke-vent wings began to move and to flap, and the little wigwam turned into a beautiful Bluebird with a red sun on its breast and a shirt of white. Away it flew, but every Spring it comes, the Bluebird of the Spring. The voice still dwells in it, and we feel that it has lost nothing of its power when we hear it cry: "Awake; the Spring is coming!"



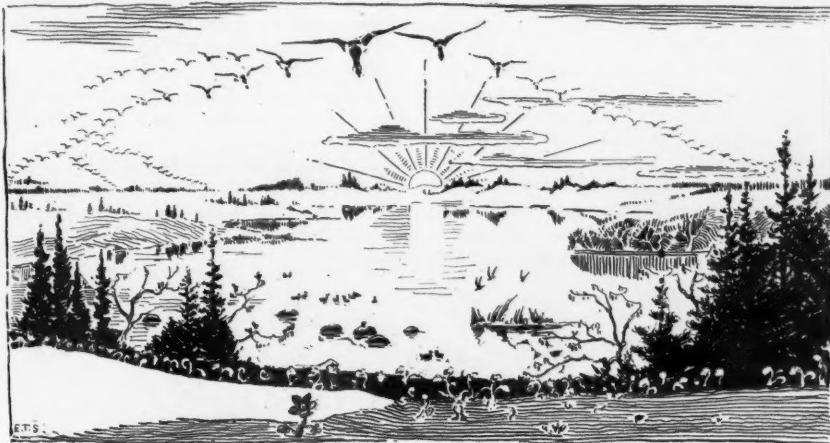
WHERE TRUTH LIVES

"IT'S my opinion," said the Frog in the well, "that the size of the ocean is greatly overrated."



A RECIPE

WHEN the Oak-leaf is the size of a Squirrel's foot, take a stick like a Crow's bill and make holes as big as a Coon's ear and as wide apart as Fox tracks. Then plant your corn, that it may ripen before the Chestnut splits and the Wood-chuck begins his winter's sleep.



SPRING ON CHASKA-WATER

WHITER than death was Chaska-water, paler than fear. Well had the Ice-demons worked; swift and sure had their arrows sped. Only the waste of snow was there. Nothing was left that moved or cried or rustled on Chaska-water.

Oh, Moon that swung on the silent sky, knew ye ever so fearful a stillness?

Oh, black cloud blocking the blacker sky, was ever so awful a deadness?

Tense—tenser—snap!

The breaking had come—not a sound, not a move, but a feeling. Up from the south came a gentle breath, a fanning too faint for a south wind; only a feeling bearing a voice that reached not ears, but our being, and told of a coming—a coming.

A snow-lump fell from a fir-tree and ruffled the white on the water. "Coming, coming!" it sang.

A drop of water rolled from a sand-bank and dimpled the white on the water, with a "Coming, coming!"

Trronk—trronk—trronk, in the sky to the southward.

Trronk—trronk—trronk, the flying buglers come.

Trronk—trronk—trronk, and louder. An arrow, a broad-headed arrow, appears.

Tronk—tronk—tronk, and a whirring of pinions, and the broad arrow grows to an army—an army of buglers.

Hark how they shake all the fir-trees! See how they stir the small snow-slides!

TRONK—TRÓNK—TRONK, and the ice on the lake is a-shiver.

TRÓNK—TRONK—TRÓNK, and the rill that was dead is a-running.

TRONK—TRÓNK—TRONK, and the stars are lost.

TRÓNK—TRONK—TRÓNK, and the sun comes up to blaze on the Chaska-water. Red and gold and bright is the sun, silver the bugles blowing.

TRONK, coming, coming, coming, and the clamor is lost in the northlands. The heralds have sped with the tidings.

"Coming, coming!" the Cranes are crying.

"Coming, coming!" the Woodpecker drums.

"Coming, coming!" the Reeds whisper,

rejoicing and rasping together. Only the snow-drifts weep, and their tears in a thousand rills run down, fading the snow and melting the ice as they trickle on Chaska-water.

Open the stretches of water now; Gulls and Terns and Ducks are there, Divers and Butterflies, Midges and Gnats, singing and shouting, even while silent—"Coming, coming, coming!"

But loudest of all is the calm, clear sky of warmest blue, with a golden sun, a golden ball in the great over-bowl.

"Coming, coming, coming!" It booms in silence, and still looks down, and all is expectant—awaiting.

"Coming, coming!" And the myriad heralds' cries have melted and softened to a world-wide gentle murmur, almost a hush

—the hush in the pageant that follows the heralds' announcement.

It came at last: not from the south or the east or the west, not from the skies of promise, but from the sand at the edge of a dwindling snow-drift, up from the earth it came. Up to the light of the golden sun in a warm blue sky, raised and gazed a golden star in a warm blue bowl—the Sun-god flower, the Sand-hill bloom.

It sprang, and it spread like a fire on the plains, and it heaved and it drifted like opal snow—like lilacs all sprinkled with golden dust.

And this is the Sand-bloom born of the Spring; this is the Spring-bloom born of the Sand. This is the darling the heralds announced; and Spring is on Chaska-water.



THE INTER-VEIL

BY ELIZABETH FOOTE

I

INTO the silent valley,
Knee to knee,
I rode between two riders
I could not see,
Because the dark had fallen 'twixt them and me.

III

But he, the other rider,
Dimly scanned,
Was dark amid the darkness
That held the land—
Only, upon the bridle, I saw his hand.

II

We passed a lonely out-fire,
And one turned;
Across his eyes an instant
The low light burned,
And in that flash their blueness I had discerned.

IV

Out of the silent valley,
Knee to knee,
I rode between two riders
I could not see—
Known for a day, forever unknown to me.



A PEN SKETCH BY THACKERAY, AMONG
THE BAXTER SOUVENIRS OF
THE NOVELIST

THACKERAY'S FRIENDSHIP WITH AN AMERICAN FAMILY¹

FIFTH PAPER—CONCLUSION

THIS series of entirely unpublished letters by Thackeray were written to the various members of a single American family, that of the late Mr. George Baxter of the city of New York. They appear in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE with the consent not only of Miss Lucy W. Baxter, but of Mrs. Ritchie, the great writer's accomplished daughter, and of the London publishers of Thackeray's works, Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. The first of the letters were printed in the November CENTURY, with an introduction by Miss Baxter. (See also the prefatory note to the letters to Miss Libby Strong, on page 767.)—EDITOR.

36 Onslow Sq., Brompton, London.
12-13 July, 1856

DO you remember this handwriting? Since circumstances have occurred, you have not seen it much. I write to nobody now, that's the fact, except a dozen or two of brief business letters during the week. . . . Don't you think more of the little personage whose . . . advent has been announced to me than of scores of old friends pleasures & what not? We take up with the business of our lives when the time comes—May your nursery be thronged & merry!

I am writing on my back, rather ill in

bed. Have been ill ever since I came home, forced to give up the pomps & vanities of this wicked world and all the sinful lusts of the season—am greatly better though, and fancy that I am going to be better still. All that melancholy you remember, that glum carelessness of life, &c came from bodily ailment and not mental, as we used romantically to fancy. I am greatly improved of my ailment and with the illness the melancholy goes—next year I shall be as jolly as 20—perfectly reconciled to life—interested even in trivialities let us hope—trumps, politics, what there is for dinner, or what our neighbour has—

¹ The writings and drawings by W. M. Thackeray which are given in these articles appear with the permission of Smith, Elder & Co., the owners of the copyright.

I have been $2\frac{1}{2}$ months in London now without doing the littlest bit of work except doctoring myself. Poor Anny has lost her season and we have been able to go but to 2 fine parties—I had an ague attack after both so that she is reconciled to staying away. . . . And that I seriously think is all my news. I am dead: go nowhere, do, think, write, nothing. Shall I not best burn this letter instead of sending it all the way to the Second Avenue?

Shall I ever come back to you again? Not as a public performer. I won't go through the degrading ordeal of press abuse again. Those scoundrels managed last time to offend and insult the most friendly stranger that ever entered your country or quitted it—I like my dear old friends just as well as ever, mind you—but the public *non pas*.

At this juncture yesterday the Dr made his appearance; and now it is Sunday morning 13 July, and though it's only 10 o'clock I have had my breakfast these 3 hours, and read 3 papers, and 3 pamphlets about the Prince of Wales (my favorite George IV) and what on earth have I got to say to fill up these 2 pages? The George lectures are much better liked here than they were with you that is if I may judge from a petit comité to whom I have read 3 of them—The terrible Venables came to the first and Minny of whose criticism I am more afraid than of any one's—V spoke very highly of No. 1. Old Lady Morley cried at No. 3—L^d Morley who belonged to the Court was not in the least scandalized—it was evident in a word that the people were amused. I read the lectures straight out from the American M.S. wh your people said I should not dare to read in England, & should have given them in public but that I was not sure of my health, and thought the best thing I could do was to go into hospital. I am now all but set up again: and when we're well Laud! wont we be happy & have a lark! Those girls are the comfort of my life that's a fact—that affair I once talked to you about was all nonsense. The young man was in London the other day, I asked him to dinner,—& first told Minny who laughed & then told Anny who laughed too—their romantic old Granny was the founder of the story—Do you laugh & think I am humbugged? No—if there had been anything in it, I am sure

my girl w^d have told me. Little Amy Crowe lives with us still and is so good and gentle that actually nobody in my family is jealous of her. . . . Mr. Charles Pearman has not resumed his livery on his return to his native country but dresses in black and is much greater man. The Ticknors are here, its very hard that I cannot make a feast for them—but the Dr wont let me, and I save in dinners what I pay in fees. Indeed our little house is very pretty. I dont see a gayer one anywhere and if a man is to be ill why there cant be a pleasanter room than this in wh I'm writing, quiet, bright, with a beautiful garden and green avenue before it, such as W. B. Astor could n't have in New York, with all his money. And these are my news, Madam. I hope you liked the teapottykin &c. they were so nice to my mind that I thought there was no use in going farther for them than Broadway. I send my very best regards to your husband, and my love to my dear kind friends yonder—Whilst I am writing, the girls come in, and I say "whom do you think I am writing to?" Miss Min tosses up her head & says "to Sally Bax—" Good bye my dear S. S. H. says

Yours afftly always

W. M. T.

*36 Onslow Sq., Brompton,
2 November, 1856*

MY DEAR MRS. BAXTER: I must try and write you a little letter from my bed on my back where I am lying with one of my old attacks of spasms. (O—O—Oho! he shuts his eyes and groans during an interval) I must be well tomorrow. Have n't I to go 400 miles to lecture at Edinburgh?—and with a grim face I congratulate you my dear Grandpapa and Grandmamma upon the happy event wh you announce to me. . . . May the little man prosper! may his little successors be happy and many! may he never inflict nor suffer murder in a Georgian Railway Car: may the fashion of applauding the bludgeoners of unoffending Senators not be continued in his time! (Aha! quite a little twinge!)

I dont know what to tell you about my where and whatabouts for 3 months past. They have been very unsatisfactory. At first we went to Spa in Belgium which was very satisfactory and if I did not write any of my book I thought a great deal of it.

Then in evil hour I went to Aix-la-Chapelle and fell ill as at the present, then to Düsseldorf on the Rhine where hearing of the death of my mother's sister-in-law at Paris (another Mrs. Carmichael Smyth) and concluding that my dear old mother would naturally come to comfort the widower & afflicted we hastened to Paris. But no mother. Her presence was not wanted, the old Major liked the place where he was and stayed 3 weeks longer—So we had to stay those 3 weeks, and 2 weeks more with the old folks when they did come back. Then we came to London to prepare for our Scotch tour—we were to go to delightful country-houses—little Miss Min was to come out for the nonce—and made her first appearance at Russell Sturgis's in a nice white frock and a nice little twopenny diamond cross that a certain Papa bought—when lo! comes Charles Pearman from London with a telegraphic message from Paris "Your mother is ill. Come." Away we go, 4 of us, next morning—We find her—not very ill but the old man in a prodigious alarm & her too—we have one homoeopathic doctor after another, one servant after another to sleep by her—at last in a fright she sends the homoeopaths to the rightabout, gets rapidly well under the Regulars, but the girls pleasant party to Scotland is broken up & they must stay at Paris and nurse their invalid. I come away & fall ill here too—And I think this is an account of a blundering, unsatisfactory, uncomfortable campaign. Stop it's not over yet—in my absence all my proof sheets and all your brother Oliver's circulairs are whisked away & burned. I cant help it. Theres no use scolding. He must send me some more which I shall get on my return from Scotland please God—and then I must go back to the old folks in Paris for he wont come here and they are not fit to be left to themselves. In all these botherations the girls are behaving like trumps—take their disappointment with the sweetest good humour—and we try to do our best for keeping the commandment w^b promises us that our days shall be long in the land.

Is n't this a cross grained dismal odious letter? Not a word of that book is written though I have spent hours & weeks of pains on it—never mind. There is time enough & to spare. As Mahomet wont move, the mountain must go to him. I

must shut my house up—and stay for some months at Paris at any rate and, to this end, have refused a score of engagements to lecture. Well, I hope I shall never write you a spasmodic letter again! and O Massy! I hope I shall be well for Tuesday 4th! Salute your little grandchild for me, and his aunt and uncles and his papa & mamma & his grand aunts & uncles and everything that is yours among which please to count always

Madam, your faithful but uncomfortable at present

W. M. T.

Bradford, Manchester, Dec'r 10-12, 1856

I REMEMBER how near a certain anniversary is and must wish you many happy anniversaries. The letter which you wrote to me just before the birth of your boy was such a damp one that I did n't care to reply to it. . . . That was before the birth of the boy. Let us hope life has other interests and quite a new charm for you. What have I been doing since October? (when I returned home and found your letter & your mother's)—have scarcely been at home since that time, kept in perpetual motion by the illness of my dear old mother and the botherations attendant on it—and since November never quiet with the lectures—w^h are a much greater success here than in America—as great even pecuniarily. People knowing the subject better, more familiar with the allusions, &c, like the stuff—I am glad for my part that this should be the opinion—for I know in America it was thought I had brought them an inferior article—glass beads as it were for the natives. But no newspaper in this country will say like Bennett that *any* young man would sit down in their office and write such lectures in an evening—I'm obliged to skip over because I've no blotting paper—and I such numbers of letters daily to write—90 a week at the very least—that's why I have returned to the old slanting hand in place of the familiar upright—slanting is much quicker.

My mother has been very unwell and even more frightened than hurt. Hence my dear girls who were just ready to start to the North with me, were obliged to forego their pleasure, & stay with her & nurse her their best—(we were telegraphed over out of a pleasant party at Russell Sturgis's who has a palace of a

house near London.) and we were to have gone to a half dozen fine houses and Miss Min rather prematurely to have made her entrée into this wicked world, but things have been otherwise ruled. There is my history for months past. My spirits are very much better—though I get those fierce attacks of illness still—am just out of bed from one of them wh^{ch} prevented my lecturing last night & to-night. Think that at the end of next year if I work I shall be worth 20,000£!—Its as much as I want—10,000 apiece for the girls is enough for any author's daughters—and then when I am independent what shall we do? Hush—perhaps have a try at politics for which I dont care now—but one must do something and when you begin to play you get interested in the game—I have taken share in the Transatlantic Telegraph—I felt glad somehow to contribute to a thread that shall tie our two countries together—for though I don't love America I love Americans with all my heart—and I dare say you know what family taught me to love them.

What a hideous place this is I am staying at—what kind people everywhere! What a beautiful woman came to see me to-day with her husband! The faithful evidently multiply—and—I find as usual that I dont care one single phigg. Praise does not produce the least elation, censure a little captiousness but that's all. At Edinburgh I was hissed about Mary Queen of Scots—and rather amused—I was not familiar with the Scotch, as I could not be except in certain families with you—as soon as I got back to England began to sympathize with my company again, and passed all last week at Hull amongst traders in a very hearty, homely, comfortable society. A Jew there on Sunday gave me such a quantity of Port wine that though I did not like it and knew the end of it I drank and am ill in consequence. Wonderful consequence of Port wine! I could not help telling the son of the house that one of the guests, a Jew too, was an infernal Snob, in which the lad agreed, and wh^{ch} was utterly true but why say it?

. . . And here there came in strangers and then more strangers and then a friend to dinner and then bed time and then early morning to Lpool, and dinner, lecture, supper there and now it is 12 December—She is receiving company in the brown

house in diamonds & lace and what a fine supper there is in the dining-room and what flowers on the stairs and what a smart new dress mamma has got on, and how pale poor Lucy looks as she peeps out of her room and just goes back to chill & fever! Well, well, all this was a year ago—but did n't I think of it this morning as I lay awake and heard the wind roaring in the same house from which I embarked for America both times! Good bye my dear—God bless you—I've only time and spirits to say that Have n't I written 10 letters already—and aint I unwell still and is n't there the lecture to do to-night—and O it will be pleasant to see the girls next week! Mamma may read this first & send it on Think of the Cunarder having to put back! I've took 1,000£ share in the telegraph line; we'll hold each other by the hand then. Good bye again my dear Sarah & God speed you & your husband & child.

*36 Onslow Square,
November 1, 1857.*

But begun yesterday at the
Athenæum where I found your
letter.

THESE are pretty reproaches indeed Ladies! I should like to know who wrote last to both of you? I flatter myself its I who am the injured party—though that it may be months ago since I wrote I confess. And I have been thinking of you all the time of this panic and actually was too frightened to write. Last Monday I came home to the girls and announced that the carriage and one must be sold (we keep a carriage and one, a very pretty open carriage and a brougham if you please) that Jeames must certainly go, if not Chawls too (Mr. Chawls is such a great man now that he cant do without a young man in livery to help him) that all the American savings were gone to smash, including the 500£ from Harper Brothers for the Virginians. It is astonishing how well we took our ruin. Next day however things began to brighten again; and it appears we are not done for, as yet at least. What shall I tell? I have just come back from Oxford after that little electioneering freak. I should have won but for the Sabbath question, and on that point wont truckle or change to get any possible promotion or glory—and am quite as well out of Parliament as in. Tell Sally my fits of blue devils

continue—that I have fallen in love with nobody else and intend to dont—that nobody is come after my girl who is the delight of her father when he sees her. I have had the parents with me for the last 3 months: or with the girls, rather, my visits being only occasional. I dont think the Virginians is good yet, though it has taken me immense deal of trouble, but I know it will be good at the end. I tremble for the poor publishers who gave me 300 £ a number—I dont think they can afford it and shall have the melancholy duty of disgorging. Sure I think this is all my news. But I think about America a many and many times and in so friendly a manner that I am perfectly certain I shall be walking Broadway again ere long. Do write and tell me that you are not severely hurt in the panic. I took a share in the Trans-atlantic Telegraph, deeming it a sort of duty, but that Oxford election cost me so much that I was obliged to sell the Trans-atlantic share, so that that money was so much saved. Only 2 people of all those I canvassed had ever heard of my name. It would n't be so in America, would it? It was a good lesson to my vanity.

My summer trip was confined to a house at Brighton and a little excursion to Homberg & Paris. The girls rode hack horses and bathed and were happy. My mother who has been ailing for more than a year has improved very much during her 3 months visit to us. I am rather better in health, I think, but becoming more silent and selfish every day. Women know how to dissemble when they are bored, and appear cheerful though they are yawning in spirit. I wish I could be a little more of a hypocrite sometimes. . . . Ha! There is a large tear which my pen has shed. It is one of a box of pens which I bought in Washington, D. C. What about the boys? Is Wyllie working hard and as good as ever? Has George begun to grow a moustache? Is that tiresome fever and ague out of the house? I have not had a touch since the 4 of July when I was sitting quite happy and unprepared, after a good dinner, listening to Lord Brougham and Lord Lyndhurst telling wicked old stories, and lo! I felt the enemy creeping down my back. Mysterious chill and fever!—Prattling which nonsense my paper has come to an end. Was it a grand marriage of Miss Libbie? Mind, I consider it is my

privilege to send each of those young ladies a tea-pot. The girls and I will go into town to-day to look for one: and when Madam J—— uses it she will please remember her and your

1857

Here is the 28 November and the letter begun on the 1st still lying in my box. Do you know why it was not sent? —First we went out to look for a T pot—then we could n't find a pretty little one such as befits a young bride who wishes to console herself with Bohea in the absence of her heart's darling. Then when in about a week I had got scent of a pretty little old teapot it is a fact I had NO MONEY—that is to spare—That is times are so bad and every man so hard pressed that 1, 2, 3, 4 up to 14 people have been to me for gold and silver in the course of the month, and I could n't refuse them in their distress and did n't dare to buy even a two-penny halfpenny present whilst all these unfortunates were calling on for help. As I came in just now Charles says "Mr. C's servant just called with a note which he was to leave in case you were at home." Do you suppose I don't know what that means? Mr. C. will call himself to-morrow morning before 11 (the wretch!) and say My dear fellow the times are so bad that if you can lend me &c and how on earth with all this can I go and get that teapot? Never mind. Wait a while, Libbie, it must and SHALL be bought. Meanwhile take the benediction of your affectionate uncle—which is I think my relationship to you. What has happened since the 1st? Nothing particular. My good old parents are gone away after a good long visit—The old Major grows to be more and more like Colonel Newcome every day. My mother's health has greatly improved. She enjoyed her visit here. We are very smart. You should see our new Brougham if you please, &c &c &c. God bless you all—a very merry Xmas to you, to brides, to bridegrooms, to spinsters, piccaninnies, grandmothers, grandfathers, grand and common uncles, and to S S H from yours ever

April 10, 23, 1858
36 Onslow Square.

MY DEAR MRS. BAXTER: Is n't it a horrible thing that Libbie's teapot is still in the cupboard yonder under Washington's bust? Is it a year since she was married?

A set of weeks become a month and a set of months a year before I know where I am now, and every day of the year has its turmoil, trouble, illness, parties, letters, printer's-devils, duns, botherations, and so we go on and on until the end of troubles and pleasures—Do you know here 's the 10th of the month and only 3 pages of my number done? I have had 2 attacks within the last fortnight of my enemy; each attack throwing me back a week or so. I have been with the girls to a deal of parties and dinners. . . . But to return to Libbie's teapot, Captain Comstock wrote to me some time ago that he was coming to London and would take it with him, I not liking to trust the precious article to the common carriage or possible miscarriage of a steamer. Hence the delay in the transmission of this domestic little article. Have I ever written to you before on this horribly ugly paper? I find it pleasanter far to the pen than your beautiful cream-laid, and gilt edges.

23. And here the letter again stopped 12 days ago; and, on Friday night after awful trouble, I only got my number done, just in time to send it by post to Liverpool and America. The book's clever but stupid, that's the fact. I hate story-making incidents, surprises, love-making, &c more and more every day; and here is a third of a great story done equal to two thirds of an ordinary novel—and nothing actually has happened, except that a young gentleman has come from America to England. I wish an elderly one could do 't other thing, and have the strongest wish to come and see you all. Are there any more Hamptonkins come or coming? What have we been about these 10 days? tramping the round of parties, giving dinners, and eating brandy peaches from New York—quite plain dinners, not ostentatious, but O dear me how much pleasanter the men's parties are than those with ladies, that 's the fact.—Tomorrow Miss Anny gives her first drum. I have set my face hitherto against these entertainments from the peculiar nature of our society—we know great people and small, polite and otherwise; the otherwise are not a bit comfortable in company of the others but yet angry if they are not asked. I know this horrible teafight will bring down all sorts of odium upon the givers; but they will have it, and though I 'm not quite such a

soft Papa as G. B. of 2nd Avenue, if my young women set their hearts on anything they are pretty sure to get it. I am afraid the 2 Lambert girls in the Virginians are very like them, but of course deny it if anybody accuses me.

We have been in the midst of immense political flutter. I have seen my name as a candidate for no less than 4 places in event of a dissolution of parliament, but don't want one now for a while. Let us have some more lectures and some more money first. My expenses (have I ever grumbled to you about them?) are awful. I have a one horse chay and spend 2600 £ a year *at least*. Two families each with a carriage could live for that money—but then they don't give away 500 £ as Somebody somehow does. Also at the end of the month when the number is done, I go and buy pooty things—6 such byootiful spoons as I brought home yesterday! And what do you think? I have had a new coat the first in four years. I have a famous little horse to ride and get on him once a fortnight. I have good daughters, good wine in the cellar, easy work, plenty of money in my pocket, a fair reputation—I ought to be happy ought n't I? Eh bien! I don't think I am above 4 days in the month. A man without a woman is a lonely wretch. Hark at the bells dingdonging for church! Shall I go? No I forgot—Mr. & Mrs. Blackwood, Mr. and Mrs. Pollen (O Sally Hampton such a pretty woman!) 4 selves, Lord John Hay, Sir Charles Taylor, Mr. Bidwell, Mr. Motley (of U. S. A.) Mr. Creyke, and Mr. Edwards are coming to dinner at 7. A Frenchman is my butler and valet, in the place of the seductive Charles . . . Here have I been chattering till it is time for dinner! My dear kind old friend—once and again it is a pleasure to come and sit down and talk to you. Give my best regards to all, and God bless you—Perhaps you 'll let S. S. H. have this and my dooty to her. You see I don't like to stop but keep chattering on till I 'm in the hall, down the steps and actually out of doors—Good bye

W. M. T.

36 Onslow Sq. August 25, 1858

I WONDER whether I shall have the energy to get through this sheet—this sheet? this page. But try we wool, though I owe ever so many people letters before you

Madam, and this is safe to be dreadfully stupid. Dont you see that I cant even spell? I am constantly unwell now—a fit of spasms—then get well in about 5 days; then 5 days grumbling and thinking of my work; then 14 days work and spasms da capo—and what a horribly stupid story I am writing! Dont tell me. I know better than any of you. No incident, no character, no go left in this dreary old expiring carcass. There Miss Sally—you howl on your sea-shore and I will roar from mine. Come let us placidly take leave of our friends (not telling them anything I mean) go each to the top of a rock, and jump over and end our troubleoububbles in the midst of the sad sea waves' bubbleubblubbles—I am serious—you fancy I am joking. I tell you I am done, and I don't care. My dear it is all liver. We have been away on a (for the girls) jolly little Swiss tourken of 5 weeks and I find the kind letters among the heap on my return home. As for my dear Mrs. Baxter, it steps silently into the room, and soothes me like a sweet refreshing calming anodyne. Fact is I'm quite beat and unwell and can scarce see the paper on w^h I write.

Is Libbie's teapot ever going? Yes Andrew Arcedubus Esq. . . . will take it over in a few days. It has got black and is so small and shabby that I am ashamed to send it. But O my dear Libbie—times are dark and will be dark, so dark that no man shall be able to work. Make haste and get married Lucy my dear, if you want a siliwyer tea pot or you will have none from your unfortunate W. M. T. My dear kind mother heart, I am so glad it is elated at Welly's getting such honours. When he comes to England he will talk to 2 orphans in a shabby genteel house about their maniac father. Nobody in the least is coming to marry them—and nobody I am sure is wanted, by their selfish parent. . . .

I have nothing to tell you as usual. I went away having got into trouble with a young fellow who told lies of me in a newspaper, which I was obliged to notice as we are acquaintances, and meet together at a little club. You have read something about it in the papers, I daresay. The little papers are still going on abusing me about it I hear—and dont care as I never read one. The public does not care about the story nor about the Virginians, nor I about either—nor do I know what there is in

these 3 pages, nor whether I shall send them. Yes I think I shall send them because I can pay the post you know, and because once and away I like to growl out that I love you, ever so many of you, very sincerely. I think taraxacum might do something for Sally who is still (comparatively) young. If I wanted to see the children I would say so; but I dont. I suppose for form's sake I must send my love to them though. There, Bless you bless you my little dears. Take em away Nurse. Wowwowow Rawwawwaw. Chickaly chickaly chickaly. O zoo pootoy little darlings—O you unfeeling Broo-oo-ooot! says Aunt Lucy walking out of the room quite haughty. Well—he is really unwell, that is the fact Grandmamma says. I think I'm ever so little better now I am got to the end of this absurd paper. God bless you all. Papa and the boys and the girls and Uncle Oliver, says

Your aff'

W. M. T.

*36 Onslow Square, Brompton,
Christmas, 1860.*

THE autumn has passed away in which you were to have come to England and here is a bitter cold Christmas day and no news of you. I am unwell. I am hard at work trying to get the new story on a head. I have been quill-driving all the morning, but I must say a word of God bless you to my dear kind friends at Brown House Street and wish you a Christmas as merry as may be. Are n't you in a fright at the separation? Is Sally going to be a countrywoman of yours no longer, and will her children in arms fight Libby's? It's a horrible thing to me to read of. Have you ever seen a coloured print called the Belle of the West I have it hanging up because it is like a young woman whom I used to admire very much. (perhaps other little partialities are hung up too and are now only so many painted memorials on a wall) Is it this horrid Separation that has prevented your all coming to Europe. Or are you waiting till next year when my fine new house will be built—at Palace Green, Kensington—opposite the old palace. If I live, please God, I shall write the history of Queen Anne there. My dear relations are furious at my arrogance, extravagance & presumption in building a handsome new house, and one of them who never

made a joke in his life said yesterday to me "You ought to call it Vanity Fair."

I wonder whom you have got at dinner to-day? Our house is all hollyfied from bottom to top. We have asked a poor widow from India with her *five* children, and two or 3 men friends, and we have got a delicate feast consisting of

Boiled Turkey,
Roast Goose
Roast Beef.

and I am going to make a great bowl of punch in the grand silver bowl you know—the testimonial bowl.

No one has come to marry either of my dear girls. I am surprised they don't. But I hardly know any men under fifty, and can't be on the look out for eligible bachelors as good dear London mammas can. I have not made their fortunes as yet, but am getting towards it and have saved a little since I wrote last; but I am free-handed, have to keep my wife, to help my parents, & to give to poor literary folks—in fine my expenses are very large. I am supposed to make 10,000£ a year. Write 5 and it is about the mark. Health very soso. Repeated attacks of illness. Great thankfulness to God Almighty for good means, for good children. And that's all. Had n't I better go on with Philip? Here is the very last sentence I wrote:

"When I was a girl I used always to be reading novels, she said but, la! they're mostly nonsense! There's Mr. Pendennis, I wonder how a married man can go on writing about love and all that stuff!" And indeed it is rather absurd for elderly fingers to be still twanging Don Cupid's toy bow & arrows. Yesterday is gone, yes—but very well remembered. And we think of it the more now we know that To-morrow is not going to bring us much.

Goodbye my dear Yesterdays. And believe me affectionately yours

24 May. 36 Onslow Sq. 1861

I THINK you hardly know me in this hand-writing I return to it by fits and starts and when I write with quill pens. Your little package of photographs came and touched us all. How I should like to see the originals, and the one who is *n't* represented, Madam. Why is there not one of you? I suppose Papa did not care to have his wife shown with a wrinkle in her face, and always thinks of her as that young

lady in white muslin and a frill, who to my mind is not half so good looking as the Mrs. Baxter I knew. How the boys have grown! Wally's moustache is quite elegant. I daresay George has one by this time on his solemn face. Do you know, but this I should not like to tell her, I think Sarah has grown handsomer; and we are divided here about which of the children we like best—the dark little maiden with the round eyes or the little man with the Saxon face. There's a very fine, kind, melancholy letter from Sarah Hampton which I have been reading. It is stretching a hand out into the past and shaking hands with a ghost there. I suppose you won't have the courage to leave home now that it is made so comfortable to you by war. If Wally does n't come till December or so we shall most likely be able to house him in Vanity Fair House. If he comes sooner we must get him a lodging round the corner. At the pastry cook's you know, there are very decent rooms; and it's not farther off than the brown house from the Clarendon. That wretch W. H. Russell! On the night before he left London we dined at the Garrick Club; and what did I do but cut off a beautiful lock of snowy hair and write in an envelope Be kind to the bearer of this. And he never bore it to you; though he went to the Clarendon. And I don't at all envy him the errand upon which he is gone to the States.

Awful Reprisals. Thackeray invested the money which he received for his lectures in America, in American railway stocks. If they cease to pay dividends, he threatens to come back to America, and give more lectures.

I wonder shall I go and call upon your Minister? I have well nigh broken with the world, the grand world, and only go to the people who make my daughters welcome. The fine ladies won't; or is it that the girls are haughty, and very difficult to please? They won't submit to be patronized by the grandes at all, that's the fact; and I think I rather like them for being rebellious and independent—more so than their Papa, who is older and more worldly.

I think I kept back this note in order to sketch the new house at Kensington—but fond memory supplies the place of actual survey; and this is what you will

see when you come to London—the reddest house in all the town. I have already had 1000£ offered me for my bargain: but I want if I can afford health & time to write the life of Queen Anne in that room with the arched window wh: has

down hill considerably in public favor. It does n't concern me very much Were I to let yonder red house we could live almost without writing but then you know wife and parents are expensive. They want more money here than at Paris; and, thank

*You come to London - the reddest house is all the town. I have already
had 1000£ offered me for my bargain: but I want if I can
afford health & time to write the life of Queen Anne in that room
with the arched windows wh: has a jolly look out on noble Kensington
Garden Elms, and is no farther from the centre than what?⁺
than 25th Street let us say. But the house is very dear It costs
6000£ and 100£ a year ground rent. Where we are now only
costs 3000 - But its a famous situation & will be a little
competency to the girl who inherits it. Anny has been ailing
of late, and has gone to the country for change of air..*

*I think Trollope is much more popular in the Cornhill Magazine
readers than I am: and doubt whether I am not going down still
considerably in public favor. It doesn't concern me very much
here I to let yonder red house we could live almost without writing
but then you know wife and servants are expensive. They want*

FACSIMILE OF A PORTION OF THACKERAY'S LETTER OF MAY 24, 1861

a jolly look out on noble Kensington Garden Elms, and is no farther from the centre than what? than 25th Street let us say. But the house is very dear It costs 6000£ and 100£ a year ground rent. Where we are now only costs 3000. But its a famous situation & will be a little competency to the girl who inherits it. Anny has been ailing of late, and has gone to the country for change of air.

I think Trollope is much more popular with the CornHill Magazine readers than I am: and doubt whether I am not going

God, up to the present there 's no lack. But my mother gets very rebellious and wants to go back. There 's a little clique of old ladies there who are very fond of her and with whom she is a much more important personage than she is in this great city. If anything happens to the Major she will go to Paris and give us the slip and grumble when she is there and presently come back.

Well, this is not much to tell is it? To write twopenny news of domestic gossip to people enjoying a revolution. I have never

got to believe in it as serious as yet; and my impression of the U. S. is so incurably friendly that I can't fancy you quarrelling and hating each other. I cant think the fight will be a serious fight. In what will it benefit the North to be recoupled to the South? In the old wars we used to talk of the ruin of England as ensuing on the separation of the colonies—and are n't both better for the separation?

Come let me shut up this little twaddling letterkin, and pay a shilling for it which is $11\frac{1}{2}$ more than its worth, and send it with a handshake to dear friends from their faithful

W. M. T.

1862

*Palace Green,
Kensington, W.*

Friday, May 9.

MY DEAR FRIENDS. I am glad to have a word of news of all of you, and that you should have wished to hear of me. I did n't write though I have thought of you many a time; and feared for you, lest the war should have brought its calamity down upon you. Before that grief which I know must be in your house; what to say or to do? I know what your feelings are; loyal Northerners though you may be, with the daughter and grandchildren in the South who look at me out of our photograph book so innocent and pretty and then there's the bread winner—the warehouse—does the warehouse bring any rent now? I know and feel that trying times are come on you all.

Some one called me away the other day when I wrote those last words and then I have been ill for 2 days and I was called away just as I was going to say something. Now tell me my dear kind good Baxter and wife—there may be troubles at home—no dividends—the deuce to pay. I know a fellow who is not rich, for he has spent all his money in building this fine house; all but a very little—but who knows? Draw on me for 500£ at 3 months after date; and I am your man. You wont be angry? You may be worth millions; and laugh at my impudence—I dont know, but I dont mean no harm. Only I remember and shall all my life the kindness and hospitality of the dear old brown house.

This one is delightful. I have paid 5000£ on it in 2 years out of income—but there's ever so much more to pay I dont know how much. When done however it will be a little income to the girl who inherits it and do you know I dont much care when she does. I am constantly ill. A Doctor told me at Paris t' other day that I had a fatal complaint and I was n't very sorry.¹ It turns out not to be true—but, but, but . . . Well upon my word it is one of the nicest houses I have ever seen—as good as Mr. Haight's let us say—there is an old green and an old palace and magnificent trees before the window at wh I write. I have the most delightful study, bedroom, and so forth; can get 10£ for as much writing as there is on these 4 little sides; have a strong idea that in the next world I shan't be a bit better off. Well—Since her husband's death my poor old mother is wandering about, happy nowhere. I inherit from her this despondency I suppose—but have the pull over her of a strong sense of humour wh gets plenty of cheerful laughs out of your glum old friend. Nobody comes to marry the daughters. Every body is fond of them. I think they have been the happier for my having gone to America, where a good father and mother I know of used to tell me they liked their children to have "a good time."

I saw the Bigelows at Paris last week—she as jolly as ever. Good bye God bless you. Never mind if I dont write I may be lazy or moody but always affectionately yours

W. M. T.

*Palace Green,
Kensington, W.*
Christmas Day, 1862

MY DEAR FRIENDS. The sad letter has been here for many days. I had the news before from Mr. John Dillon, who has friends in the South. I have not had the courage to write to you about it. I know there is no consolation. I lost a child myself once, that's enough to say that I understand your grief. That journey of Lucy and her father is the saddest thing I have read of for many a long day. I look at Sarah's face in the photograph book and

¹ This recalls an anecdote in the "Roundabout Paper" "On Lett's Diary," which appeared in the "Cornhill Magazine" for January, 1862, and subsequently in the édition de luxe and other editions of Thackeray's works, with an illustration by Charles Keene, entitled "The Sentence."—EDITOR.

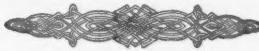
then at a print wh I have had for many years because it was like her when I first saw her. My friend Miss Perry was telling me how she had just read an old letter of mine to her dear sister (who is dead too, and who was one of the dearest friends I ever had) and how there was a description of this New York girl. What a bright creature! What a laugh, a life, a happiness! And it is all gone; and you dear people sit bewailing your darling. The letters she sent to me at rare times were awfully sad. In that photograph how sad she looks! As for those little children, those two we know—we three in this house love them both. Ever since they came to us they have been in the girls' sitting room, and the Belle of the West is yonder in mine. How well I remember that first look of her, with the red ribbon in her hair! and next is that sad matron, and next your letter. What a warm welcome, what a kindly fireside, what kind faces round it—

and hers the brightest of all! Amen. Dear mourning father, mother, sister we can only shake you by the hand, and pray God comfort you. . . . I have been thinking in this pause of that hospitable table in your dining room, and the Spirits moving about; and looking up wistfully in this big lone room, lest a form should make itself visible.

This morning I was lying awake in the grey looking out at the elms, and thinking of your dear Sarah. God be with us. I dont feel much care about dying. As we love our children, wont our Father love us? Dear friends I have been so happy in my home, and in yours that I can feel for the grief which now bears you down. God bless you all.

Yours affectionately always
W. M. Thackeray.

I dont talk a word of politics to you. I was touched by Young saying kind words of me in his paper.



THACKERAY'S LETTERS TO MISS LIBBY STRONG

FOLLOWING are three letters addressed by Thackeray to Miss Libby Strong, niece of Mr. Baxter, who was an inmate of the family at the Brown House during both the visits of the novelist to America, and who is referred to several times in the previous letters of this series as "Miss Libby."

These letters were all written in remembrance of the birthday of Miss Strong, which coincided with that of Thackeray. The second was addressed to both Miss Lucy Baxter and Miss Strong, and bears on the last page two L's to indicate this fact. Miss Strong is now Mrs. Alfred Leonard Curtis of New York.—EDITOR.

Basle, 18 July, 1853.

MY DEAR LIBBY. Just to show that I don't forget my promise to write to you on this the 18th [17th] birthday you have known in this wicked world, I tear a leaf out of a book (for I have no desk with me up stairs,) and I write a God bless you and a many happy returns of the day to you and all others who were born on your day. We are set out on a little tour. It's ever so many weeks since I have heard from the Second Avenue and the last news I had of it was that a baker's shop had been burned and some people killed jumping out of window. We have come from Baden

to day, where we spent 10 very jolly days, and I should have made you some verses: but, Miss, I was better employed spinning prose for my family, and getting on at a fine rate.

This is just like an American hotel, and I was showing my daughters a regular American table d'hôte (there were a score of you all at supper as we dined at a separate table) and just as I was saying how comfortable it was to see them all again: how I felt back in the auld country (your's you know is the auld country with me—) I'm sorry to say no less than 5 people—two of 'em ladies—put their knives down

their throats, at wh^{ch} those girls laughed. It was all very well of me to say 'My dears, theres no *crime* in using a knife as we use a fork or a spoon' but still I wish they had n't a done it, for I know the Eurōpians laugh at the practice and I don't want you to be laughed at. There were girls with  hair you know, & little Vand-yke collars  Just as I remember them in a cer  tain country: and my  warmed to  wards them from cer  tain recollections I have: but I wish, I wish they had not used their knives in that way. I see more Americans than English abroad: I see some of 'em turning round to each other, & whispering that's so and so—meaning some one who was born on Miss Libby Strong's birthday. Are you having a good time, & being all happy? I wish I could see you all this minute. How is Bleaker? Is his name Tommy Bleaker or Billy or what? Are you gone to Newport or Saratoga? Is your father well, and Ben? Are your aunt uncle & cousins pretty cheerful? Will you kiss them with my respectful compliments, and accept the same (wh^{ch} I will pay I hope next year) from your affectionate old friend

W.M.T.

I have put this in just in order that you may n't show the letter. You dare n't now. I defy you). And we write to him the prettiest little letters, and we always think kindly of him, and he owes us a letter this ever so long!—O you little absurd birds! (I wish I could hear you pronounce them 2 wuerds absurd buerds in your New York tone! You are sitting on one perch and I will knock you both down with one little stone.

I think I have told you all the news in the preceding page and you may rely upon every word I have said as correct. I was so glad to hear from Mamma—I mean Mother I mean Aunt Anna, that you were both married and living in great comfort in Fifty Sixth Street—I don't like Libbie's marrying a pastry Cook but que voulez vous? we have our prejudices in Europe: when my youngest girl was married to the black footman I was for a long time inconsolable but the little tawny graces of my infantile Grandson have reconciled me to his Mother's choice and the bandy legs and woolly head of his father. Do you know what all this is about? Well I will tell you. My daughters & I are going out to tea with their Granny. We went to



FACSIMILE OF THE SCROLL-LIKE POSTSCRIPT

See in what pretty ways I can write I shall be in London in September and I expect a many American letters there from the Brown House in 2d Avenue. N. Y.

*Somewhere in October & November
Paris. 1853.*

MY DEAR LITTLE BIRDS. There is no use in getting out of temper and scolding and rating me in that way. I know very well that I owe you a letter: and that you are going about saying to everybody Why does n't Mr. Thackeray answer us? Were n't we very kind to him? Did n't we make him some brandy-peaches and pickled-walnuts (I just think how clever it would have been had I said pandy-breaches and wickled-palnuts ho ho ho! You will kill me with laughing if you go on in that way!) Did n't he kiss us both when he went away (*Now* you are caught!

dress together. I mean at the same time you know. I am in that elegant coat & waistcoat que vous savez—the very garments—and I thought I would begin a letter to you, and write a little stuff and nonsense until they were ready. Here they are. Away we go to tea. Good night Mesdemoiselles L. L.

We have been here for a fortnight. This is written the next morning you know—And I don't know whether we shall make out our visit to Rome this winter. It is always a hard matter to get a family on the march—the botheration of moving—the tears of Grandmother &c. I wish the girls would let me go by myself for a month, & they w^d but they would n't forgive me afterwards. I don't know that Paris is very pleasant. I know 2, 3, 4 distinct sets of people, and between them all cant see any one comfortably. The best

THACKERAY'S FRIENDSHIP WITH AN AMERICAN FAMILY 769

way is to do as at New York, go to nobody, only to one house, say a brown one at the corner of a Street, and neglect all the rest of the World. Did I tell you that I have bought a pretty little house at Brompton? looking into a very pretty square (Onslow Sq:)-The girls are to keep a floor to themselves and a little bath-room. I know where I got the hint of the bath-room; and we shall give up old Kensington and go and live there. But the house is not so roomy as Kensington. I can only make out at the most 2 spare bed rooms. I got your Mother's letter

touches with splendid livery-menials and cockayds in their hats-& I wish I wish for you girls that's the truth-No one has such good tea-Such good peaches-Such good walnuts-Why is n't Second Avenue next door that I might leave my books and papers and step in where I know I should be welcome if it was only to talk nonsense like this

Good bye young ladies accept my respectful salutations Remember me to Aunt Snelling & to George & to Wyllie and so Good Bye

WMT.

My dear Strong, I have had more chilblains
and fevers and I should have been to look at
you patient in Brown House - am off to Phila
Mr. Thackeray.
Philadelphia - but please remember Belmonticos
Chamber 8, at b.

FACSIMILE OF A NOTE TO MISS STRONG'S FATHER
WRITTEN ON A VISITING-CARD

yesterday; and I went right away to see [k] her Mrs. Bayley but she is gone. Two nights ago at the theatre I saw the fat face of an old acquaintance from Providence R. I. C—— is n't his name? a podgy little dandy. I was glad to set eyes on him. People from your Country whom I knew there cant understand I daresay, how glad I am to see them. What makes me like it so?—The Brown House, and one or two more—but the B. H. most of all.

Yesterday (This is written weeks and weeks after the other part,) me and the gals, went to Fontainebleau; and the wind blows fair for Rome now I think. I shall be glad to be on the move again, so as to be quiet. Do you know that when we were in that pleasant forest yesterday, and walking through those trim old gardens all carpeted with red leaves and admiring that quaint old palace, I often wished for some young ladies? Corbin gave us a grand dinner last Saturday. He had a Lord on each side of him and the whole feast was very splendid: and Bancroft Davis has just arrived and I see your compatriots flaunting about every where in grand ba-

*Chateau de Brecreque,
Boulogne Sur Mer [1854]*

Is not this the 18 July and does not Miss Libby Strong expect a letter on this anniversary? Yes and Miss Lucy ought to have had a letter on her's; and will, I hope, be jealous at not getting one—but you see, Miss Lucy, this is my birthday as well, that's why I write so specially—though what do birthdays mark after 40? As in the railroad tunnels (unknown in your free country) we get deeper and deeper plunging into the dark and the bright spot we set out from grows fainter and fainter till it winks out invisible. Libby is only just setting off on her life-journey. She is n't tired of the jolting nor the sameness nor the dust nor the hard seats. I wonder whether there are some nice young men in the carriage? that makes the journey pass much pleasanter; at least, about five & twenty years ago when I was Miss Libby's age a pretty girl opposite always did my eyes good. Now its different of course. I was a very venerable old bird when I was in America, but I am fifty years older now at least; think decidedly I 'm not for this

world very long—dont care much to stay, as soon as Anny & Minny are comfortably settled—Theres Minny hoeing in the garden at this present minute. Such a pretty quiet green smiling damp pleasant unwholesome garden! We have many of us had colds in the house. I have been to Paris for a week after working for a fortnight here like a Trojan: kept by myself all the time I was there called upon nobody bought clocks and gimcracks for the new house in London w^h I never seem to want to see again went to the play every night and did not even call on Miss Davis of New York though we were ackshly living in the same hotel. Dont you see by this twaddle that I have n't got much news to give you? The most part of life is such—at forty three—at eighteen, Miss, it's different—and the eyes see things with a sunshine of their own supplying. Tell me, is there no plum-cake coming from the Brown House and no young fellow stepping forward?—The most awful thing about the brown house is—I'm almost ashamed to own it—that I've forgotten the number. The way in w^h one forgets (at 430 w^h is my age) is awful. A man came and spoke to me yesterday at the pier here—Good Evns says he dont you remember me? No says I quite cheerfully not in the least my good Sir. I forget the number of the house where I lived myself for 5 years before I went to Kensington—No stop—its 286. O thou fool, what will it matter a few score years hence?

I began to make a pome about Sontags death the other day but stopped finding it was not at all about her but about myself. Bon Dieu what an angel I remember thinking her just twenty five years ago and seven years before Miss Libby Strong was born!

Something dismal must be in the air for instead of writing gaily to a young lady on her birthday see the page is full of darkness, death, weariness of soul, failing memory, advancing decrepitude, speedy departure. Is it because I have been hard at work all day, and am writing this for the dear life, so that Mr. Dickens may carry it in his pocket across the water, and so forward it to Liverpool. I dined with him yesterday. He has 9 children 7 boys—we played at forfeits and the game of 'buzz' Do you know it? I think even buzz would tire me after a certain number of enjoyments.

Come, it is time to pack up this note, and trot down to the boat. Suppose I was at New York now. I wonder whether it being your birth day, I should be allowed to—vous comprenez—and it being my birth day whether I should n't be authorized to do it all round: Well now I guess I'd give a hundred dollar bill to do it—that's thirty three \$33 cents a piece I reckon and one cent over: Miss Libby says I dont know what you mean about cents but I know you are talking a great deal of noncents. So it is. And how much of life is ditto ditto? Wait till you are five and twenty years older like some people, and then see.

So I send my love to all of you in the brown house, or wheresumever the Shade & the Summer has conveyed you, and am of the 3 young ladies especially the respectable old friend

W M T.

A friend of mine is coming out to N. Y; to whom I shall give a letter. He is a queer fellow the original of the Chevalier Strong in Pendennis

This was to have gone with the Handkerchief
 & another picture representing H. Sesterne.
 waving her handkerchief out of window in the 2nd box
 but the ink runs when I try to colour them & spoils em

FACSIMILE OF THE INSCRIPTION BY THACKERAY WHICH ACCOMPANIED
 THE DRAWING OF "OTHELLO AND DESDEMONA"



OTHELLO AND DESDEMONA

From a hitherto unpublished drawing by Thackeray

The circumstances under which this picture was made are thus related by Mrs. Curtis. During his first visit to America Mr. Thackeray once came to call at the Brown House, and finding that Mrs. Baxter was not at home, he left his cards without entering, it being his invariable custom not to visit the family during her absence. The young ladies from an upper window saw him as he was going away, and Miss Strong was dared by the others to wave her handkerchief at him, which she did, eliciting a courteous response from their friend. The next day she received from Mr. Thackeray a box of handkerchiefs, with the above sketch and the inscription opposite.



Sketch for a water-color painting owned by F. E. Sander. Copyright by F. S. Church. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES. "A LESSON IN WISDOM," DRAWN BY FREDERICK S. CHURCH

F. S. CHURCH

ON HUMANIZING THE ANIMALS

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

THE WARINESS OF WILD CREATURES—WHY FLOCKS OF BIRDS, DROVES
OF BEASTS, AND SCHOOLS OF FISH ACT WITH A COMMON IM-
PULSE—MOTIVES OF ANIMALS IN PLAY—THAT YARN
ABOUT THE FOX THAT FISHED FOR CRABS



HE notion that animals consciously train and educate their young has been held only tentatively by European writers on natural history. Darwin does not seem to have held it at all. Wallace held it at one time in regard to the birds,—their songs and nest-building, etc.,—but abandoned it later, and fell back upon instinct or inherited habit. Some of the German writers, like Brehm, Büchner, and the Müllers, seem to have held to the notion more decidedly. But Professor Groos had not yet opened their eyes to the significance of the play of animals. The writers mentioned undoubtedly read the instinctive play of animals as an attempt on the part of the parents to teach their young.

That the examples of the parents in many ways stimulate the imitative instincts of the young is quite certain, but that the parents in any sense aim at instruction is an idea no longer held by writers on animal psychology.

¹ Following is the text of President Roosevelt's letter: "I have not the slightest doubt that there is a large amount of unconscious teaching by wood-folk of their offspring. In unfrequented places I have had the deer watch me with almost as much indifference as they do now in the Yellowstone Park. In frequented places, where they are hunted, young deer and young mountain sheep, on the other hand,—and of course young wolves, bobcats, and the like,—are exceedingly wary and shy when the sight or smell of man is concerned. Undoubtedly this is due to the fact that from their earliest moments of going about they learn to imitate the unflagging watchfulness of their parents, and by the exercise of some associative or imitative quality they grow to imitate and then to share the alarm displayed by the older ones at the smell or presence of man. A

Of course it all depends upon what we mean by teaching. Do we mean the communication of knowledge or the communication of emotion? It seems to me that by teaching we mean the former. Man alone communicates knowledge; the lower animals communicate feeling or emotion. Hence their communications always refer to the present, never to the past or to the future.

That birds and beasts do communicate with each other, who can doubt? But that they impart knowledge, that they have any knowledge to impart, in the strict meaning of the word, any store of ideas or mental concepts,—that is quite another matter. Teaching implies such store of ideas and power to impart them. The subconscious self rules in the animal; the conscious self alone can teach or communicate knowledge. It seems to me that the cases of the deer and the antelope referred to by President Roosevelt in the letter to me printed in my CENTURY article last month show the communication of emotion only.¹

young deer that has never seen a man feels no instinctive alarm at his presence, or at least very little; but it will undoubtedly learn to associate extreme alarm with his presence from merely accompanying its mother, if the latter feels such alarm. I should not regard this as schooling by the parent any more than I should so regard the instant flight of twenty antelope who had not seen a hunter, because the twenty-first has seen him and has instantly run. Sometimes a deer or an antelope will deliberately give an alarm-cry at sight of something strange. This cry at once puts every deer or antelope on the alert; but they will be just as much on the alert if they witness nothing but an exhibition of fright and flight on the part of the first deer or antelope, without there being any conscious effort on its part to express alarm.

Teaching implies reflection and judgment; it implies a thought of, and solicitude for, the future. "The young will need this knowledge," says the human parent, "and so we will impart it to them now." But the animal parent has consciously no knowledge to impart, only fear or suspicion. One may affirm almost anything of trained dogs and of dogs generally. I can well believe the setter bitch spoken of by the President punished her pup when it flushed a bird,—she had been punished herself for the same offense,—but whether the act was expressive of anything more than her present anger, whether she was in any sense trying to train and instruct her pup, there is no proof.

But with animals that have not been to school to man, all ideas of teaching must be rudimentary indeed. How could a fox or a wolf instruct its young in such matters as traps? Only in the presence of the trap, certainly; and then the fear of the trap would be communicated to the young through natural instinct. Fear, like joy or curiosity, is contagious among beasts and birds, as it is among men; the young fox or wolf would instantly share the emotion of its parent in the presence of a trap. It is very important to the wild creatures that they have a quick apprehension of danger, and as a matter of fact they have. One wild and suspicious duck in a flock will often defeat the best-laid plans of the duck-hunter. Its suspicions are quickly communicated to all its fellows: not through any conscious effort on its part to do so, but through the law of natural contagion above referred to. Where any bird or beast is much hunted, fear seems to be in the air, and their fellows come to be conscious of the danger which they have not experienced.

What an animal lacks in wit it makes up in caution. Fear is a good thing for the wild creatures to have in superabundance. It often saves them from real danger. But how undiscriminating it is! It is said that an iron hoop or wagon-tire placed around a sitting hen in the woods will protect her from the foxes.

Animals are afraid on general principles.

"Moreover, I am inclined to think that on certain occasions, rare though they may be, there is a conscious effort at teaching. I have myself known of one setter dog which would thrash its puppy soundly if the latter carelessly or stupidly flushed a bird. Something similar may occur in the wild

Anything new and strange excites their suspicions. In a herd of animals, cattle or horses, fear quickly becomes a panic and rages like a conflagration. Cattle men in the West found that any little thing at night might kindle the spark in their herds and sweep the whole mass away in a furious stampede. Each animal excites every other, and the multiplied fear of the herd is something terrible. Panics among men are not much different.

In a discussion like the present one let us use words in their strict logical sense, if possible. Most of the current misconceptions in natural history, as in other matters, arise from a loose and careless use of words. One says teach and train and instruct, when the facts point to instinctive imitation or unconscious communication.

That the young of all kinds thrive better and develop more rapidly under the care of their parents than when deprived of that care is obvious enough. It would be strange if it were not so. Nothing can quite fill the place of the mother with either man or bird or beast. The mother provides and protects. The young quickly learn of her through the natural instinct of imitation. They share her fears, they follow in her footsteps, they look to her for protection; it is the order of nature. They are not trained in the way they should go, as a child is by its human parents—they are not trained at all; but their natural instincts doubtless act more promptly and surely with the mother than without her. That a young kingfisher or a young osprey would, in due time, dive for fish, or a young marsh-hawk catch mice and birds, or a young fox or wolf or coon hunt for its proper prey without the parental example, admits of no doubt at all; but they would each probably do this thing earlier and better in the order of nature than if that order were interfered with.

The other day I saw a yellow-bellied woodpecker alight upon a decaying beech and proceed to drill for a grub. Two of its fully grown young followed it and, alighting near, sidled up to where the parent was drilling. Our "Modern School of Na-

state among such intelligent beasts as wolves and foxes. Indeed, I have some reason to believe that with both of these animals it does occur—that is, that there is conscious as well as unconscious teaching of the young in such matters as traps."

ture Study" would say that the parent was giving its young a lesson in grub-hunting, but I read the incident differently. The parent bird had no thought of its young. It made passes at them when they came too near and drove them away. Presently it left the tree, and one of the young examined the hole its parent had made and drilled a little on its own account. A parental example like this may stimulate the young to hunt for grubs earlier than they would otherwise do, but this is merely conjecture. There is no proof of it, nor can there be any.

The mother bird or beast does not have to be instructed in her maternal duties: they are instinctive with her; it is of vital importance to the continuance of the species that they should be. If it were a matter of instruction or acquired knowledge, how precarious it would be!

The idea of teaching is an advanced idea, and can come only to a being that is capable of returning upon itself in thought, and that can form abstract conceptions—conceptions that float free, so to speak, dissociated from particular concrete objects.

If a fox, or a wolf, for instance, were capable of reflection and of dwelling upon the future and upon the past, it might feel the need of instructing its young in the matter of traps and hounds, if such a thing were possible without language. When the cat brings her kitten a live mouse, she is not thinking about instructing it in the art of dealing with mice, but is intent solely upon feeding her young. The kitten already knows, through inheritance, about mice. So when the hen leads her brood forth and scratches for them, she has but one purpose—to provide them with food. If she is confined to the coop, the chickens go forth and soon scratch for themselves and snap up the proper insect food.

The mother's care and protection count for much, but do not take the place of inherited instinct. It has been found that newly hatched chickens, when left to themselves, do not know the difference between edible and non-edible insects, but that they soon learn. In such matters the mother hen, no doubt, guides them.

A writer in "Forest and Stream" who signs himself "Hermit" pushes this notion that animals train their young so far that it becomes grotesque. Here are some of the things that this keen observer and ex-

pressor of "false natural history" reports he has seen about his cabin in the woods: He has seen an old crow, that hurriedly flew away from his cabin door on his sudden appearance, return and beat its young because they did not follow quickly enough; he has seen a male chewink, while its mate was rearing a second brood, take the first brood and carry them away to a bird-resort (he probably meant to say to a bird-nursery or-kindergarten); and when one of the birds wandered back to take one more view of the scenes of its infancy, he has seen the father bird pounce upon it and give it a "severe whipping and take it to the resort again."

He has seen swallows teach their young to fly by gathering them upon fences and telegraph wires and then, at intervals (and at the word of command, I suppose), launching out in the air with them, and swooping and circling about. He has seen a song-sparrow, that came to his dooryard for fourteen years (he omitted to say that he had branded him and so knew his bird), teach *his year-old boy to sing* (the italics are mine). This hermit-inclined sparrow wanted to "desert the fields for a life in the woods," but his "wife would not consent." Many a featherless biped has had the same experience with his society-spoiled wife. The puzzle is, how did this masterly observer know that this state of affairs existed between this couple? Did the wife tell him, or the husband? "Hermit" often takes his visitors to a wood-thrushes' singing-school; "as the birds forget their lesson, they drop out one by one."

He has seen an old rooster teaching a young rooster to crow! At first the old rooster crows mostly in the morning, but later in the season he crows throughout the day, at short intervals, to show the young "the proper thing." "Young birds removed out of hearing will not learn to crow." He hears the old grouse teaching the young to drum in the fall, though he neglects to tell us that he has seen the young in attendance upon these lessons. He has seen a mother song-sparrow helping her two-year-old daughter build her nest. He has discovered that the cat talks to her kittens with her ears: when she points them forward, that means yes; when she points them backward, that means no. Hence she can tell them whether the wagon they hear approaching is the butcher's cart,

and thus save them the trouble of looking out.

And so on through a long list of wild and domestic creatures. At first I suspected "Hermit" was covertly ridiculing another extravagant "observer," but a careful reading of his letter shows him to be seriously engaged in the worthy task of exposing "false natural history." I believe "Hermit" has lately published a book, in which, no doubt, many of these precious observations have been preserved.

Now, the singing of birds, the crowing of cocks, the drumming of grouse, are secondary sexual characteristics. They are not necessary to the lives of the creatures, and are probably more influenced by imitation than are the more important instincts of self-preservation and reproduction. Yet the testimony is overwhelming that birds will sing and roosters crow and turkeys gobble, though they have never witnessed these performances; and, no doubt, the grouse and the woodpeckers drum from promptings of the same sexual instinct.

I do not wish to accuse "Hermit" of wilfully perverting the facts of natural history. He is one of those persons who read their own fancies into whatever they look upon. He is incapable of disinterested observation, which means he is incapable of observation at all in the true sense. There are no animals that signal to each other with their ears. The movements of the ears of an animal follow the movements of the eye. When its attention is directed to any object or sound, its ears point forward; when its attention is relaxed, the ears fall. But with the cat tribe the ears are habitually erect, as those of the horse are usually relaxed. They depress them and revert them, as do many other animals, when angered or afraid.

Certain things in animal life lead me to suspect that animals have some means of communication with one another, especially the gregarious animals, that is quite independent of what we mean by language. It is like an interchange or blending of subconscious states, and may be analogous to telepathy among human beings. Observe what a unit a flock of birds becomes when performing their evolutions in the air. They are not many, but one, turning and flashing in the sun with a unity and a precision that it would be hard to imitate. One may see a flock

of shore birds that behave as one body: now they turn to the sun a sheet of silver; then, as their dark backs are presented to the beholder, they almost disappear against the shore or the clouds. It would seem as if they all shared in a communal mind or spirit, and that what one felt they all felt at the same instant.

In Jamaica I many times saw large schools of mullets fretting and breaking the surface of the water with what seemed to be the tips of their tails; a large area would be agitated and rippled by the backs or tails of a host of fishes. Then suddenly, while you looked, there would be one splash and every fish would dive. It was a multitude, again, acting as one body. Hundreds, thousands of tails slapped the water at the same instant and were gone.

When the passenger pigeons were numbered by millions, the enormous clans used to migrate from one part of the continent to another. I saw the last flight of them up the Hudson River valley in the spring of 1876. All day they streamed across the sky. One purpose seemed to animate every flock and every bird. It was as if all had orders to move to the same point. The pigeons came only when there was beech-mast in the woods. How did they know we had had a beech-nut year? It is true that a few straggling bands were usually seen some days in advance of the blue myriads: were these the scouts, and did they return with the news of the beech-nuts? If so, how did they communicate the intelligence and set the whole mighty army in motion?

The migrations among the four-footed animals that sometimes occur over a large part of the country—among the rats, the gray squirrels, the reindeer of the north—seem to be of a similar character. How does every individual come to share in the common purpose? An army of men attempting to move without leaders and without a written or spoken language becomes a disorganized mob. Not so the animals. There seems to be a community of mind among them in a sense that there is not among men. The pressure of great danger seems to develop in a degree this community of mind and feeling among men. Under strong excitement we revert more or less to the animal state, and are ruled by instinct. It may well be that telepathy—the power to project one's mental or

emotional state so as to impress a friend at a distance—is a power which we have carried over from our remote animal ancestors. However this may be, it is certain that the sensitiveness of birds and quadrupeds to the condition of one another, their sense of a common danger, of food supplies, of the direction of home under all circumstances, point to the possession of a power which is only rudimentary in us.

Some observers explain these things on the theory that the flocks of birds have leaders, and that their surprising evolutions are guided by calls or signals from these leaders, too quick or too fine for our eyes or ears to catch. I suppose they would explain the movements of the schools of fish and the simultaneous movements of a large number of wild animals on the same theory. I cannot accept this explanation. It is harder for me to believe that a flock of birds has a code of calls or signals for all its evolutions,—now right, now left, now mount, now swoop,—which each individual understands on the instant, or that the hosts of the wild pigeons had their captains and signals, than to believe that out of the flocking instinct there has grown some other instinct or faculty, less understood, but equally potent, that puts all the members of a flock in such complete rapport with one another that the purpose and the desire of one become the purpose and the desire of all. There is nothing in this state of things analogous to a military organization. The relation among the members of the flock is rather that of creatures sharing spontaneously the same subconscious or psychic state, and acted upon by the same hidden influence, in a way and to a degree that never occur among men.

The faculty or power by which animals find their way home over or across long stretches of country is quite as mysterious and incomprehensible to us as the spirit of the flock to which I refer. A hive of bees evidently has a collective purpose and plan that does not emanate from any single individual or group of individuals, and which is understood by all without outward communication.

Is there anything which, without great violence to language, may be called a school of the woods? In the sense in which a playground is a school,—a playground without rules or methods or a director,—there is a school of the woods.

It is an unkept, an unconscious school or gymnasium, and is entirely instinctive. In play the young of all animals, no doubt, get a certain amount of training and disciplining that help fit them for their future careers; but this school is not presided over or directed by parents, though it is sometimes taken part in by them. It is spontaneous and haphazard, without rule or system; but is, in every case, along the line of the future struggle for life of the particular bird or animal. A young marsh-hawk which we reared used to play at striking leaves or bits of bark with its talons; kittens play with a ball, or a cob, or a stick, as if it were a mouse; dogs race and wrestle with each other as in the chase; ducks dive and sport in the water; doves circle and dive in the air as if escaping from a hawk; birds pursue and dodge each other in the same way; bears wrestle and box; chickens have mimic battles; colts run and leap; fawns probably do the same thing; squirrels play something like a game of tag in the trees; lambs butt one another and skip about the rocks; and so on.

In fact, nearly all play, including much of that of man, takes the form of mock battle, and is to that extent an education for the future. Among the carnivora it takes also the form of the chase. Its spring and motive are, of course, pleasure, and not education; herein again revealing the cunning of nature—the power that conceals purposes of its own in our most thoughtless acts. The cat and the kitten play with the live mouse, not to indulge the sense of cruelty, as some have supposed, but to indulge in the pleasure of the chase and of capture, and unconsciously to practise this feat. The cat rarely plays with a live bird, because the recapture would be more difficult, and might fail. What fisherman would not like to capture his big fish over and over again, if he could be sure of doing it, not from cruelty, but for the pleasure of practising his art? For further light on the subject of the significance of the play of animals, I refer the reader to the work of Professor Karl Groos called "The Play of Animals."

One of my critics has accused me of measuring all things by the standard of my little farm—of thinking that what is not true of animal life there is not true anywhere. Unfortunately my farm is small,—hardly a score of acres,—and its animal life

very limited. I have never seen even a porcupine upon it; but I have a hill where he might roll down, should one ever come my way and be in the mood for that kind of play. I have a few possums, a wood-chuck or two, an occasional skunk, some red squirrels, and rabbits, and many kinds of song-birds. Foxes occasionally cross my acres; and once, at least, I saw a bald eagle devouring a fish in one of my apple-trees. Wild ducks, geese, and swans in spring and fall pass across the sky above me. Quail and grouse invade my premises, and of crows I have, at least in bird-nesting time, too many.

But I have a few times got over my pasture wall and wandered into distant fields. Once upon a time I was a traveler in Asia for the space of two hours—an experience that ought to have yielded me some startling discoveries, but did not. Indeed, the wider I have traveled and observed nature, the more I am convinced that the wild creatures behave just about the same in all parts of the country; that is, under similar conditions. What one observes truly about bird or beast upon his farm of ten acres, he will not have to unlearn, travel as wide or as far as he will. Where the animals are much hunted, they are, of course, much wilder and more cunning than where they are not hunted. In the Yellowstone National Park we found the elk, deer, and mountain sheep singularly tame; and in the summer, so we were told, the bears board at the big hotels. The wild geese and ducks, too, were tame; and the red-tailed hawk built its nest in a large dead oak that stood quite alone near the side of the road. With us the same hawk hides its nest in a tree in the dense woods, because the farmers unwisely hunt and destroy it. But the cougars and coyotes and bobcats were no tamer in the park than they are in other parts of the country where they are hunted.

Indeed, if I had elk and deer and caribou and moose and bears and wildcats and beavers and otters and porcupines on my farm, I should expect them to behave just as they do in other parts of the country under like conditions: they would be tame and docile if I did not molest them, and wild and fierce if I did. They would do nothing out of character in either case. They would differ one from another of the same kind, not as much as men differ, be-

cause men live under artificial conditions and have, in varying degrees, the endowment of reason, while animals all have the same gift of instinct, and only a mere fraction of reason; but in a very limited way they would all show variations of temper, prowess, cunning, etc.

Your natural-history knowledge of the East will avail you in the West. There is no country, says Emerson, in which they do not wash the pans and spank the babies; and there is no country where a dog is not a dog, or a fox a fox, or where a hare is ferocious, or a wolf lamblike. The porcupine behaves in the Rockies just as he does in the Catskills; the deer and the moose and the black bear and the beaver of the Pacific slope are almost identical in their habits and traits with those of the Atlantic slope.

In my observations of the birds of the far West, I went wrong in my reckoning but once: the Western meadow-lark has a new song. How or where he got it is a mystery; it seems to be in some way the gift of those great smooth, rounded, flowery, treeless, dimpled hills. But the swallow was familiar, and the robin, and the wren, and the highhole, while the woodchuck I saw and heard in Wyoming might have been the "chuck" of my native hills. The eagle is an eagle the world over. When I was a boy I saw, one autumn day, an eagle descend with extended talons upon the backs of a herd of young cattle that were accompanied by a cosset-sheep and were feeding upon a high hill. The object of the eagle seemed to be to separate the one sheep from the cattle, or to frighten them all into breaking their necks in trying to escape him. But neither result did he achieve. In the Yellowstone Park President Roosevelt and Major Pitcher saw a golden eagle trying the same tactics upon a herd of elk that contained one yearling. The eagle doubtless had his eye upon the yearling, though he would probably have been quite satisfied to have driven one of the older ones down a precipice. His chances of a dinner would have been equally good.

There is one particular in which the bird families are much more human than our four-footed kindred. I refer to the practice of courtship. The male of all birds, so far as I know, pays suit to the female and seeks to please and attract her. This the animals

do not do; there is no period of courtship among them, and no mating or pairing as among the birds. The male fights for the female, but he does not seek to win her by delicate attentions. There seems to be among the birds something that is like what is called romantic love. The choice of mate seems always to rest with the female,¹ while among the animals the female shows no preference at all.

Among our own birds the prettiest thing I know of attending the period of courtship, or preliminary to the match-making, is the spring musical festival and reunion of the goldfinches, which often lasts for days, through rain and shine. In April or May apparently all the goldfinches from a large area collect in the top of an elm or maple and unite in a prolonged musical festival. Is it a contest among the males for the favor of the females, or is it the spontaneous expression of the gladness of the whole clan at the return of the season of life and love? The birds seem to pair soon after, and doubtless the concert of voices has some reference to that event.

There is one other human practice often attributed to the lower animals that I must briefly consider—and that is the practice, under certain circumstances, of poisoning their young. One often hears of caged young birds being fed by their parents for a few days and then poisoned; or of a mother fox poisoning her captive young when she finds that she cannot liberate him; and such stories obtain ready credence with the public, especially with the young. To make these stories credible, one must suppose a school of pharmacy, too, in the woods.

"The worst thing about these poisoning stories," writes a friend of mine, himself a writer of nature books, "is the implied appreciation of the full effect and object of poison—the comprehension by the fox, for instance, that the poisoned meat she may be supposed to find was placed there for the object of killing herself (or some other fox), and that she may apply it to another animal for that purpose. Furthermore, that she understands the nature of death—that it brings 'surcease of sorrow,' and that death is better than captivity for her young one. How did she acquire all this knowledge? Where was her experience of its supposed truth obtained? How

could she make so fine and far-seeing a judgment, wholly out of the range of brute affairs, and so purely philosophical and humanly ethical? It violates every instinct and canon of natural law, which is for the preservation of life at all hazards. This is simply the human idea of 'murder.' Animals kill one another for food, or in rivalry, or in blind ferocity of predatory disposition; but there is not a particle of evidence that they 'commit murder' for ulterior ends. It is questionable whether they comprehend the condition called death, or its nature, in any proper sense."

On another occasion I laughed at a recent nature-writer for his credulity in half-believing the story told him by a fisherman, that the fox catches crabs by using his tail as a bait; and yet I read in Romanes that Olaus, in his account of Norway, says he has seen a fox do this very thing among the rocks on the sea-coast. One would like to cross-question Olaus before accepting such a statement. One would as soon expect a fox to put his brush in the fire as in the water. When it becomes wet and bedraggled he is greatly handicapped as to speed. There is no doubt that rats will put their tails into jars that contain liquid food they want, and then lick them off, as Romanes proved; but the rat's tail is not a brush, nor in any sense an ornament. Think what the fox-and-crab story implies! Now the fox is entirely a land animal, and lives by preying upon land creatures, which it follows by scent or sight. It can neither see nor smell crabs in the deep water, where crabs are usually found. How should it know that there are such things as crabs? How should it know that they can be taken with bait and line or by fishing for them? When and how did it get this experience? This knowledge belongs to man alone. It comes through a process of reasoning that he alone is capable of. Man alone of land animals sets traps and fishes. There is a fish called the angler (*Lophius piscatorius*), which by means of some sort of appendages on its head angles for small fish; but no land animal was known to do so till Dr. Long saw the blue heron chumming for small fish. Again, would a crab lay hold of a mass of fur like a fox's tail?—even if the tail could be thrust deep enough into the water, which is im-

¹ Except in the case of certain birds of India and Australia.

possible. Crabs, when not caught with hand-nets, are usually taken in water eight or ten feet deep. They are baited and caught with a piece of meat tied to a string, but cannot be lifted to the surface till they are eating the meat, and then a dip-net is required to secure them. The story, on the whole, is one of the most preposterous that ever gained credence in natural history.

Good observers are probably about as rare as good poets. Accurate seeing—an eye that takes in the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—how rare indeed it is! So few persons know or can tell exactly what they see; so few persons can draw a right inference from an observed fact; so few persons can keep from reading their own thoughts and preconceptions into what they see; only a person with the scientific

habit of mind can be trusted to report things as they are. Most of us, in observing the wild life about us, see more or see less than the truth. We see less when our minds are dull, or preoccupied, or blunted by want of interest. This is true of most country people. We see more when we read the lives of the wild creatures about us in the light of our human experience, and impute to the birds and beasts human motives and methods. This is too often true of the eager city man or woman who sallies out into the country to study nature.

The tendency to sentimentalize nature has, in our time, largely taken the place of the old tendency to demonize and spiritize it. It is anthropomorphism in another form, less fraught with evil to us, but equally in the way of a clear understanding of the life about us.



ON A PORTRAIT OF THE YOUNG TOLSTOI

BY CECILIA BEAUX

GRANVE soldier, molded in the lines of youth—
Young prophet, rich in all the fruits of age:
No crimson wine of manhood could assuage
The famine in thy burning heart for Truth.
Thy hunger fed on dreams of human ruth;
Of Pity, nurtured in a lion's cage;
Of Princes, won to earn a yeoman's wage,
And Honor guarded by a hand uncouth.
Thy thought within thy beauty lifts its power
From eloquence to triumph, in thy face;
In dual potency the herald hour
Of conquering wisdom, garlanded by grace:
Thy voice the thunder of a nation's cries,
But gentle as a little maid's replies.

THE MAKING OF PUBLIC OPINION

LUNCH-TABLE TALK OF A SENATOR, A COLLEGE PRESIDENT,
A DOCTOR OF DIVINITY, AND AN EDITOR

BY ROLLO OGDEN

"They think it is Armageddon; let us go to luncheon."—*Disraeli*.

WELL, I suppose that since the election you have had a great many compliments on the signal illustration of the power of the press."

"Yes, senator, and I have devised the proper retorts—not answers, you understand, only retorts."

"Why not tell us the one you got up for the benefit of the clergy?"

"Oh, doctor, it was something like this: When you show us that you can make your parishioners vote as you pray, we will undertake to make our readers vote as we say."

"I hope you did n't forget to rail at the universities."

"No, indeed, my learned Theban. After you college presidents have got all your graduates into line for pure politics, you may come and gird at us for not being able to guarantee that every subscriber of ours shall seek not his own, but the public good."

"Did your tart rejoinders extend even to the portals of the august Senate?"

"Certainly, most august senator. In your case my retort is similar to the one given Dean Stanley—'no dogmas, no deans.' I say, no senators, no sale of legislatures. But come, let us consider ourselves sufficiently taunted, and talk seriously about the real question. By what chemistry is the thing we call popular sentiment compounded? Here we are, professional molders of public opinion, yet in our secret hearts, I fancy, conscious of our own weakness."

"Conscious of one another's weakness, as Lord Bowen said of the judges."

"Very well; start from that. Say we

deal each other the faithful wound of a friend. I will offer my bared breast first. What's wrong with the press? Professor, give us the verdict of the university on the fourth estate."

"Why, I did not know that I was foreman of the jury. But my idea, if you must have it, is that modern newspapers are rather dealers in the raw material of public opinion than shapers of its finished form. You print what people are thinking and talking about and doing all over the world, but do you make them think or talk or act? I recall Kinglake's account of the rise of the London 'Times' to power. It hired an unemployed clergyman to frequent public places and report to it the drift of sentiment on the question of the threatened war with Russia. Then the editor took this opinion up and thundered it back with tremendous effect. All his readers said: 'What a sensible newspaper! It thinks just as I do.'"

"The story was not true—so Sir Leslie Stephen says. But never mind that; go on."

"The experiment may fail, but the principle remains the same. The daily press, as I look at it, is a wonderful detective. It can run down public opinion and report it marvelously. In this respect it has an ever-widening outlook. As a news-gatherer, its facilities perpetually astonish me. The weapon of publicity it often wields with undoubted power. But, when all is said, is it much more than a gigantic reporter? Does it really instruct and guide? Or does it simply furnish by the myriad page the stuff out of which the people construct their own independent

judgment? I confess that newspapers seem to me more and more to exemplify Gladstone's definition of the orator—they receive from the public as mist what they give back as shower."

"Or as dust what they give back as mud."

"For shame, doctor! You deserve, for that, to be arraigned next at the bar yourself."

"Agreed; let us now have the press on the pulpit. The doctor knows what a pillar of his church the editor is."

"Too often, I fear, a flying buttress—on the outside."

"More likely, then, to take a cool objective view of what goes on inside. However, speaking only to this point of real influence upon the thoughts and actions of the men that count, I seem to myself to see the preacher carried along as helpless as the editor upon a current which he is powerless either to produce or to withstand. Take the whole range of activity and amusement which has, within a generation, swept into the various denominations under the name of 'the institutional church.' In response to whose initiative did that present itself? Pastors were, as a rule, averse to it, or dreaded it—often opposed it openly. But it entered church life resistlessly. Imagine a clergyman now trying to put a veto upon the manifold social and secular work that shelters itself to-day in the churches. He would find that there is a power not himself that makes for it. That is only an instance of the tides that rise and fall about him without his volition. Church tendencies of thought, and surely church practices, ebb and flow with as little apparent regard to our exhorting doctor here as ever the electors display for the most Olympian of editors. If one is but thistledown on the stream, so is the other. Of course, if the clergy cannot dictate even to their own churches, their attempts to control the world outside must be failures. In fact, we see them to be. The churches were as unanimous as the press, before the election, and as impotent."

"Spoken like a true journalist—omniscience on tap! Take your revenge, doctor, by telling us what we at Washington have to do with making public opinion."

"At any rate, senator, you have a great deal to do with that form of it which consists of public abuse. You offer a target."

"Yes, but I suspect it is often because the people have nothing else at the moment to shoot at. It's like our editorial friend here, who, when topics give out, seizes his pen and writes in a fury, 'When will the Senate awake to the popular wrath which its course is arousing?'"

"Well, tirades aside, how much really do you gentlemen in the Capitol have to do with the ongoing of what we call national life? You know that you cannot get folk to read your debates. Our newspaper oracle knows his business in that respect at least; he gives his readers only the most meager reports of your wisdom. They would not endure more. Even politically the center of power is elsewhere. With all due respect, senator, we look to other figures than your imposing one when we want to get things actually done. According to my observation, politicians are coming to be thought of more and more as a parasite class. They fill the offices. They have their sham fights. They alternately save and ruin the country. But the country goes on about its business, and is forever devising new and non-political agencies to accomplish its will. I almost believe that a New England town improvement society has more real power than the Senate of the United States! So with the rest of the public work that has to be done. Park commissions and art commissions, citizens banded together in philanthropy, educational boards, and missionary associations—these are the great offices of our time, in the sense that through them the most essential public improvements are made and true progress kept alive. The influence of the non-official statesmen who labor in these ways is beyond dispute and nearly beyond computation. They are supplanting you of the official class. You wear yourselves out in miserable squabbles about patronage, you fume and fret in Senate and convention, but the nation marches to its destiny, paying less and less heed to what you do or say. When it gets angry in some great crisis, it rubs the ring, and you appear in a fright with your obedient 'Here am I'; but for the most part it goes its way without giving a thought to you, and leaves you to go yours."

"Talk about the slanderous press! I am sure, senator, you never read anything so abusive as that in a newspaper."

"Perhaps not, but you know that I don't read *all* your editorials."

"Evidently not, or you would have profited more. But you have the floor now. You must be the Balaam to curse or to bless the colleges. We have picked holes in all the other coats. If the direction of public opinion is not in the newspapers or the churches or in Congress, is it perchance in the universities?"

"There as little as anywhere, I should say. College and church are in the same boat. People complain about the voluntary system depriving the clergy of authority, but consider the plight of the college president. He dares not say his soul is his own—oh, I know what you will say, venerable president, but what I mean is the big things touching the community on raw spots. How many times would your trustees allow you openly to take the fiercely unpopular side of a public question? Moreover, are you not, *ex officio*, a mendicant friar? Have you not to go upon your knees to every insolent soap-maker or successful railroad-wrecker out of whom it is thought you can get a million for the higher education of American youth? And how much have you really to do with that education itself? You have some say about the curriculum, though even that seems often to be the resultant of blind and struggling forces; but the rest of it is taken out of your hands. When the insanity of latter-day athletics rushes in to stand college education upon its head, you presidents have to submit, and may think yourselves lucky if you do not have to cast about to find reasons, which you yourselves know to be hollow, for believing that your young prize-fighters are your best students."

"Oh, that's too wildly unfair, even for a senator. You forget that intercollegiate debating has developed alongside athletic contests."

"Yes, but what have you made of it? Only one occasion more for insensate rivalry and hysterical display. I am not blaming you. American colleges, in the East at any rate, have become simply a form of social luxury. They exist chiefly to furnish entertainment and gregarious excitement to the sons of the well-to-do. As for college-bred men in public life—well, I am one myself, and I need say no more! It is true, unhappily, that our old

hopeful talk about the scholar in politics has come to seem a sorry jest. What you usually get is scholar and politics both sham. As for popular respect for university authority in political questions, where do you see signs of it? Mr. Charles Francis Adams, I know, has proposed a committee of college experts to pass upon political issues for the benefit of an untutored public. Imagine the thing tried! Why, the professors would be hooted at from one end of the country to the other, and the side they favored—if it is thinkable that they could ever unite in favoring anything—would be buried under mountains of ridicule and ballots. What have you to say to that, Herr Professor?"

"Well, I will try to dig myself out from under the mountains enough to say one thing. College training may be as futile as you allege, in your assumed seriousness, yet it at least enables one to perceive a fallacy involved in all our talk so far."

"What is it? Room for the first class in logic!"

"That's exactly what we need. We have been floundering in a logical confusion. We have been prating about public opinion without once asking what it is or how it manifests itself. I hope that none of you will maintain that a single election, or a score of them, for that matter, tells the whole story. Elections are only a symptom. Correct diagnosis must strike deeper."

"Proceed. It's your clinic."

"All that I plead for is a little discrimination. Only reflect how many diverse elements go to make up the nation's mind—the city's mind—at any given time. Inherited prejudice, for example, how subtle that is,—how it lurks and surprises you by leaping out when you least expect it,—yet how powerful it is! Now, how are you going to change the set of prejudice? We talk easily about creating public opinion, yet sheer prejudice may be three quarters of the whole, and no one ever laments about not being able to create prejudice!"

"Not all prejudices are bad."

"Certainly not. If we had n't many good ones, we should be worse off than we are. Americans have, for instance, a wholesome prejudice in favor of the purity and independence of the judiciary. Foolhardy politicians have several times waked that sleeping lion, and got a nasty swipe

from his paw. They have pretty unanimously decided now that a shady lawyer 'out for the ermine,' as they say in the West, is one of the things which the people of this country will not 'stand for,' as the phrase is."

"There is suggestiveness in it. It expresses well what you might call the negative side of public opinion. Popular feeling often shows itself in huge resentments. Politicians sometimes seem to me to be cautiously testing the people, to discover, not what they will approve, but what they will indignantly refuse to tolerate. In that way we keep up our political identity. We may not progress as we should; but, anyhow, we stubbornly refuse to progress away from some things that our race experience has taught us to be good. Prejudice of that kind is our salvation."

"Yes, and we must remember also how immensely extended the means of declaring prejudice have become. The whole world is a whispering-gallery, as Lord Dufferin said. A great sensation anywhere speeds round the earth like light. We think and feel in great masses. Of course this readily lends itself to the hysterical tendency."

"I don't call it hysteria when Christendom thrills at the word Dreyfus."

"No, or quivers at Kishinef."

"You have named crises when a high capacity for emotion in the million serves humanity well. But the trouble is that the newspapers try to rack our nerves in that way three hundred and sixty-five times in the year. The result is, by so much, to make us either continuously maudlin or permanently callous. I see your point, however. It all heightens the difficulty of organizing this great shapeless mass of dim ideas but intense feeling and, often, surging passion, which make up the public opinion of the present day."

"In that light, the people seem more than ever like the wild animal of Plato's comparison, don't they?"

"Yes, and in our day, too, we have demagogues to arouse craftily the fiercer desires of the beast and then call them *vox populi*. In that bad sense, they do shape public opinion. They stir up the monster."

"Still, they are not so far wrong in thinking that the real task is to evoke public opinion, more than to create it. A skill equal to theirs, with higher motives, might

do wonders. The vast potential energy is there; to summon and harness it is the dream, as it is the despair, of the seer and the statesman."

"It is something, at any rate, to get a clearer notion of the process. We have to take the material as it is given; the handling is everything."

"It seems almost to come down to instinct with those who are most successful."

"Perhaps the public man in whom instinct is stronger than deliberate method can more easily play upon the uncritical mind of the multitude. He knows his men. Burke's severest condemnation was for bold innovators who knew not the heart of man. To go back to Plato's analogy, the thing seems to be to understand how to scratch the back of the brute."

"But that, after all, is the lower art. Reformers don't want to see the big creature always peacefully purring. They prefer to behold him roused and breaking all the bones of the wicked. The real skill is to goad him into a noble rage and then induce him to wreak it upon public enemies."

"For Heaven's sake, do let us drop that figure of the wild animal before it pounces upon us and destroys our power of thinking. What we are getting at is plain enough, it seems to me. Public opinion is a pretty big and pretty mysterious thing. We who have to do with it may learn more from it than it is ever likely to from any of us. The wisest attitude before it is such as a scientist maintains in the presence of a great force of nature. Our business is to study it, and find out how to get it into action. That's better than thinking we are going to create it *de novo* out of our own heads."

"Out of our own heads—would n't that be rather creation *ex nihilo*? You see, I am a perfect master of what Barrie called your newspaper 'scholarships.'"

"I was just going to say, when you broke in kindly to furnish the example, that we have to put up with much light-mindedness. People will not be as serious as their professional exhorters. They can't be forever on the stretch, reforming or crusading. Some thought they will insist upon giving to *private* opinion. It is enough for us, it is enough for the state, if they rise to the great occasions. And to say that Americans will do that, will respond to lofty

leadership in large emergencies, is not to indulge in national boasting; it is simply to accept the impartial testimony of such calm foreign observers as Mill and Bryce. Show the people the right and magnanimous thing to do—show it them convincingly—and it is as good as done."

"Then you conclude that public opinion is sound if it is only brought out soundly?"

"Yes; before we charge the people with being too little ardent for the better day, let us ask if their leaders are not too cold."

"Anyhow, my coffee is cold, and my cigar is out. It's time we were off."



THE EYE OF FEAR

A WORKINGMAN ON LABOR UNIONS

BY ROBERT BRUCE GRANT

IN THE CENTURY for December, in an article entitled "The Daily Walk of the Walking Delegate," Mr. Franklin Clarkin made record of his investigations of the working of certain phases of the organization of labor unions. It is particularly desirable that those interested in this vexatious problem should become acquainted with the sentiments of the workingmen themselves. The article which follows gives the views of a stone-cutter on the fundamental principles at stake. They are expressed with such plainness, and the writer's conclusions are drawn with such blunt frankness, that the article has a significance worthy the consideration of those holding opposite opinions.—EDITOR.



CERTAIN learned men in our country, and a large number of ordinary people, look upon the growing demands of labor unions, and the continued strife between them and capital, with an eye of extreme alarm, and some even go so far as to predict civil war in the near future. Myself a member of labor's ranks, I once felt this fear also; but I feel it no more, because I have got far enough past the obstacles which the faults in the union movement present to see the virtues, and weighing the two, have found the latter heavier.

A RIGHT THE WORKINGMAN HAS LOST

ONCE, when a young man left the farm and knew somewhat of a trade, he sought for work wherever he listed, and was free to do so. To-day, if he does the same thing, he runs up against the shop steward, who demands his card. If he has n't one, he does n't work until he gets one. The deduction drawn from this is that the Ameri-

can workman has lost one of his most sacred rights, that of working where and how he pleases.

Ages ago a man left his lair to hunt for meat and sought it where and in what way he pleased, even if he had to chop another's head off to get it, provided he did not get his own head chopped off. To-day a man leaves his home to seek for food, and runs athwart laws, national and otherwise, which say he shall seek it thus and so, and shall not kill another and take it from him. We may deduce from this that man has lost his time-honored right to chop and be chopped.

The parallel between these two cases is not so far-fetched as some who will indignantly reject it may think. There is this likeness between the two which covers up a multitude of unlikenesses: In both cases man is by system endeavoring to better the condition of men. In systems of government, especially when they become complicated, as is always the case in time, laws are enacted which often seem hard to justify, yet which, when traced out, will be

seen to be bearing in the same direction as all other laws. And the demand for the union card is that way. Men found they could better conditions by uniting, which is an old story. They found that if others were not united they were that much weakened. They have two ways, two right ways, of doing away with this obstacle. One is to persuade the others to join them; the other is to refuse to work with them if they won't join them. It is the placing of restraint upon the refractory ones, and also the sincerely unbelieving ones, to keep them from hurting the cause by which they themselves will benefit.

There is no punishment, much less revenge, in the right application of the principles of unionism; simply a holding back, keeping those who will not help out of the way, that they do no harm. They are forced to stop work if they will not join the unionists, by the mutual consent of the latter not to work with them, not by any aggressive force; and if there is any wrong here it is in the idea, the plan of the unionists, not in their methods (the proper methods, let it be again understood), for that is man's right the world over, to band together for mutual aid, provided there is no aim to harm anybody else.

THE THEORY OF MAJORITY RULE

WHEN the band become a majority, though, they have a right to compel others to observe their laws in matters affecting all, as the majority will in industrial matters when such become more a thing of governmental concern, as at present our government compels men to obtain a license to carry on a certain business. The majority rules, or should rule, always; it is the only safe plan to go by. And if the majority is wrong, those who have the truth must work until the majority is enlightened and converted. That is the epitome of the world's struggles for right—the man with the message working to win his majority, so that laws may be made according to the message.

The message of unionism has won its majority in the field of labor, in parts of the world at least, and its laws are being made; only there is a very strenuous minority as yet, and the majority's laws are very imperfect. All we can stand on is the principle, and we must try to perfect the practices. The

principles of unionism would permit, if "love thy neighbor as thyself" could be so fully practised, of caring for the outsiders even while preventing them from working. Of course it is a far cry from this to clubbing the "scabs," as is frequently done; but this is the ideal, toward which we climb with varying degrees of success, even as men approach perfection with lagging steps in all things.

When this is understood concerning the methods of unions, all that remains to be seen is whether they or the opposition, the unorganized workmen, are right in their general ideas. Both desire happiness, betterment. In which way can this best be secured and for the greatest number—by organization, or by individual effort? Surely it needs little thought to answer this. In union there is strength, always, and only by uniting can working-men secure the comforts that they need, and, too, a wholesome share of the beauties of life for both body and soul, which is the full complement that nature intended for every man.

COÖPERATION THE GOAL OF UNIONISM

BUT where will the demands end? some may ask. Some hear nothing but an incessant roar for "More! more!" from an insatiable mob of semi-anarchists. To put it shortly, it will not end until this full complement spoken of is obtained. It will end as far from the beginning as the unceasing struggle of men for political rights, beginning in absolutism and ending in democracy, ended. The industrial struggle began in industrial slavery, is now knocking its shackles to pieces, and will end with each worker having a hand and voice in the management of his work, in coöperative control of all industry. It is as inevitable as that an acorn will grow into a tree. All things must grow or die; they cannot stay still, even if they would. To say that laboring men should be satisfied with a certain raise in wages or other favorable conditions is like saying that a rose-bud should not want to blossom. The trouble with many people is that they cannot change their view-point, which must be done always as the world grows.

My meaning may be better illustrated by the position of a man holding up an object which is continually swinging away from

him. If he stays in his original position, he will gradually find it growing impossible to hold it up; but let him step over, change his foothold, and he will find it easy. So, many conservative minds, if they would readjust their views,—that is, recognize new conditions that are continually coming into existence,—would not find so much to pain them as they do at present. The trouble with most of such is, in regard to labor, that they see only the bad side, the tyranny of labor unions over their employers sometimes when they have the power, as in some big cities, and the infinitely worse ostracism of fellow-workmen who come under their ban, often for very little reason. Possibly they think this is the full bud out of which the blossom is to come. They are mistaken. This is only the blemish on the unfolding petal. It is as natural that this should be as the worm-hole in the plant.

Once the workman was a slave. To-day, in our country at least, he is in some instances almost making a slave of his employer. But take a piece of rubber and stretch it in one direction and then let it fly, and it will fly as far, or almost, in the opposite direction. So it is with labor. And as the rubber's oscillations will gradually settle into an equilibrium, so also will labor. Let the outsider look earnestly, and he will see reason growing in the union ranks, and responsibility, and maybe then he will be able to see what will grow—order out of chaos, toleration out of bitterness, and a governing power out of an untrained mob. England, the United States, all nations, grew out of savage hordes, yet they did not grow in a day. Unionism began in semi-mobbery, and it wants more than a day.

THE PROBLEM OF ARRIVING AT A "FAIR PROFIT"

EVEN as the workingmen need to combine, so do employers. The natural result of coalition of forces is the cheapening of prices of products, even with an increase of wages to employees, because the production of things on a large scale always is cheaper, and when workingmen get more wages they spend more, enjoying more of the comforts of life, thus greatly increasing consumption. So far, it is true, we see as the result of capitalistic combination only the raising of prices on products. But this is simply a case of hog, and does not dis-

prove the above statement in the least. And it is only the greater incentive to workingmen to organize. Is it any wonder that they are not satisfied, but are continually fighting for more, when they see so many wallowing in millions that they cannot possibly use?

I know that it is hard to regulate business just so that a moderate profit will be realized from it, that a fraction one way or another will often bring bankruptcy or great gain when trade conditions cannot be foreseen. But because a thing is hard is that any reason why it should not be undertaken? There is a way to regulate these businesses so that they can be made to produce a fair profit, and a fair profit only; and that is what labor is working at, and will work at till it solves the problem. In the working out of this problem, capital may be forced to combine for protection against labor, if for nothing else. And here is a step ahead. Let labor organize, and capital, and let them treat with each other as two business firms, make contracts, etc., as they do to a certain extent now, and a great deal of trouble will be done away with.

RESPONSIBILITY OF LABOR UNIONS

Of course unions must be made responsible in order to fulfil contracts, but that is a thing that can be done as well as anything else. Already, too, we see organized capital and labor treating with each other for mutual benefit in a more advanced way, one agreeing to hire only union help and the other to work only for those belonging to the employers' association. In this way employers can pay good wages by fixing rates between themselves, and be benefited themselves as well.

Of course a new danger threatens here. Workmen and employers may unite to rob the public by the latter fixing exorbitant rates. This is another problem, but it need not be a hard one. The workmen themselves form a great part of the public, and for self-benefit, if for no other reason, will demand of employers that they charge enough for a fair profit and no more, making this a point of agreement between them, just the same as that of wages or hours of labor. "Blank! blank!" some employer may exclaim, "this is getting beyond all bounds. The

men are running the business altogether; it is not my business at all!" Just so; for in the end it will *not* be your business, but the business of all of us. If it be seen that industry can be run by all, and all share in the profits, as our government is at present organized in other matters, no hand of mine or yours can stop it from being thus. What is best for the greatest number will grow out of what is not so good. But of course it must grow; it cannot come at once. And men will have plenty of time to adjust themselves to this condition before it comes; in fact, that is as fast as it can come.

INDUSTRY CONTROLLED BY GOVERNMENT

THIS idea of governmental control is not an idle vision. Overseers, heads of departments, etc., can be appointed for railroads or the building trade the same as for the post-office system or the navy. It will complicate matters greatly, that is true, but we are always complicating things. Civilization as at present constituted is a complication that dazzles a savage, but is nothing to a civilized man. There is extreme simplicity in the complexity—a place for everything and a man for every place. And when we come to realize that the vast profits now accruing to a few will be poured into the general fund, to be used for the general good, either by distribution in the shape of increased wages, or in public improvements and alleviation, surely the task of accomplishing this is worth the while.

There will be troubles, of course, in that coöperative system. Even as our representatives are assailed now for not doing this or that for the public good, so will there be howls from men that the wages could have been raised more, or that the proceeds of certain industries were unwisely spent, and what not. But he who expects the future to be shorn of its problems expects a foolish thing. Only when the world has reached its blossom will that be, and then come decay and dissolution. Before blossom always the bud is struggling, strug-

gling against infolding obstacles, and not until blossom does it cease. As for our full bloom, it is afar off.

A FUTURE FOR LABOR, WITHOUT FEAR.

To come back to the starting-point, I repeat that the facts do not warrant a feeling of gloom concerning the future. There is corruption and tyranny in unionism, but there is more justice and reason. There is hatred of scabs and capitalists, but that is only the narrowness of pioneer fighters for a cause, as we saw even in the early Christians. There are trouble-breeding walking delegates, but also unfit representatives in our political government. A union's representative may be a good man or a bad man: so may a President of the United States.

One word more. Many employers persist in refusing to recognize officers of a union. This is the shortest of short-sightedness. Why don't "we, the people of the United States," go in a body to attend to all the various matters of business that come up, instead of having officers to do it while we go about our daily work? As well that as to expect workmen to run their affairs that way. The walking delegate, or business agent, is not, as some seem to think, a red rag of revolution, or a moving incarnation of riot, but a man who may be either of these or the most helpful man to the public that ever stood before the public eye. Let us take a calm view of this, even as a historian will a hundred years hence, and it will help to clarify matters much.

I think I have said enough. There will be more said on this subject, by quire and ream and word of mouth; it is only thus that ideas grow and full truth finally shines forth. And if any fears of the future have been allayed by this, it is well. There is no need of fear; there is need of work, for the season of the future is rich with promise, and there are problems to satisfy the thirstiest of brains. In the language of the trade, "men are wanted everywhere"; but you'll have to show your card.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

SCRUPLE

THERE are cheerful patriots who get much comfort from their belief that, no matter how many discouraging symptoms are visible in the body politic, things are really getting better, by the circuitous course of the upward spiral. They bring to mind, in evidence, old scandals in public life and private, and they declare that in most matters there is substantial improvement—our opinion as to present conditions being obfuscated by the universal publicity brought about by the modern press and the strenuous movements for reform. This is a contention as plausible in certain fields as it is hopeful and encouraging. In certain other fields the contention is difficult to sustain.

Ex-President Cleveland, in his recent Chicago address, reviewed, in a general way, our many moral defects as a people, and in earnest exhortation called for a revival of the virtues of good citizenship. President Roosevelt is a constant lay preacher of the civic virtues. Such exhortations lead us to consider wherein the nation lacks. Surely it is not in principle; the old standards remain—not always the old political standards, but the standards of clean citizenship and honest living. There never was a time when the homely virtues were more persistently preached and generally accepted.

The trouble is that in politics and business and public administration one finds men who indorse all the necessary probities, while themselves lacking in the necessary scruple. One, in fact, comes to judge of the men one meets in the world of affairs in relation to just this one trait of scrupulousness. The man may have a conscience well informed and tolerably well trained, but absolutely ineffective. In order to move on at all in life, one must, of course, avoid morbid scrupulousness—this is a lesson one learns early in one's contact with the world of affairs.

In accomplishing some moral objects, sometimes compromise, as to matters not of conscience, may be allowable, even desirable. But if one sets up a general doctrine of compromise, the danger begins; and in trying to do a "straight business," or to keep one's municipality decent, or to accomplish public reforms of any kind, a good citizen often finds himself thwarted not merely by openly bad men, but by the supposedly good who are trained in the school of moral compromise, and who, at the final test, are lacking in saving scruple.

An instance of scruple carried to an extreme occurred in our Civil War. A brave and brilliant officer, learned in chemistry and ingenious in devices, being confined in Libby Prison, contrived to prepare a disguise, in the shape of false features, which would have assisted him in an intended escape. At the last moment he refused to avail himself of his ingenious mask, preferring to remain in prison rather than escape by means of a "counterfeit presentment." He was a noble fellow, and his instinct was creditable; but there are probably few moralists who will not consider his scruple excessive. We know of a young person whose scruples were so constant and embarrassing that he would remain for a long period in a single spot, half-way across a room, while trying to get into a proper state of mind before acting. But excessive scruple is so obviously unwarranted, so hindering to a natural and useful life, and, in fact, so exceptional, that it need hardly be discussed.

It is natural, wholesome, saving conscientiousness, applied to all the relations and emergencies of private and public life, that is so sadly wanting in many American communities—a conscientiousness which results in something like that system of honor which distinguishes the student life of the University of Virginia, and which, Virginians are apt to maintain, has perceptibly and beneficently affected the tone of business and other affairs in that com-

monwealth. Downright unscrupulousness marks the knave; a partial lack of scruple characterizes the large numbers of respectable men who, as members of boards, as merchants, as taxpayers, as politicians, as voters, wink at evil practices in others, timidly avoid all opposition to official wrong, and themselves commit slight and not too conspicuous irregularities, or give support for selfish reasons to venal candidates for office. Such "respectables" are the despair of the patriotic men who, in our day and in a thousand communities, are trying to stay the tide of that political corruption which, according to so good a friend of America as John Morley, "for the moment obscures the great democratic experiment."

It comes to this, that "the period of corruption" which friends of Americans abroad are called upon so often to apologize for—a corruption which, while bad enough, is not so deeply rooted as our enemies believe—can be brought to an end only by the growth of a sense of honor, of scrupulousness backed by moral bravery, upon the part of individuals in the republic. It is not fantastic to aver that a gift of imagination would assist some people to be virtuous. If a citizen should feel that his own lack of scruple, in any direction, was a contribution to the corruption and disonor of his country, and that his personal withholding of temptation to do wrong was not only an act of private virtue, but had patriotic uses as well,—if he were convinced, for instance, that his refusal to vote as a trustee for a contribution to a bribery fund or to a dishonest boss was a means of doing away with a national disgrace,—if he had the imagination to grasp the large bearings of his individual action, it would be easier for him to take a stand for righteousness instead of weakly acquiescing in some customary wrong. Aristotle's idea of the state was association "in a life of felicity and nobleness"; but Christianity ought not to have to look to paganism for ideals of good citizenship and the making of a righteous people.

A KENTUCKIAN

SOMETIMES in the latter months of 1903 there was a quiet and unofficial celebration at the White House in Washington, in the way of a friendly dinner, at which John R. Procter, President of the United States Civil Service Commission, was pre-

sented with a loving-cup by his present and former associates in that commission, of which Mr. Procter had been the head for just ten years. A little while after this Mr. Procter appeared before the National Civil Service Reform League at Baltimore, telling with enthusiasm of the recent progress of the merit system and of the probable extension of its rules in the near future. The next day his useful and honorable career was suddenly ended.

In recounting the triumphs of civil-service reform and the steadily increasing strength in public opinion of the admirable and saving merit system, it will always be necessary to make mention of the striking figure of the ex-Confederate cavalryman from Kentucky who, placed in office by President Cleveland, lived to see his old associate on that commission, Theodore Roosevelt (who had urged his original appointment), himself at the head of the civil as of all other branches of our government, and as President of the United States again warmly coöperating with the president of the commission in perfecting and extending the merit system wherever possible throughout the civil service of the government.

Not a great while ago a prominent citizen of Washington said to Mr. Procter: "A namesake of yours, who was the State geologist of Kentucky, and of whom I have quite lost sight, told me one of the best stories I ever heard." "What was the story?" said the commissioner. His interlocutor indicated it. "Then I am the man who told you that story."

One gets a glimpse of the genial storytelling Southerner in this incident; but Mr. Procter was much more than this, much more than a delightful humorist, or than, as Mr. Leupp has said, the sweetest-tempered of men. He had tact and patience; he had also a clear mind, a power of homely and convincing illustration, and—in favor of a righteous cause—a power of argument built upon the sure ground of his own high character and lofty principles. His characteristic reason for laying down the office of State geologist was in order to prevent the place from having attached to it assistants appointed for political rather than scientific considerations. His own profound conviction was an added element of strength in his luminous presentation of the fairness and truly democratic method of the competitive system of appointments.

A great historical cause like that of the reform of the civil service must always, through death, be losing distinguished friends and supporters, but new ones are always being raised up. Jenckes, Pendleton, Curtis, Eaton, Godkin, and now Procter, have passed away, but there remain Cleveland, Schurz, Gilman, Bonaparte, and still others outside of executive office;

and among those in office, Theodore Roosevelt,—and he in the very office of most influence as well as highest power.

Meantime what pitiful figures the opponents of this great reform will make in the history of our time! The descendants of these men will wish that it were possible to destroy the records of Congress which contain their disgraceful and ineffectual attacks.



Miss Ruyter Little More Again¹

AFTER a long silence Miss Ruyter Little More has come to the front with a book of poems bearing the felicitous title "Lovely Love-Lyrics."

We had feared that Miss More's harp was stilled forever, but she has simply been ripening. Many a poet neglects to ripen, and we cannot be too thankful to Miss More for letting the warm sun of meditation mellow the fruit of her brain until it was ready for the picker's hand.

Where all is so good, the best thing to do is to reach out and pluck the first bunch of rhythm handy, and this proves to be "An American Love-Lyric," which we take pleasure in quoting entire, with the passing remark that the poet has mended her meter in these latter days.

AN AMERICAN LOVE-LYRIC

My love is the wind of the morning,
My love is the wind of the noon,
(Though I fly to the South with the bitterest
mouth,
I will drown in the dark lagoon.)
My love is the dew of the hyssop,
My love is the wet of the grass,
(The hyacinth bud covered over with mud
Will faint with the reapers that pass.)

Then sing ye, cling ye, wing ye, and bring ye
Meadow-grass fresher than snow;
I'll flee the dark ice though it cover the price,
I will follow the wain with the mellowing
grain,
I'll billow and stand till we come to the land
That we lost in the far long ago.

This, it will be seen, is a love-song that does not need music; it sings itself; and yet I seem to see composers in all parts of the land rising up to set it to harmonious chords.

Through it all there is a minor strain. The lover seems to have missed something that he fain would have, and while the careless rapture of the beginning is bobolinkian, we see that all is not right with the singer, and in the parenthetical phrases we seem to sense a heart-trouble that may not end until the grim reaper passes down the lanes of afternoon and gathers the poet to him.

There is something haunting in the music of the lines,

(Though I fly to the South with the bitterest
mouth,
I will drown in the dark lagoon)—

something haunting and at the same time elusive. What embittered his mouth, and why did he plan a southward migration when the year is evidently at the spring? Then, too, his determination to end his existence in some lush morass of the southland is puzzling. He started in with hope in every utterance, and now suicide is in his thoughts. It suggests the truism that in the midst of life we are in death.

But this pessimistic strain is evidently episodical. Miss More hurries back to tell us what other things her love is. "My love is the dew of the hyssop" is one of the loveliest lines in English verse. We may not be able to tell whether it refers to a secretion peculiar to hyssop or is merely a symbol of the fact that bitterness is perennial, but he who asks music to explain itself is a Philistine. The words are their own excuse, whatever their meaning may be.

What bold lines are the next parenthetical ones:

(The hyacinth bud covered over with mud
Will faint with the reapers that pass.)

¹ See THE CENTURY for March, 1897, and April, 1898.

The conclusion is scarcely inevitable in regard to sense, but it is certainly so with respect to its rhythm. Miss More seems to be showing that beauty, like virtue, cannot escape calumny, and when the sickle has passed over it the place that knew it shall know it no more. These two lines may cause some doubt among the sciolists; indeed, it is not beyond the bounds of probability that some fledgling critic may say they are wanting in sense; stranger things have happened than that some minor bard with a defective ear should attack their melody: but the poet who wears his sense upon his sleeve for daws to peck at will not outlast his generation, and Miss More is writing for readers yet unborn; while her rhythm can hold its own against all attacks—a thing that it could not do when she wrote "Songs of New York's Numbered Streets."

The iteration of the "ing" motif in the captivating line,

Then sing ye, cling ye, wing ye, and bring ye,

is worthy of Poe himself, and no one save a genius would have dared use words so common to produce an effect so lyrical. And the picture of "meadow-grass fresher than snow"! How enticing! Most of the similes have been used long since; for it is many moons, my messieurs all, since Chaucer drew his first metaphor out of his inkhorn; but Miss More gives us this suggestion of fragrant, cool meadow-grass as it were a benison from heaven, and we welcome her to a seat among the immortals.

I am free to admit that the next line, while it undulates with all the grace of a serpent, eludes my mental grasp:

I'll flee the dark ice though it cover the price.

If this were a poem handed down to us from generation to generation by word of mouth, I should say that some ear or some tongue had slipped; but the verse comes fresh from one of the most careful proof-readers in Manhattan, and as Miss More's handwriting is as legible as that of Longfellow himself, we must take the words to be what they seem, and bow to a brain that is able to be oracular in this material age.

I'll follow the wain with the mellowing grain.

Here the figure is again a bucolic one, and suggests the biblical picture of Ruth and Boaz, although the use of "wain" is more English than Hebraic and shows a knowledge of British farm nomenclature unusual in one who has traveled as little as Miss More.

It almost seems as if the poetess had laid a

trap for the dry-as-dust of the twenty-first century in her next to the last line:

I'll billow and stand till we come to the land.

Ten to one some Australian critic writing about the great poets of the early part of the twentieth century will make the line read "I'll bellow and stand," but Miss More has no such intent. It is "billow" as plain as print can make it, and it refers to the graceful mode of locomotion of the lover who anon stands still until (probably by means of an artificial mode of progress—perhaps a moving sidewalk) he comes to the land that he and his loved one "lost in the far long ago."

As I said at the beginning, the verses are bobolinkian in their lyricism, and whereas ten years ago I was the first to hail in Miss Ruyter Little More a new singer of promise, I now welcome her to the row of seats hitherto occupied by Poe and Coleridge. Miss More has arrived. Let down the gang-plank.

Charles Battell Loomis.

Mother's Things

SOMEHOW the vittles nowadays don't seem to hit the spot.
They may look good, an' done, an' fresh;
they may be pipin' hot:
Yit there's somep'n' 'at ain't in 'em—I don'
know what it takes,
But, 't any rate, th' ain't like the things 'at
mother always makes.

I c'n remember stan'in' roun', watchin' with
all my eyes,
When I was little, to see her make her cin-
namon apple-pies,
With a leaf cut 'long the top crust for to kind
o' ventilate,
An' then chuck'd into the oven, me a-settin'
down to wait.

Or else she 'd get an apern, an' pin it roun'
my neck,
An' give me a triflin' lump o' dough, to see
what I could make;
An' I was proud as could be o' my little
sticky paws,
'Cause I was "a-helpin' mother"—leastways,
I thought I was.

Wish I had some o' her crullers now! She 'd
fill a big tin pail
With them things, turned an' twisted till you
could n't find the tail.
But the thing that bothered me was, I never
had enough;
Tell ye what, they was n't like no city baker's
stuff!



E. WARDE BLAISDELL.

Drawn by E. Warde Blaisdell

LIKE ALL THE REST

THEATRICAL MANAGER: So you long for a career on the stage! What can you play?
HIPPOPOTAMA: Anything; but I should like to start with *Camille*.

An' then her doughnuts! Jiminy! I've stood
 an' watched 'em fry
 So clost 'at often I got some grease popped
 up into my eye;
 But they kep' right on a-sissin', kind o' chuck-
 lin' to theirselves,
 As if they knewed they'd be et up afore they
 reached the shelves.

An' turnovers, an' apple-tarts, I tell ye, they
 wuz some!
 An' I was ready to swaller 'em as fas' as they
 could come;
 An' cookies too, with caraway-seed, all cut
 in funny shapes,
 Like little chaps, or elephants, or mebbe a
 bunch o' grapes.

I don't much need to tell ye how we spent
 Thanksgiving' day,
 With piles o' relatives that 'peared as if they
 come to stay,
 All a-settin' an' a-talkin', an' a-crammin'
 like to split,
 An' father urgin' on 'em strong to "have
 another bit."

'Long in the early springtime, when there
 come a sugar-snow,
 My mouth was fixed for fritters, an' the way
 them things 'uld go
 Was somep'n' past believin' if you was n't
 there to see;
 Mother was kep' a-guessin'! An' yit, what
 tickled me

Most of anythin' was father, 'cause he'd just
 set by an' smile
 At all such foolishness as that, a-eatin' all
 the while.
 An' shortcake was another thing—he never
 cared a mite
 For shortcake, so he did his bes' to put it
 out o' sight!

Ol' Deac'n Robbins used to say 'at, 'cordin'
 to his thinkin',
 It was a sin for folks t' enjoy their eatin' an'
 their drinkin'.
 But then, Mis' Robbins wa'n't no cook, so
 p'raps he wa'n't to blame;
 Perhaps if I'd 'a' be'n her boy I might 'a'
 thought the same.

Comin' home from fishin', sundown, all as
 tired as you please,
 I was likely to fin' mother, with some bread
 an' milk an' cheese,
 Or berries, on the front-stoop seat, a-waitin'
 there for me,
 An' sayin', "Joey, set right down; I know 'at
 you mus' be

"About beat out; so rest ye, an' have a bite
 o' this";
 Then, havin' evenin' work to do, she'd leave
 me with a kiss,
 An' I'd set there in the twilight, with my
 supper in my lap.
 I c'n see jus' how I looked—a little freckled
 chap,

With half a pair o' galluses, a shirt o' calico,
An' breeches that wa'n't none too long,
especially below,
Without no shoes or stockin's on, an' a hat
'ithout much crown,
But just about as satisfied as if I owned the
town.

I c'd ketch the smell o' sweetbrier, an' the
clover an' the hay,
Over in father's medder, 'bout a dozen rods
away;
An' then p'raps a bumblebee come hurryin'
along,
An' pretty soon the bullfrogs 'uld begin their
funny song.

An' once in a while a twitter f'm the sparrings
overhead,
As if tryin' to remind me 'at it's time I was
abed,
Till I've often gone to sleep right there,
afore I said my prayers—
But I waked up to kiss mother when she
carried me up-stairs.

Well, I can't go back to them times, excep'n'
in my mind,
But soon as I c'n leave this place I'm goin'
back to find
The ol' folks an' the farm-house, for they
have n't pulled up stakes;
I'm as hungry now as ever for the things 'at
mother makes.

James S. Park.

Half-Truths

PHILOSOPHY is first aid to the injured, but it
is never there when the accident happens.

THE cynic is the idealist grown old.

PREJUDICE is the relaxation of just minds.

THE philanthropist is one who is willing to
share the discomfort of his wealth with others.

FAME is the belated applause of a dull world.

THE voice of the people is Echo.

Louise Herrick Wall.



Drawn by Edward W. Kemble

A DASH FOR THE POLE

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